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THE PUSH TO IMPEACH
LEADERSHIP IN AMERICA
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OUR NEXT PRESIDENT (PICK ONE)
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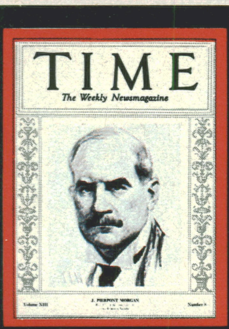
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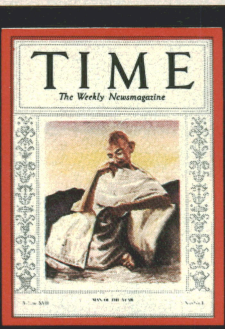
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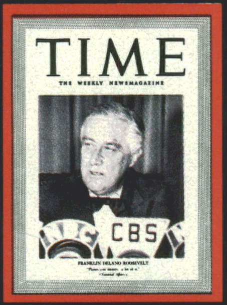
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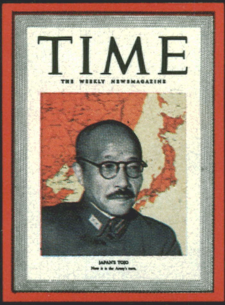
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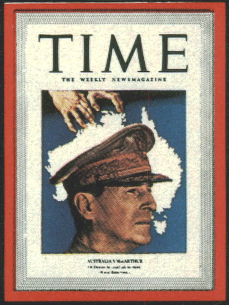
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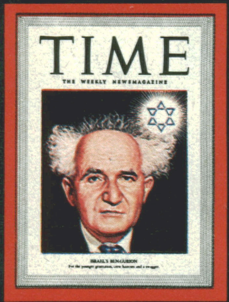
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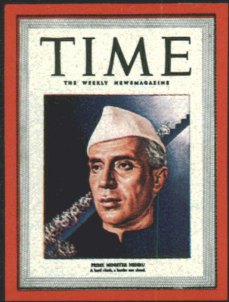
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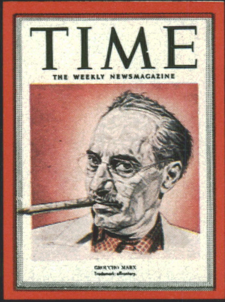
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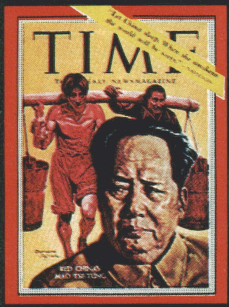
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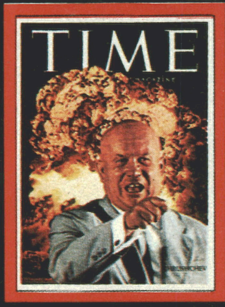
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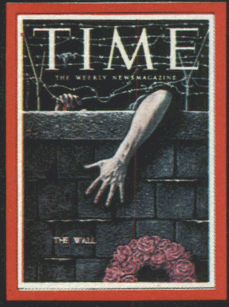
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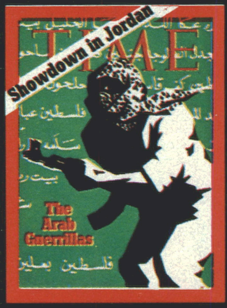
MAN ON THE MOON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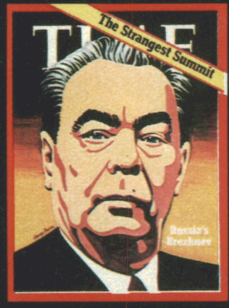
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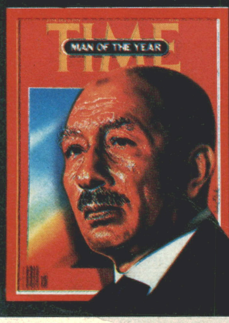
Russia's Brezhnev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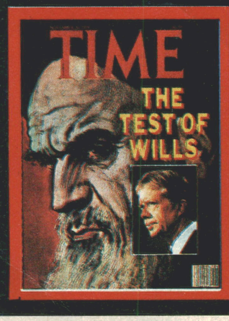
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THE TEST OF WILLS

TIME
The Big Blowup

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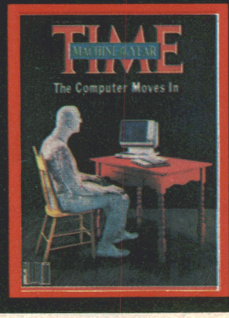
Moment of Madness


TIME
MACHINE OF THE YEAR
The Computer Moves In

INTRODUCING PONTIAC FIERO

The 1984 Pontiac Fiero is a proud new American car unlike anything else in the world. In basic concept, engineering execution, materials, and assembly technology, the Fiero represents, in many ways, what lies in store for future automotive designs.

- Fiero is the first 2-seat American production car to exploit the advantages of a mid-mounted engine, resulting in excellent weight distribution.
- Fiero's innovative space-frame chassis uses principles gleaned from modern racing car design, giving it strength without excess weight.
- Fiero's innovative Enduraflex™ panels will never rust, the front fenders, door panels and lower quarter panels "give" on minor impacts, and all other panels resist minor dents and dings.
- Fiero's interior is an artful blend of function and comfort, featuring reclining contoured bucket seats with built-in lateral restraint, and full instrumentation including a tachometer.
- Fiero is powered by an efficient* 2.5 liter, 4-cylinder engine with electronic fuel injection.
- Fiero includes a choice of standard manual or available 3-speed automatic transmissions.
- Fiero is equipped with fully independent suspension, rack and pinion steering, power 4-wheel disc brakes and a front stabilizer bar, all standard.
- Fiero offers an available WS6 performance package including special springs and shocks, 14″ hi-tech cast aluminum wheels and P215/60R14 Goodyear Eagle GT radials.
- The most beautiful Fiero feature was saved for last. Because from the very start it was designed to be affordable. See why Fiero is one of the deals of the automotive world—at your Pontiac dealer today!

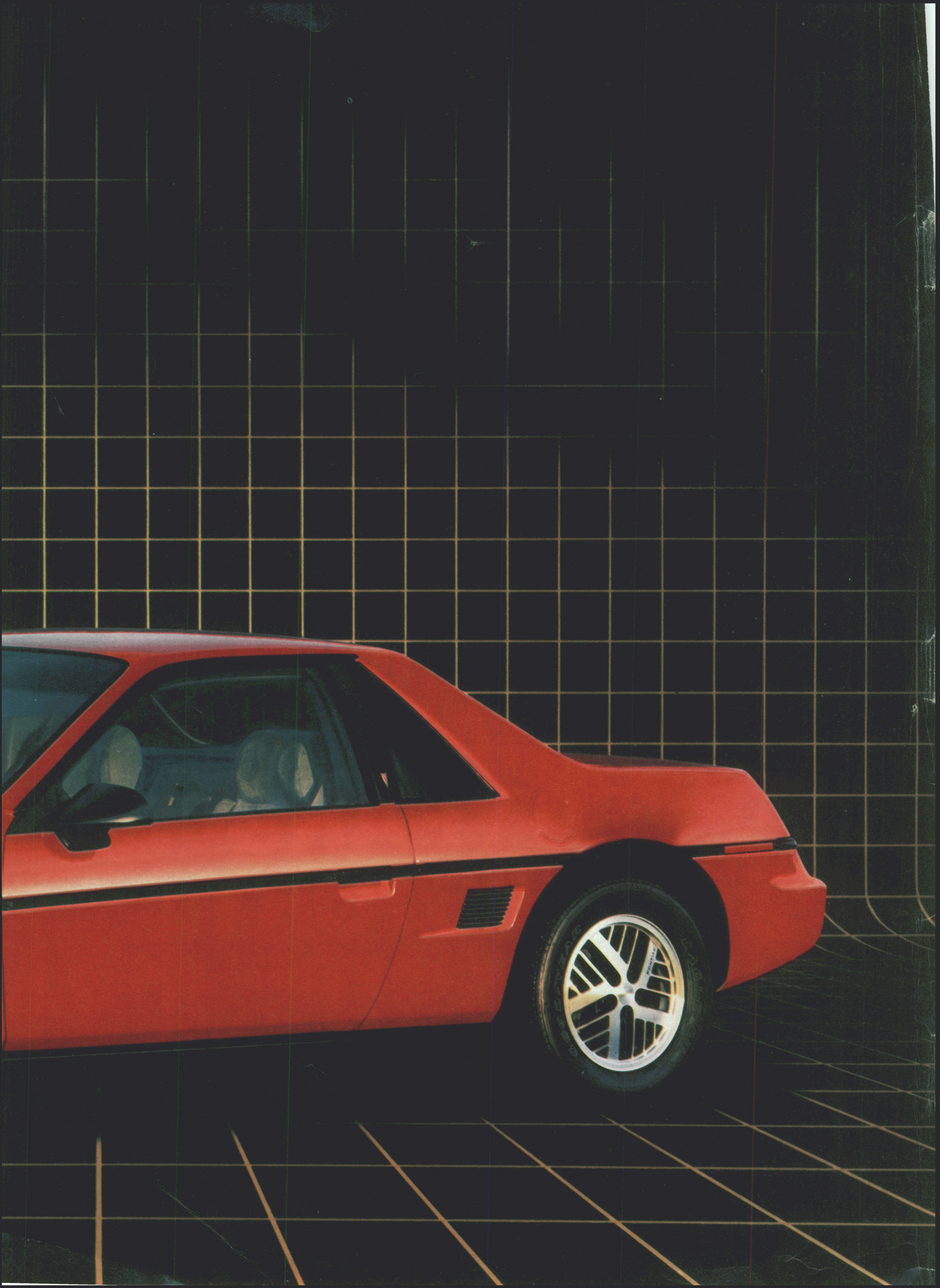
Fiero! A glittering showcase of advanced technology, and a brilliant example of Pontiac innovation in action!

*Pontiac Fiero Sport Coupe with available automatic transmission offers an EPA EST MPG of ㉗ and a highway estimate of 40. Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some available equipment shown. Some Pontiacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Pontiac dealer for details.

GM

PONTIAC WE BUILD EXCITEMENT

Fiero
GOODYEAR



DOES IT PAY TO START LIFE OVER?

It seems hardly a month goes by that someone doesn't introduce a "new" kind of life insurance policy or an "improved" version of an old one.

Sometimes these new or improved plans sound so good at first blush that many people are tempted to drop their old policies and to start their life insurance programs over.

Frankly, this is frequently a mistake.

Replacing an old policy with a new one is seldom in your best interest.

More favorable features.
The fact is, your existing policy may have options, cash value, and dividends which are more favorable to you and your beneficiary than those in a new policy.

This is particularly true if your existing policy is one of our whole life, cash value plans.

The dividends paid on a new policy, for example, may never equal those paid on your present policy. At the same time, the loan interest rate on a new policy may be higher than that on the existing policy.

Annuity payments, which are guaranteed to you or your beneficiary, also may be more liberal on your present policy.

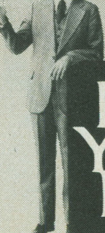
More favorable costs.
In addition, because you are older at issue of the new policy, you may have to pay a higher premium rate for the same benefits offered by your old policy.

Indeed, with today's interest rates falling, an existing whole life policy may well be the best buy you'll ever get in life insurance.

Even if your needs have changed, it may be better to adjust your present policy instead of switching. This could save you money.

Get all the facts.
If, for any reason, you are thinking about starting your life insurance program over, we urge you to get in touch with your New York Life Agent or local New York Life office. Give us the chance to review your needs and objectives, and to show you exactly what you and your family stand to lose.

With all the facts, you'll be better able to make an informed, sound decision.



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60TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
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What Really Mattered? Six decades of speeches, treaties, trends, books, bombs, pills, screams and rockets—what will have mattered in the long run? Will penicillin prove to have affected more lives than World War II? A look at why, among the many major news stories of the past 60 years, some have proved to be more indelible than others.

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The Wealth of Nations. For richer or poorer. ■ **1923:** Inflation ravages Germany, paves the way for political disaster. ■ **1929:** The N.Y. stock market crash begins the Depression. ■ **1933:** FDR launches the New Deal. ■ **1947:** The Marshall Plan rebuilds postwar Europe. ■ **1973:** Arab oil embargo sends energy prices soaring.

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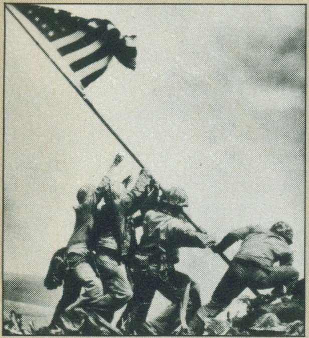
War and Peace. Five decisive moments of conflict. ■ **1939:** Hitler invades Poland, unleashing World War II. ■ **1941:** Japan attacks Pearl Harbor and the U.S. declares war. ■ **1945:** Atomic bomb on Hiroshima ends the fighting, opens nuclear age. ■ **1950:** Chinese widen Korean War. ■ **1968:** *Tet* offensive staggers Viet Nam.



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Art and Its Rewards. Some creators who made news that stayed news. ■ **1931:** Charlie Chaplin's latest film, *City Lights.* ■ **1937:** Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *To Have and Have Not.* ■ **1938:** Frank Lloyd Wright plans a number of important buildings. ■ **1967:** The triumphant Beatles. ■ **1980:** The prolific Picasso.

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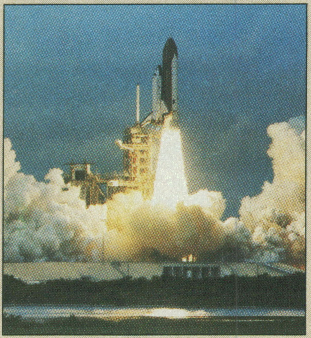
This Turbulent World. People's struggles to change their lives. ■ **1930:** India's Gandhi begins civil disobedience to win independence. ■ **1949:** Communists conquer China. ■ **1956:** Hungarians rebel; Soviets crush them. ■ **1962:** Kennedy forces Khrushchev to remove missiles from Cuba. ■ **1974:** Watergate ends with Nixon's resignation.



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Frontiers of Science. To the unknown and beyond. ■ **1944:** Penicillin goes on the market. ■ **1955:** Jonas Salk's vaccine promises to eliminate crippling polio. ■ **1969:** Neil Armstrong takes man's first walk on the moon. ■ **1971:** Solving the riddle of DNA may enable scientists to change the human body. ■ **1982:** Year of the computer.

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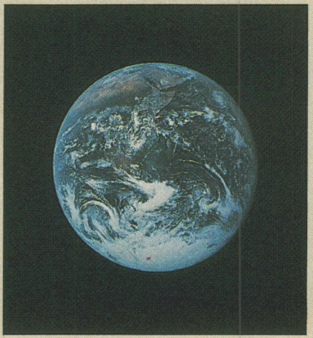
Triumphs of the Spirit. Some good news. ■ **1927:** Lindbergh shows that a man alone can conquer an ocean, captivate a world. ■ **1948:** After 2,000 years of exile, the Jews regain a home. ■ **1963:** Blacks march for their rights. ■ **1965:** The Vatican Council opens up the Catholic Church. ■ **1977:** Women organize a new future.



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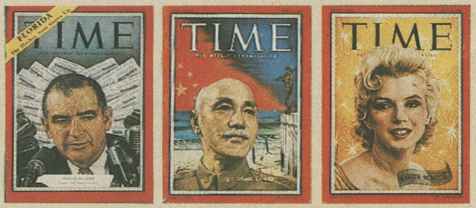
And Here Comes 1984. Looking ahead to 1984, George Orwell portrayed a grim future of "newspeak" and "doublethink," but now that his future is about to become our present, where do we stand? Some hopeful thoughts on utopias, past and present, and a suggestion that even doublethink may turn out to possess some redeeming value.

5 Letter from the Editor-in-Chief **9 Letters** **158 People**

COVER KEY: Top Row, 1923-1932: Joseph G. Cannon, Sigmund Freud, Thomas A. Edison, Arturo Toscanini, Leon D. Trotsky, Charles Lindbergh (Man of the Year), J. Pierpont Morgan, Al Capone, Mahatma Gandhi (Man of the Year), Sen. Huey P. Long. **Second Row, 1933-1942:** Joseph Goebbels, James Joyce, Henry Ford, Marlene Dietrich, Dionne Quintuplets, Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hideki Tojo, General MacArthur. **Third Row, 1943-1952:** Benito Mussolini, General Eisenhower, Adolf Hitler, Albert Einstein, Jackie Robinson, David Ben-Gurion, Jawaharlal Nehru, Harry S Truman, Groucho Marx, Queen Elizabeth II. **Fourth Row, 1953-1962:** Joseph Stalin, Joe McCarthy, Chiang Kai-shek, Marilyn Monroe, Hungarian Patriot (Man of the Year), Mao Tse-tung, Fidel Castro, John F. Kennedy, Nikita Khrushchev, The Berlin Wall. **Fifth Row, 1963-1972:** Pope John XXIII (Man of the Year), Martin Luther King Jr. (Man of the Year), Lyndon B. Johnson, Is God Dead?, The Beatles, Robert F. Kennedy, Neil Armstrong, The Arab Guerrillas, The Pentagon Papers, Leonid Brezhnev. **Bottom Row, 1973-1982:** President Nixon, Leadership, Viet Nam, Carter, Reagan & Ford, Women's Politics, Anwar Sadat, Khomeini and Carter, Mount St. Helens, Reagan Shot, The Computer Moves In (Machine of the Year).



Covers hidden by type: McCarthy, Chiang, MM

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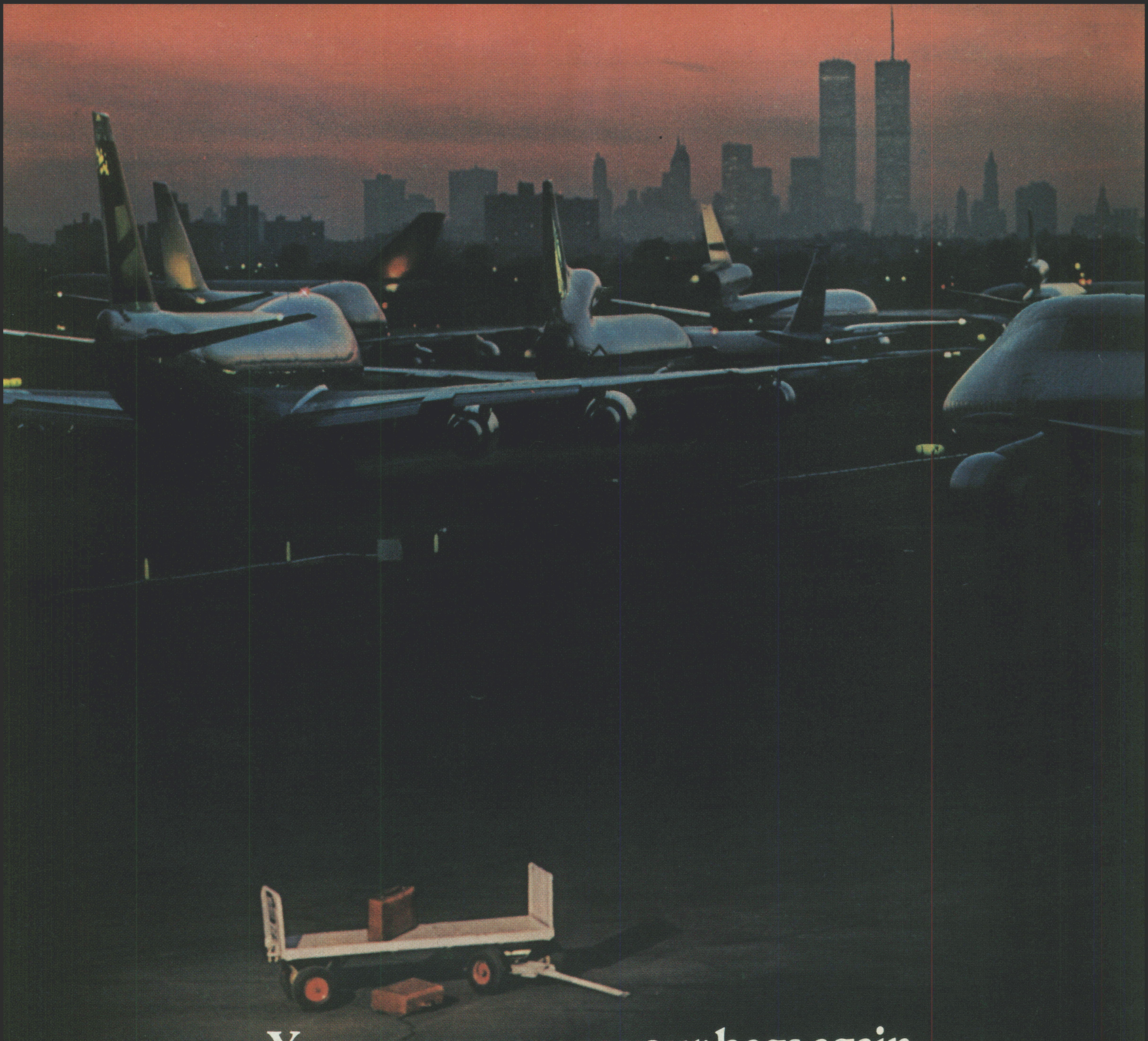
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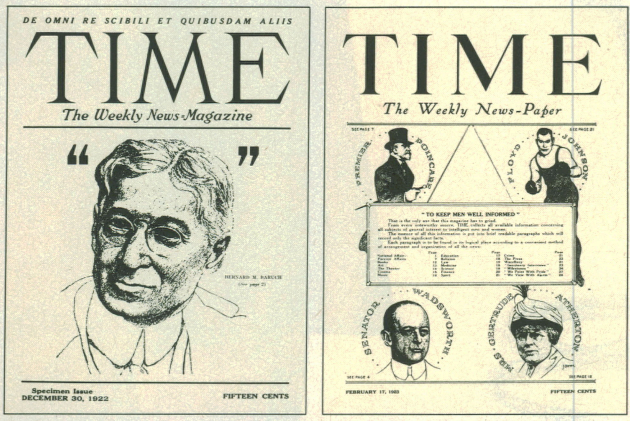
TIME at 60:

A Letter from The Editor-in-Chief

The atom was still unsplit. So were most marriages. Movies were silent, television existed only in the laboratory, and a "byte," however you spelled it, had to do with food, not information. Freud was becoming an unsettling household word, although the U.S. was not yet his colony. Hitler was still widely regarded as a hysterical Munich beer-hall brawler who could have benefited from Freud's treatment. In headlines "holocaust" was only a word for a large fire. Japan's chief export was raw silk. The jet set did not yet exist; its precursor, the smart set, took a week to cross the Atlantic. The juxtaposition of "man" and "moon" was strictly fantasy.

The founders: Henry Luce in the 1930s, Briton Hadden in 1929

MOFFETT STUDIO



Precursors: 1922 dummy features Financier Bernard Baruch; 1923 trial issue: French Premier Poincaré, Heavyweight Floyd Johnson, Senator J. W. Wadsworth, Novelist Gertrude Atherton

J. DWYER

That was the world in which TIME was born.

It was a scrawny excuse for a magazine, 32 pages, with pictures looking, according to one wit, as if they had been engraved on pieces of bread, the red border of the cover still far in the future. Even the name had been a problem. *Facts* was the early working title. There had been other suggestions—*Briefs, Hours, Destiny, Chance.* The editorial staff fitted easily into three taxis to go to the printing plant. There, in an all-night siege "amid torn newspapers, fried-egg sandwiches and smudged proof sheets," according to a later account, the first issue was put to bed. And yet when the 24-year-old Henry Luce, co-founder of the magazine with Briton Hadden, looked at the result the next afternoon, he was pleasantly surprised: "It was quite good. Somehow it all held together."

Not everyone agreed with Luce's estimate. Charles Eliot, president of Harvard, called the idea of condensing news "disgusting and disgraceful." But Franklin D. Roosevelt praised the new creation, and so did Thomas Edison and Henry Ford. At any rate, TIME caught on, and it became part of the American and world scene, its presence reaffirmed in humor, fiction and legend. Its early style with its inverted prose and piled-up adjectives was endlessly spoofed, notably in a parody by Wolcott Gibbs in *The New Yorker* ("Backward ran sentences until reeled the mind").

In 1940 a William Saroyan play, *Love's Old Sweet Song,* offered a character who sold TIME subscriptions and reinforced his pitch by reciting the euphonious glories of the magazine's masthead ("Carlton J. Balliett Jr., Robert Cantwell, Laird S. Goldsborough . . ."). In 1977 an angry protest novel by Robert Coover, *The Public Burning,* described TIME, ironically, as the national poet laureate. In a current Broadway musical, *My One and Only,* the hero dreams of being on the cover of TIME. In a recent song Billy Joel is more ambiguous:

All your life
Is Time Magazine.
I read it too
What does it mean?

One thing it means is that not many institutions launched 60 years ago have survived, thrived and become part of folklore. Without undue self-congratulation, and with much gratitude to our readers, we are proud that TIME did. We like to think that it happened, in part, because America and TIME developed and grew up together.

Sixty years ago, the U.S. was still provincial. It was a country of vast, lonely spaces and rural communities where people read magazines like the *Saturday Evening Post* by kerosene lamplight. The outside world was remote. America's role in World War I had destroyed the distance, but that was not yet clear. If the world was considered at all, it seemed somewhat menacing—especially the new Communist regime in Russia, which was seen as a fragile but ominous experiment (TIME wrote: "The czarist oligarchy has given way to proletarian absolutism"). Even so, the globe still appeared relatively ordered, like a neatly colored 19th century map, and it seemed that its parts could be kept in place.

Foreign countries were often quaint places to TIME, and the magazine made rather pat generalizations about peoples and races ("Northumbrians are easily drastic"). But TIME was international-minded from the start. It grew much more so as the old maps went mad and the fate of America became intertwined with distant places hitherto unknown and still unpronounceable. Covering the world beyond America is today one of TIME's most important tasks.

At home, as F. Scott Fitzgerald put it, the country went on "the greatest, gaudiest spree in history." People laughed a lot but without bitterness. Underneath its frivolity the country remained devout about the American verities. The American system was hardly questioned, and the phrase "God's country" could still be used unblushingly.

Similarly, TIME's tone was flip and irreverent, but the magazine combined with this a certain solemnity about American—and Western—values. These included self-reliance, success and salvation through progress. TIME certainly did not accept T.S. Eliot's metaphor for modern civilization: a review of *The Waste Land* in the first issue suggested that the poem might be a hoax.

Today we like to think that some of the old irreverence is still there, though the flipness and the elaborate convolutions of the early "TIME style" are long gone. As for American and Western values, TIME very consciously maintains its faith in them. We believe in freedom, including freedom of conscience and enterprise; in democracy, however imperfect; in a strong and beneficial American role in the world, however difficult.

In 1963, in a 40th anniversary greeting, President John Kennedy thought he detected in a maturing TIME "an occasional hint of fallibility." Well, yes. But TIME still knows what it knows. We are still in the business of making judgments and we still do not claim objectivity, which from the start we considered impossible and undesirable. Instead we aim for fairness and balance. Since the introduction of bylines in 1970 (writers had labored anonymously before), many individual voices have been heard in TIME. Even so, we maintain a broad consistency of policy and beliefs. But we assert these beliefs with less evangelical fervor than was sometimes the case in the past. The change does not so much reflect an American crisis of faith—though that crisis is

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real—as indicate the world's growing diversity and complexity.

Sixty years ago, the universe of knowledge, it appeared, was still manageable; it could be comprehended through short cuts, and if that was impossible, then through hard, serious effort. TIME fitted that perception. It was a short cut, a gadget of knowledge. But it was also more. The very invention of the newsmagazine—with its orderly rubrics, its organization of information—symbolized the conviction that people could grasp the world and make sense of it. TIME was didactic. Parentheses were filled with statistics about height, weight, area, population. "Learned footnotes" sprouted at the bottoms of pages. But at the start, articles were short, often mere "items," snippets and extracts from other publications. Brevity and simplification were the goals. These became increasingly difficult to achieve. The past 60 years have seen an almost continuous explosion of knowledge—which, of course, began with the Enlightenment but picked up dizzying speed. The intellectual universe became ever harder for ordinary people, indeed even for specialists, to master. At the same time, the importance of specialized knowledge became dramatically clear as the arcana of science, technology, law, economics spread through daily life. TIME had to respond. Gradually, stories became longer, more thorough, more searching.

In other ways, too, TIME changed along with American society. The early TIME stood on ceremony, or its own version of it. People did not simply die—"Death, as it must to all men, came to" them. The magazine liked to spell out middle names and give full titles. As America at large became less formal, TIME gradually abandoned much of its etiquette.

The basic form of TIME journalism was the narrative—chronological narrative when possible. And so it remains. But increasingly, exposition and analysis had to supplement narration. This fact reflects a larger reality. America is an epic of action, but more and more, action is stymied by complexity or conflict. In a sense, America today is less a "story" than an argument.

TIME always practiced "personality journalism" and still does. But events made it ever harder to uphold Carlyle's dictum that history is but the biography of great men. At 60, we still believe in the power of men and women to shape their fate, but TIME is less likely than it used to be to explain events through people; roughly half of its covers are about trends and events rather than individuals.

Moreover, the almost obligatory human details of the early years, when stories might begin with the color of the President's necktie, have to some extent been pre-empted by TV. This fact, too, has a larger significance. In politics and elsewhere, TV has brought about a new conflict between appearance and reality, between "image" and substance. TIME must try, as must all print journalism, to find the substance behind the image.

Occasionally, the enormity of these past 60 years has exploded the familiar framework of TIME. New headings forced themselves into the magazine to accommodate War or the Atom or Space, and the physical appearance of the magazine changed dramatically. Yet the structure always reasserted and reassembled itself, the department structure that is the organizing principle and essence of TIME. It is a form that not long ago some people proclaimed obsolete in a world of instant and random electronic communications. Yet in today's chaotic world a sense of order and organization seems more useful than ever.

Before some of the events of these past 60 years, the only proper human reaction might have been an awed silence. How else to respond to the concentration camps? To man's escape from the earth's orbit? To nuclear destruction? Even perhaps to the computer? Yet journalism can never be silent: that is its greatest virtue and its greatest fault. It must speak, and speak immediately, while the echoes of wonder, the claims of triumph and the signs of horror are still in the air. TIME has spoken once a week for 60 years and, in so doing, has often been wrong—but, we hope, more often right.

This special issue offers a sampling of what TIME said during these amazing decades. Much had to be left out, and arbitrarily—just as much has to be left out in any weekly edition of TIME. For these omissions there is no real apology, except to say that what we have tried to create is not a comprehensive record, but a sense of the past.

What we present in this issue is not history, but points to it. America has always been impatient with history, and has tried to ignore it or escape it. "History is bunk," said Henry Ford. The prophets of the counterculture agreed with that, as they declared history "not relevant." Easy enough to dismiss this as know-nothing arrogance. Yet in their own way, the Pilgrims and the founding fathers also sought to rise above history—that is, above the customary fate of other nations—firmly believing that America was a new start, a new order under the heavens.

In the past six decades, America was forced to make history, as well as submit to it. America was lifted by it, and humbled by it. Above all, America was forced to face it.

And in facing it, America, it is often said, has discovered limits. The country, however, remains so large, so strong and so surprising that the word "limits" still does not quite apply. "Choices" is perhaps more accurate. America is learning that it cannot have everything at once. It cannot have peace without power. It cannot have power without cost (and part of the cost is often not being loved by others). It cannot afford to use force without sophistication and diplomacy. It cannot have the benefits of competition without really competing in the world, and that means the loss of much ease. It cannot have vast individual liberties without sacrificing order. In short, it cannot have freedom—more freedom than any other country in the world—without pain.

As the Essay beginning on page 24 details, two of the great themes of the past 60 years have been the excesses of freedom and the rediscovery of the need for restraint. In trying to define restraint, in trying to make the many choices before America, the country conspicuously lacks a consensus and a principle of authority. Journalism cannot supply these. But it can at least attempt to provide the information needed for a renewal of consensus, perhaps even a reconstitution of authority. TIME hopes to continue playing a part in that task.

Henry Grunwald

About This Issue

Celebrating TIME's 60th anniversary, this special issue undertakes to recall the most amazing six decades in history in the words we used to report them. It is not, however, a chronological anthology. Instead we classified the news into six broad categories, including War, Economics, Culture and Science. We then picked five major events in each of these categories, so that this issue offers highlights from 30 of the past 60 years. For each of those 30 years, we condensed TIME's original account of a single major event to one page and devoted the facing page to a selection of other happenings of that year. Though we compressed a great deal, we did not rewrite or revise the stories. Old-fashioned spellings and usages like Negro were not altered. Each picture too was chosen from those that appeared in TIME during that same year. And in headlines, type faces and graphic design, we followed as closely as possible the styles that TIME used at various periods in its past.

In charge of this ambitious project—at 86 editorial pages, it is the biggest in the magazine's history—was Senior Writer Otto Friedrich. The author of several historical books, the most recent of which was *The End of the World,* Friedrich was also responsible for the issue of TIME that celebrated America's 1976 Bicentennial. The issue featured Thomas Jefferson on the cover and retold the events of the fateful week of July 4, 1776.

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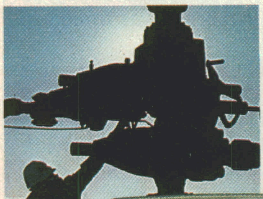

Sun Dial Service
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SUNOCO
Cash or Credit
Same Low Price

Time was when you could pull into a Sunoco station and know just about all you needed to know about our company.

We were the innovators in custom-blended gasoline and Sun Dial pumps, the ones who were responsive to do-it-yourselfers, and now we're the stations that charge no penalties for credit card purchases. Sunoco wants you to have the products and services you need when you need them.

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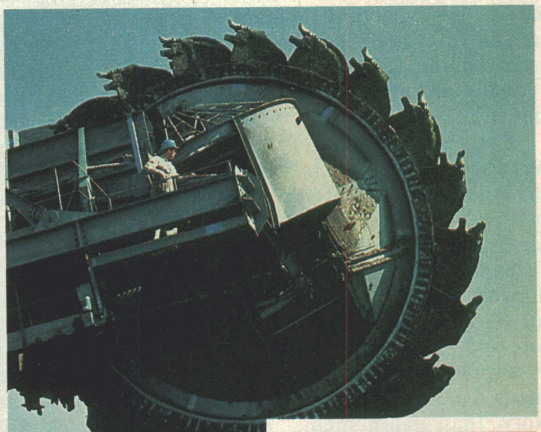

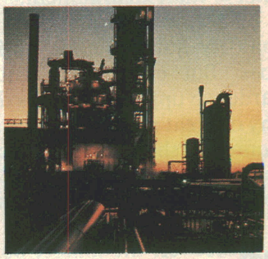

SUN

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Letters

1924* A few weeks ago you called me a Bolshevik, which I am not. Now I notice that you call the *Searchlight on Congress* a Ku Klux Klan organ, which it is not. The *Searchlight on Congress* has nothing to do with the Klan. You have, since it appears that you are supporting the Klan Kandidate Koolidge.

UPTON SINCLAIR
Pasadena, Calif.

The charge that TIME supported Candidate Coolidge (or any other candidate) during the campaign seems to the editors to be baseless.—ED.

1925 Is the glorification of the Negro now an accepted policy of your magazine? I had hoped that after the protest of one Southerner you might show some consideration for the sensibilities of our people by the discontinuance of your practice of referring to the colored man as "mister." I was deeply grieved, therefore, to find two new instances in your Sept. 7 issue.

This practice, in the face of previous protest, impresses me as a flagrant affront to the feelings of our people. If it be your desire to alienate and force from your ranks such readers of TIME as hail from the South, you are pursuing a most effectual course.

BARLOW HENDERSON
Aiken, S.C.

It is not TIME's desire to lose the good will of its Southern friends. TIME will, however, continue to employ the "Mr." in referring to men who lack other titles.—ED.

1926 I am growing old but duties require me to keep in touch with momentous issues of the world. TIME for two years has spared my feeble eyes much labor among papers and magazines in sifting for me the gold from the sand. But how cruelly you have betrayed my trust in you with your flippant sarcasm!

In your article on the sincere religious words of the Bishop Brown, why must you show your irreverence, your sacrilegious snippery by appending to it in parenthesis, "Applesauce?"

Gentlemen, may the Lord deal gently with you and forgive you.

SILAS R. CLINTON
Columbus, Ohio

The word within the parenthesis was NOT "Applesauce." Let Subscriber Clinton look again. The word was "applause."—ED.

1927 Personally, there is only one item I object to and that is where I advocate the players should not eat bananas. This should read "unripe bananas" as I have no objection to the fruit when it is ripe.

I have some very good friends in the banana business and I would not care to say something about their business which is not true.

K. K. ROCKNE
Notre Dame, Ind.

1928 Says Grace Gordon Cox, of Boston, under LETTERS in the Jan. 9 issue of TIME:

". . . There will never be a man on your staff big enough to 'stand in Lindy's shoes.' "

Why not give Robert Emmet Sherwood a job?

JOHN H. O'HARA
New York City

Robert Emmet Sherwood's feet fill size 13 shoes. He is author of *The Road to Rome,* highly successful comedy.—ED.

1929 I formerly thought your magazine was a rather dependable institution and read it every week. Lately, however, your magazine undertook to publish a statement of the impeachment effort made against me in this state. It is almost unbelievable that you would have been guilty of propagating the fraudulent misrepresentations of fact, and refusing to mention the abandonment of such various and sundry accusations even by those making them.

For instance, you published to the world my picture, as though I had undertaken to hire some scoundrel to kill a member of the State Legislature; and when, after hearing no testimony except that of the witnesses against me—even the anti-Long leaders themselves did not allow a vote to be taken on such a charge—you said nothing about it.

You pictured everything under the sun from these libelous and scandalous persecutors, but you did not take any note whatever that it was my administration which had aroused the old time element, because:

1) We began to give school books to all school children of the state, so as to get them in the schools and cure illiteracy.

2) We began to open up night schools so that we might teach the people from 20 to 70 years how to read and write and spell. We have already turned over thousands of people from illiteracy to literates by this process.

3) This administration turned the State Penitentiary from an institution losing a million dollars a year, to an institution making money.

4) That we voted a good roads program in this State to pave the highways and build a thousand miles graveled farmers' roads every year, and we are building them of the highest type.

5) That we took the Charity Hospitals of the State and reformed them so as to reduce the death rate from 30 to 40%, and increased the capacity.

6) That we went into the Insane Asylum and extracted as many as 1,500 abscessed teeth in one week's time, that had been left in the heads of those poor people as long as 20 years.

7) That we stopped the pardon craze in this State, forced a few people to be hanged, and used the militia where it was necessary.

I begin to wonder what kind of respectability or conscience can be attached to your magazine, with the kind of filthy falsehoods that you circulated.

HUEY P. LONG
Governor
Baton Rouge, La.

Huey P. Long

Governor Long was impeached by the Louisiana House of Representatives. Proceedings were dropped when it became apparent he had sufficient friends in the Louisiana Senate to make his trial by that body a farce. TIME reported the Long campaign promises, the whirlwind Long reforms including making cobblers out of convicts.—ED.

1930 You mention an alley cat being fed with milk by President Hoover from the White House. Is this at the expense of the American people or does the President furnish his own milk?

W. W. J. JONES
Batesville, Ark.

The U. S. people furnish their President with the sum of $25,000 per annum for "official entertainment."—ED.

1931 I have read your article on "Ponzi Payment." Found it interesting, but none too accurate. My hair is neither chestnut nor grey. It's gone. Have never worn lavender pajamas nor pink ribbons on my night shirt. Fur coat and overshoes on cold nights have been my limit.

Your statement that the destruction of my wrecked "web" brought down several Boston trust companies is perfidious. Under any other form of government, it would call for a challenge to a duel. For this time, I shall refrain from perforating your hide on condition that you make public amend by printing this letter verbatim. . . .

You know, I like you in spite of your jabs, because you have given me an opportunity of spending an hour writing this letter. If you come over to Boston after I am out, I have a d—— good mind to buy you a drink. Two, if you can stand the gait. Will you libate with me?

CHARLES PONZI
Massachusetts State Prison
Charlestown, Mass.

1932 I WAS IN THE CLASS OF '86 AT HARVARD. I WAS NOT EXPELLED IN '87 NOR ANY OTHER YEAR. I NEVER DID ANYTHING VERY BAD AT HARVARD NOR ANYTHING VERY GOOD EITHER. I WAS RUSTICATED IN '86 FOR AN EXCESS OF POLITICAL ENTHUSIASM AND A CERTAIN DEFICIENCY IN INTELLECTUAL ATTAINMENTS. I DID NOT RETURN TO BE GRADUATED. THERE DID NOT SEEM TO BE EITHER REASON OR HOPE. I THINK THE LESS SAID ABOUT MY COLLEGE CAREER THE BETTER. PERHAPS THAT IS SO WITH THE REST OF MY CAREER. HOWEVER, EXERCISE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT, ONLY PLEASE PRINT THE FACTS, OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY, PLEASE DON'T.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST
Los Angeles, Calif.

Rustication: An old-fashioned academic penalty whereby delinquent undergraduates are sent away, generally to their homes to continue their studies under a supervisor designated by the college.—ED.

1933 Yes, very nice. Thanks for the wreathes. What about your doing a little constructive work????

1) My *How to Read* is intended for a textbook and ought to be in use. It wd. debunk 80% of the idiocy in teaching literature in high-schools and colleges and 81 and one-fourth percent of literary journalists. Literary teaching and criticism ought to get the best stuff to the reader with the least interposition of secondhand yawp.

2) You don't mention my having written two operas, i.e., the music. That is more important than my written criticism. I mean to say I have "set to music" a great deal of the best poetry of Villon and Cavalcanti with the intention of getting it *out* of books and *to* the consumer or recipient.

Whether anybody likes the tunes or not, there is at least the dimension or technical success of intelligibility. The music does not *hide* the words.

Naturally if I didn't think my melodic line was stronger, "better," had more guts than the general

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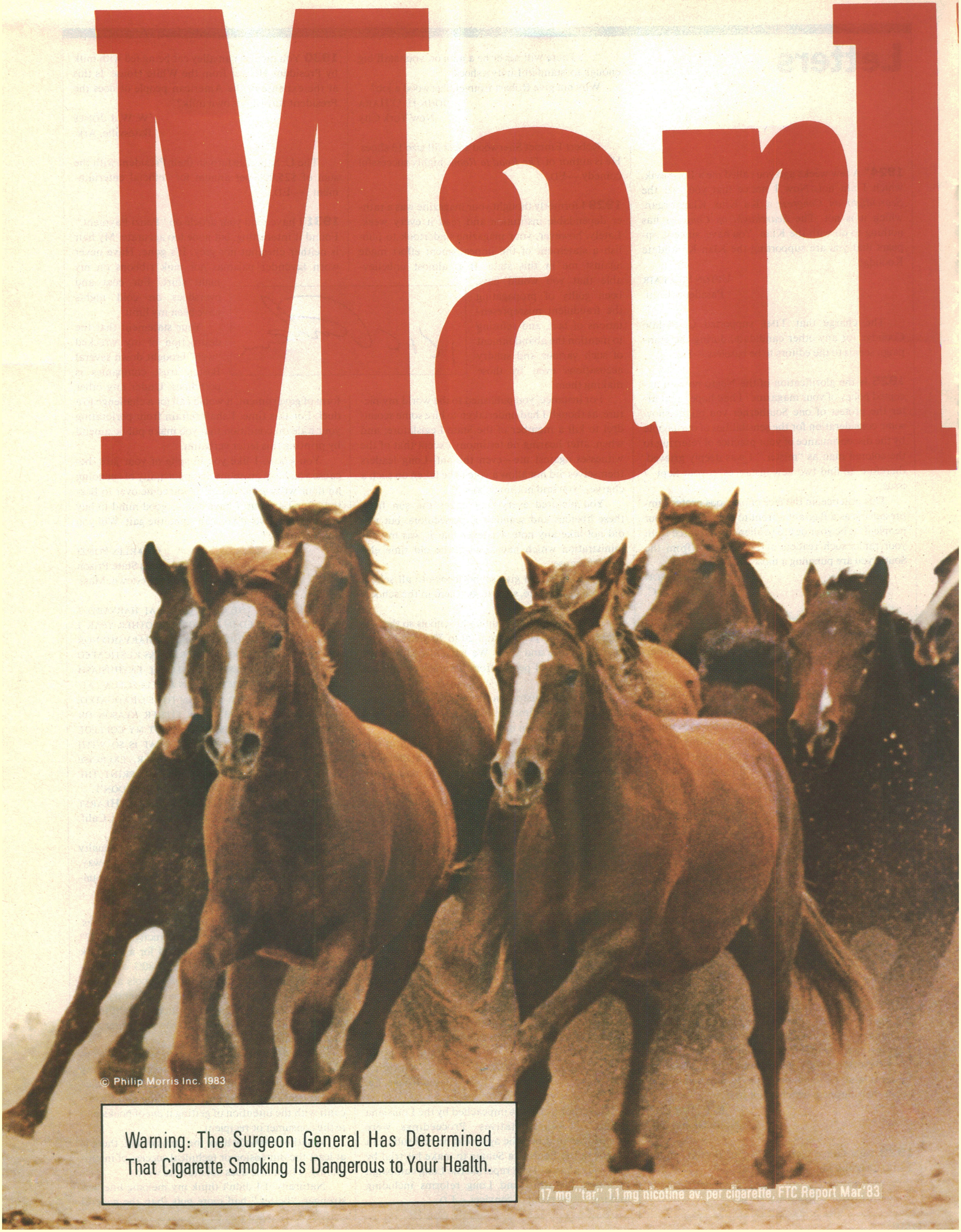
*TIME did not publish letters during its first year.



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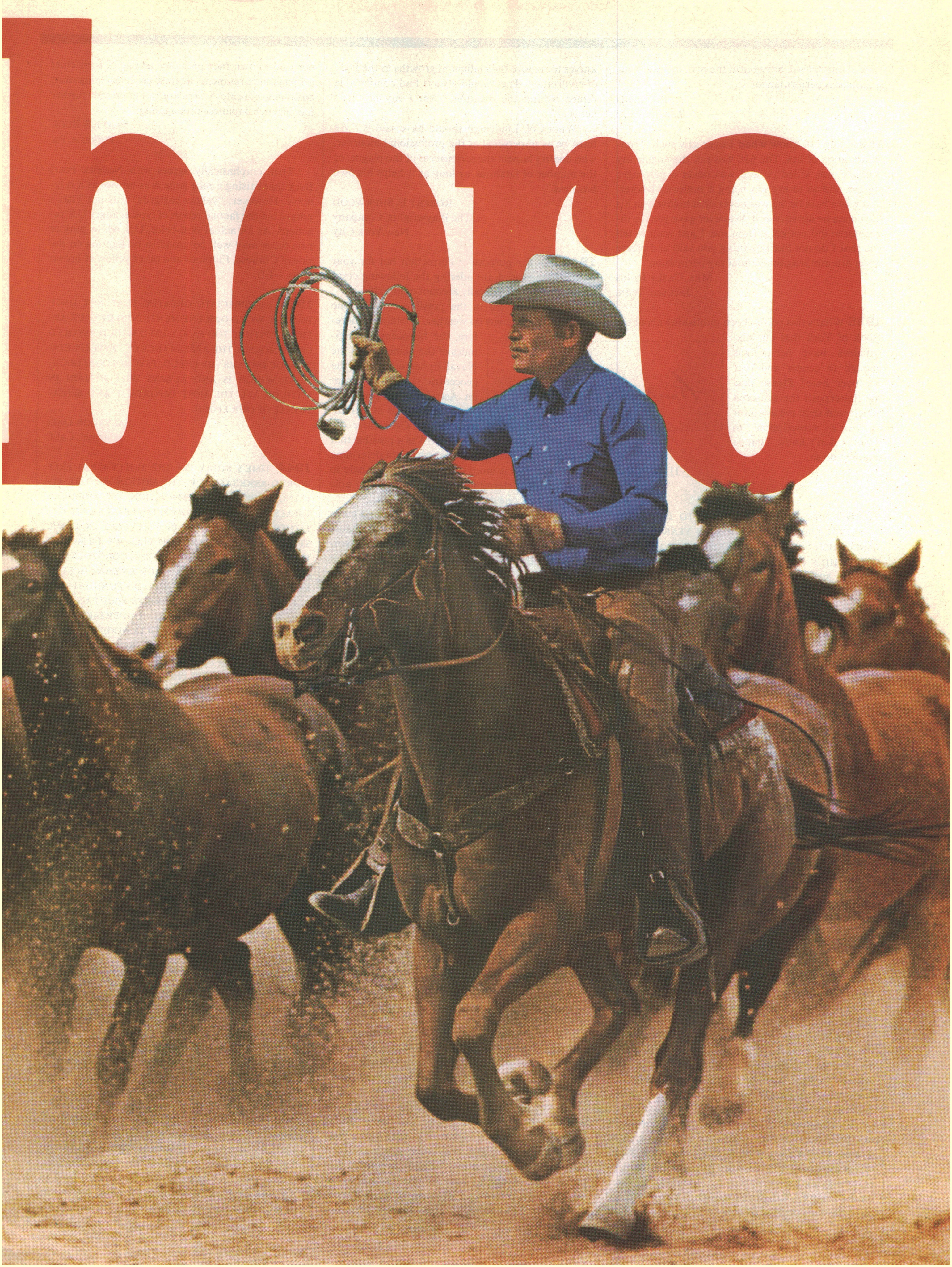
17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83


boro

ruck of music I wd. have burnt the mss. instead of instigating its performance.

E. POUND
Rapallo, Italy

1934 I do not know when I ever saw such a conglomeration of lies. The 638 was not the engine my husband was killed on and was never a passenger engine, and as to my son being a highway laborer, that was a base lie, he was never on a highway in his life unless he drove over it. Whoever gave you the information did not get it from me. I just want to tell you that I do not like one thing you said and please never attempt it again without my permission.

MRS. CASEY JONES
Jackson, Tenn.

1935 What's this you've been publishing about the Dook of York that our distributors have been fools enough to censor and tear out over here? Please post me (letterpost) the censored article and send me a bill for a year's subscription to TIME. I don't know TIME: I ought to do so.

H. G. WELLS
London

Franklin D Roosevelt

1936 I CAN TALK BUT I HATE TO INTERRUPT GROUCHO. I SPOKE IN PUBLIC LAST YEAR IN PORTLAND WHEN I ASKED FOR A RAISE IN SALARY BUT I DON'T THINK ANYONE HEARD ME. I MAKE A PRACTICE OF SPEAKING EVERY TIME CHICO MAKES A GRAND SLAM. SO YOU CAN LOOK FOR ANOTHER SPEECH IN 1937.

HARPO MARX
Culver City, Calif.

1937 The records on "spittin' image" should certainly be kept straight. I don't think that the expression has anything to do with saliva. It originated, I believe, among the darkies of the South and the correct phrasing—without dialect—is "spirit and image." It was originally used in speaking of someone whose father had passed on—and the colored folks would say—"the very spi't an' image of his daddy."

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS JR.
Atlanta

1938 Pioneer and innovator in many ways of presenting the news, TIME through its first 15 years has shown a degree of originality that has been refreshing and oftentimes delightful. I wish the magazine a long life in serving the public by disseminating accurate information written in a manner to keep the reader from drowsing. . . .

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

1939 TIME erred (perhaps only slightly) in saying that Col. Lindbergh in his broadcast speech represented "everybody." Although this is of no interest to the Colonel (or to TIME, or posterity) I beg to say that he did not represent me.

Neither I nor any other veteran of the First World War can quarrel honorably with the Colonel's sincere pacifism. But his choice of a simile, "We must be as impersonal as a surgeon with his knife," seems to me singularly unhappy. It is an insult to the medical profession.

If surgeons were truly impersonal (or, one might say, truly neutral) they would not heed the calls of distress from suffering humanity when they themselves were otherwise engaged in watching the ticker, or playing bridge, or writing thoughtful treatises on the insanity of their fellow men. They would not go to the considerable trouble and risk of using their knives to remove the malignant growths in the body of civilization. They would always find comfortable refuge behind the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

What Col. Lindbergh should have said is, "We must be as impersonal as the professional mourner, who doesn't lament the seriousness of the plague, or the number of fatalities, as long as it helps his own business."

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
The Playwrights' Company
New York City

1940 Not for purpose of correction but for your own information, I am offering the following comment on your very friendly account of myself.

I was interested in the possible effect of the moon and the planets on weather. I obtained, therefore, the heliocentric longitudes of the planets from the Naval Ephemerises and the geocentric longitudes from an Astrological Ephemeris. The mathematics of astrology is simply Geocentric Astronomy. Was it possible that the angle of the planets to the earth might determine weather, or was it more probable that the angle to the sun might determine weather? I was never able to prove either one definitively.

I have argued that a belief in astrology as a guide to life would lead to a fatalism that might cause many individuals to accept hard times as the foreordination of the stars, instead of struggling to master their fates.

Incidentally, I never drive a car at night, or any other time, to clear my brain.

I do not play tennis before 7:30 in the morning.

Oh, well!—it is impossible to correct all the cockeyed stories. Moreover, it is obvious your slant is friendly, so I don't mind.

HENRY A. WALLACE
Democratic National Committee
Indianapolis, Ind.

1941 MANY THANKS FOR THE FLATTERING REFERENCE TO MY GAUDILY CROWNED HEAD BUT MAY I FILE A GENTLE DEMURRER TO YOUR REPEATED USE OF THE ADJECTIVE "DWARFISH" IN DESCRIBING MY PERSON. ALTHOUGH I ACTUALLY STAND FIVE FEET FOUR INCHES IN SOCKS, I HAVE NEVER OBJECTED TO BEING RIBBED ABOUT MY SIZE. YOUR PET WORD, HOWEVER, STRIKES ME AS INAPPROPRIATE AS IT CARRIES A CONNOTATION OF THE MONSTROUS AND STUNTED. LET ME SUGGEST THAT SUCH PHRASES AS "SMALLISH," "MINUTE," "MINIATURE," AND EVEN "POCKET-SIZE" BILLY ROSE WOULD BE CONSIDERABLY MORE APPETIZING.

BILLY ROSE
New York City

Salvador Dali

1942 TIME used the words "yellow bastards" and "Hitler's little yellow friends" in speaking of the Japanese. I suggest that none of us use the word "yellow" in speaking of the Japanese, because our Allies, the Chinese, are yellow.

In this war we must, I think, take care not to divide ourselves into color groups. The tide of feeling about color runs very high over in the Orient. Indians, Chinese, Filipinos, and others are sensitive to the danger point about their relation as colored peoples to white peoples. Many Americans do not realize this, but it is true, and we must recognize it or we may suffer for it severely. The Japanese are using our well-known race prejudice as one of their chief propaganda arguments against us. Everything must be done to educate Americans not to provide further fuel for such Japanese propaganda.

PEARL S. BUCK
Perkasie, Pa.

TIME emphatically agrees with Novelist Pearl Buck that raising a race issue is as unwise as it is ignoble. However, "yellow bastards" was not TIME's phrase but the factual report of typical angry U.S. reactions. As for actual skin-color, U.S. white, pink or pale faces may well be proud to be fighting on the side of Chinese, Filipinos and other yellow or brown faces.—ED.

1943 I APPRECIATE GREATLY THAT NOT ONCE WAS THE WORD OBSCENE MENTIONED IN YOUR ARTICLE. EPITHET TOO EASILY USED WHICH ASSAILED UNANIMOUSLY THE APPEARANCE OF "INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS" BY FREUD, PSYCHOLOGIC DOCUMENT WHICH IS AND ALWAYS WILL REMAIN IN SPITE OF ALL THE MOST IMPORTANT AND SENSATIONAL OF OUR EPOCH.

SALVADOR DALI
Carmel, Calif.

1944 TIME'S STORY ON THE HOLLYWOOD FREE WORLD ASSOCIATION *V.* THE MOTION PICTURE ALLIANCE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF AMERICAN IDEALS INDICATES NO EDITORIAL PREFERENCE FOR EITHER ORGANIZATION BUT REVEALS IN COMIC STYLE AN ANTI-HOLLYWOOD BIAS. WE FILM-MAKERS REALIZE OUR COMMUNITY IS A GORGEOUS SUBJECT FOR SATIRE. WE GRANT, OR ANYWAY MOST OF US DO, THAT WE ARE THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST PEOPLE. YOU CAN WRITE MORE JOKES ABOUT US THAN YOU CAN ABOUT PLUMBERS, UNDERTAKERS OR FULLER BRUSH SALESMEN. HOLLYWOOD IS GUILTY OF DELIBERATE WITHDRAWAL FROM THE LIVING WORLD. IT SEEKS TO ENTERTAIN, AND WE SUSPECT THAT THE SUCCESS OF THE WITHDRAWAL IS WHAT MAKES HOLLYWOOD FUNNY. BUT LET TIME MAGAZINE VIEW WITH ALARM OR POINT WITH PRIDE, BUT NOT LAUGH OFF HOLLYWOOD'S GROWING RECOGNITION OF THE FACT THAT EVERY MOVIE EXPRESSES, OR AT LEAST REFLECTS, POLITICAL OPINION. MOVIEGOERS LIVE ALL OVER THE WORLD, COME FROM ALL CLASSES AND ADD UP TO THE BIGGEST SECTION OF HUMAN BEINGS EVER ADDRESSED BY ANY MEDIUM OF COMMUNICATION. THE POLITICS OF MOVIEMAKERS THEREFORE IS JUST EXACTLY WHAT ISN'T FUNNY ABOUT HOLLYWOOD. TIME MENTIONS "ROOM-TEMPERATURE BURGUNDY AND CHOPPED CHICKEN LIVER" AS THOUGH THESE LUXURIES INVALIDATE POLITICAL OPINION. TIME, WHOSE EDITORS EAT CHOPPED CHICKEN LIVER AND WHOSE PUBLISHERS DRINK ROOM-TEMPERATURE BURGUNDY, KNOWS BETTER.

ORSON WELLES
Hollywood, Calif.

Well-fed TIME feels that the public should be kept informed about Hollywood politics, from soup to nuts.—ED.

1945 I refer to TIME's "piece" [Sept. 24] on the Imperial Hotel of Tokyo, Japan: I happen to be the architect, and the time-honored formula for an untimely finish seems to be already well into its second stage where TIME is concerned. The formula is: first, Success, then, Arrogance, then Downfall. I refer to an all too arrogant falsehood in the piece, which was not only a gross misrepresentation of my sentiments

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but proving in black & white that TIME can be a reckless liar.

Let my secretary speak:

"Dear Mr. Wright: TIME's quotation of your conversation with them . . . is entirely false. I was present when you spoke over the telephone to them and in reply to their questions you said: 'No, I have received no request from Japan nor from anyone to rebuild the part of the hotel that was damaged—but even if I were to receive such a request I would have to turn it down because I am much too busy at work building in my own country to go to any other country to build at this time. Besides, I prefer independence to interdependence.' You repeated this statement several times. Eugene Masselink, Secretary to Frank Lloyd Wright."

Recently, speaking of "Non-Objective Art," I suggested that TIME (among others) take a course in "Non-Adjective Writing." The matter now seems hopeless. So, I disrespectfully suggest that we, right here and now, drop the whole Art Department of TIME as a malicious libel not only upon the entire subject of Art but all honest artists everywhere.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT
Spring Green, Wis.

The facts: Domei reported the hotel's request, and TIME disrespectfully condensed arrogant Architect Wright's adjectival reaction.—ED.

1946 When I have a highball or two I tell the truth about things. The truth, as you continually show in your pages, is tough. It is not then so much my talk that is tough as the stuff it deals with. But I'm not the town drunk. With the reputation you give me, I'll be expected to drink everybody in Kansas City under the table and I can't do it—not me.

THOMAS H. BENTON
Kansas City

Said TIME: "Tom Benton, who does know how to drink . . ." No town drunk does.—ED.

1947 TIME reported words said to have been spoken by me to Samuel Putnam, in Paris.

"My God, Sam!" it begins. This is impossible; I don't talk like that.

It goes on: "You have no idea how dumb she is! Why, when we were at school, I used to have to do all her homework for her." All quite impossible. "I used to have to do" puts my teeth on edge. Neither "dumb" nor "homework" are in my vocabulary. Gertrude was a brighter pupil than I was, and more often "honorably promoted," that is, without the obligation of final examinations. We did no homework and the word was not in use with us. If Author Putnam had known better the ways of Oakland public schools in the '80s, he might have invented a yarn less easy to refute.

C. G. Jung

LEO STEIN
Settignano, Italy

1948 It has come to my attention that in your Current & Choice section, Lauren Bacall has consistently been left out of the cast of *Key Largo.*

Inasmuch as there are those of us in Hollywood, Miss Bacall among them, who would rather make Current & Choice than win an Academy Award or make Men of Distinction, won't you please include her in the cast of *Key Largo* in Current & Choice just once, as she is my wife and I have to live with her. Miss Bacall is extremely tired of being labeled *et al.*

HUMPHREY BOGART
Beverly Hills

1949 I didn't know I had been hired and fired by *Theatre Arts* until I read about it in TIME. What else has been happening to me lately that I ought to know about?

WILLIAM SAROYAN
New York City

TIME regrets that it is fresh out of Saroyan news. All that the present editor [Charles MacArthur] of *Theatre Arts* has to say about this crisis in American letters is that it occurred while he was in Europe and he remains Mr. Saroyan's most faithful fan.—ED.

1950 Shouldn't *Ausserordentlichhochgeschwindigkeitelectronenentwickelndesschwerarbeitsbeigollitron* [TIME, March 13] read *Ausserordentlichhochgeschwindigkeitelectronenentwickelndesschwerarbeitsbeigollitron?*

(REV.) T. M. HESBURGH, C.S.C.
Notre Dame, Ind.

Frank Lloyd Wright

Yes, as TIME's Los Angeles and Philadelphia (but not Chicago) printers had it.—ED.

1951 It gives me great pleasure again to find myself in your pages. Segment by segment I discover myself, as it were, variously listed in the index. I get myself into Letters; I've been in Books and also Radio & TV. Now I have achieved Press. I'd love to make Cinema, but despair of Art or Science. Milestones will one day catch up with me.

Thanks. But I am saddened by the adjective ["Old Standby"]; I've earned it, of course, but hate to be reminded.

FAITH BALDWIN
New Canaan, Conn.

1952 In your June 9 Letters Column, Randolph S. Churchill says TIME was wrong in referring to Czechoslovakia as "Britain's ally" and denounces the "holier than thou" attitude adopted by some Americans towards the English in regard to Munich, and states that England had no more moral or legal obligation to defend Czechoslovakia than had the U.S.

Britain's military alliance with France under the Locarno Pact of 1925 . . . although it did not guarantee Czechoslovakia against aggression as it did Belgium, made it inevitable that if France went to war to fulfill its own direct obligation under the Franco-Czech Treaty of 1924, England would be drawn in . . . England was deeply committed, by her treaty with France and by her official actions . . . The illustrious father of Mr. Churchill has admitted that Great Britain was deeply involved and that "it must be recorded with regret that the British Government not only acquiesced but encouraged the French Government in a fatal course" (Churchill, *The Gathering Storm*).

The U.S. had no political involvement in Europe in 1938 . . .

JOHN F. KENNEDY
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

1953 I am happy that Eleanor Steber had such a wonderful success in Richard Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten.* I remember exhausting rehearsals with Richard Strauss. He really was a very simple family man, entirely devoted to his temperamental wife—he was really a henpecked husband. I sang a lot of his lieder, and often his wife Pauline would listen. Sometimes Pauline would run to him, throwing her arms around him, saying with big sobs of touching sentimentality, "Do you remember, Richard?"—and he would have tears in his eyes, too. They were a strange couple. They fought like mad—needless to say, Pauline always started these fights . . . He said to me when I departed: "You have seen a lot which you will find strange in this house. But believe me, all the praises in the world are not so refreshing as my wife's outbreaks of temperament."

LOTTE LEHMANN
Santa Barbara, Calif.

1954 You inform your readers that in my last book [*The Doors of Perception*], I "prescribe mescaline, a derivative of peyote, for all mankind as an alternative to cocktails." Snappiness, alas, is apt to be in inverse ratio to accuracy. I merely suggested that it might be a good thing if psychologists, sociologists and pharmacologists were to get together and discuss a satisfactory drug for general consumption. Mescaline, I said, would not do. But a chemical possessing the merits of mescaline without its drawbacks would be preferable to alcohol.

ALDOUS HUXLEY
Hampstead, London

1955 Many copies of the article you have published about myself have been sent to me. Your reporter has made a good job of it, and I want to express my gratitude for the successful representation.

C. G. JUNG
Küsnacht, Switzerland

1956 In New York last month . . . I gave an interview to a representative of the London *Sunday Times,* who imputed to me opinions which I have never held, and statements which no sober man would make and, it seems to me, no sane man believe. That statement that I or anyone else in his right mind would choose any one state against the whole remaining Union of States, down to the ultimate price of shooting other human beings in the streets, is not only foolish but dangerous. . . . The idea can further inflame those people who might still believe such a situation possible. . .

WILLIAM FAULKNER
Oxford, Miss.

Says Russell Warren Howe, New York correspondent for the London *Sunday Times:* "If Mr. Faulkner no longer agrees with the more Dixiecratic of his statements I, for one, am very glad, but that is what he said."—ED.

1957 WHY DO AMERICAN MOVIEMEN REQUIRE PITH HELMETS, SALT TABLETS, QUININE PILLS TO VISIT THE CAO DAI CAPITAL, TAYNINH [to film *The Quiet American*—TIME, Feb. 25]? THE CLIMATE IS SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO A WASHINGTON SUMMER. PERHAPS THE INHABITANTS WERE MYSTIFIED BY THEIR STRANGE ATTIRE AND ECCENTRIC DIET.

GRAHAM GREENE
London

American moviemen take about the same precautions in Washington.—ED.

1958 With your permission, I'd like to give my opinion of the Kokoschka picture of my sister. I think it's a hideous mess. As great an artist as this man may be today, he certainly goofed in 1926. My sister is a very pretty girl.

FRED ASTAIRE
Beverly Hills

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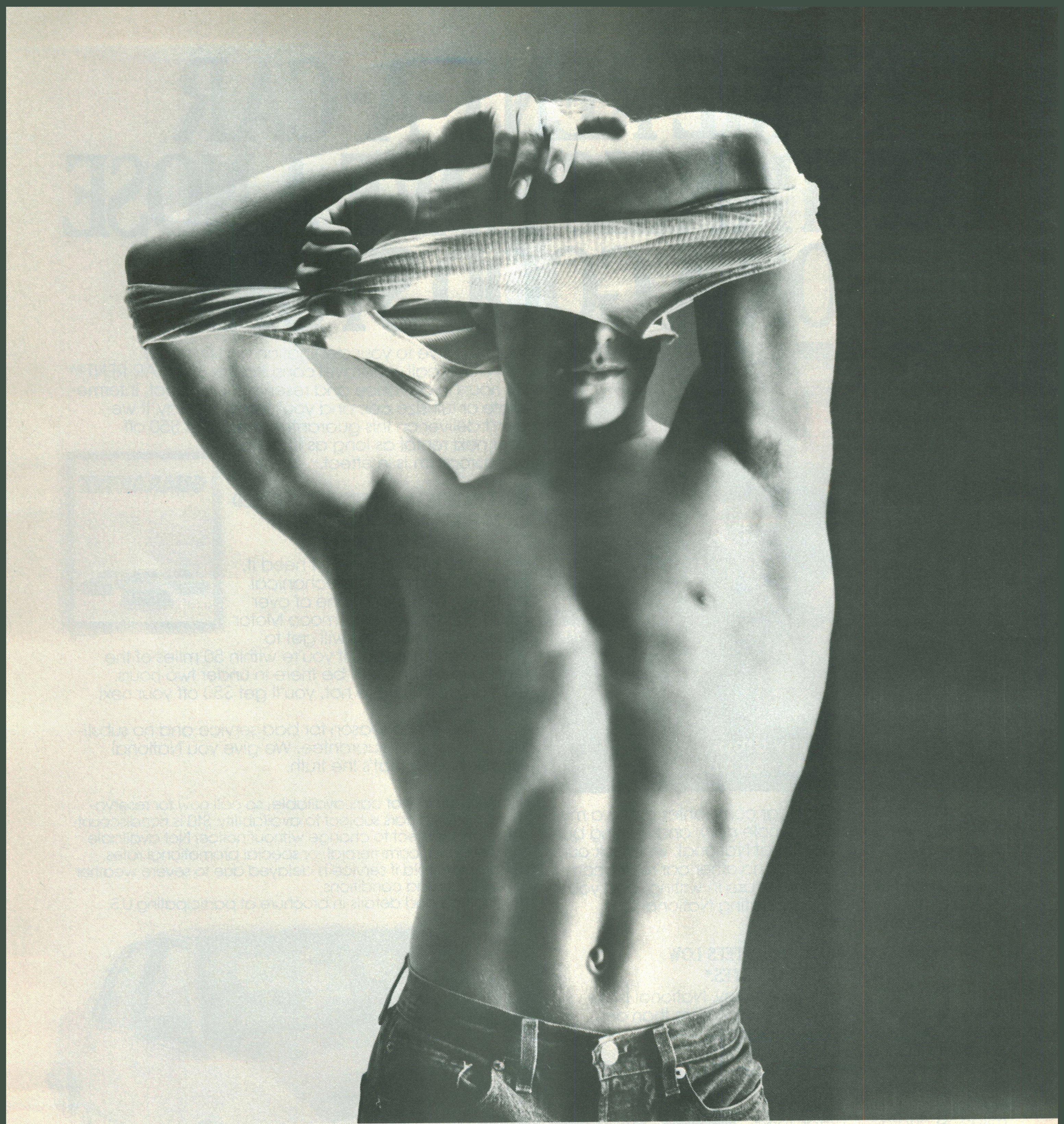

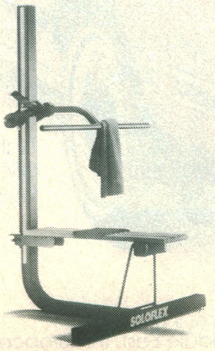

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1959 I enjoyed reading about myself and my wife in TIME, but the nicest thing of all happened when a foreign citizen turned around from looking at my picture and said, "I did not realize you were Jewish." "I am not," I said, "but Our Blessed Lord is—I hope I've caught a little of the contagion."

BRENDAN BEHAN
Dublin

1960 There was a slight error, which concerns my African name, and if I may, I would like to spell it correctly for you:

Zenzile Makeba Qgwashu Nguvama Yiketheli Nxgowa Bantana Balomzi Xa Ufun Ubajabulisa Ubaphekeli Mbiza Yotshwala Sithi Xa Saku Qgiba Ukutja Sithathe Izitsha Sizi Khabe Singama Lawu Singama Qgwashu Singama Nqamla Nqgithi.

A child takes the first name of all his male ancestors. Often following the first name is a descriptive word or two, telling about the character of the person, making a true African name somewhat like a story.

MIRIAM MAKEBA
New York City

Norman Mailer

Freely translated, the descriptive word or two in Miriam Makeba's name say: "There is a saying that after dinner, the Xosa kick the dishes."—ED.

1961 I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU ARE STILL BATTING 1.000 REGARDING ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING ME. AS USUAL YOUR INFORMATION STINKS. I NEED A HOUSE AND A NIGHTCLUB IN PALM BEACH LIKE YOU NEED A TUMOR.

FRANK SINATRA
Beverly Hills

1962 Poem to the Book Review at TIME:

You will keep hiring
picadors
from the back row
and pic the bull back
far back along his spine
you will slam sandbags
to the kidneys
and pass a wine
poisoned on the vine
you will saw the horns off
and murmur
the bulls are
ah
the bulls are not
what once they were
The corrida will end
with Russians in the plaza
Swine, some of you will say
what did we wrong?
And go forth to kiss
the conquerors

NORMAN MAILER
New York City

1963 Concerning the term "monk barbecue show," Viet Nam is a strange country where people often commit spectacular suicides before the gates of people whom they wish to curse. I find that custom barbaric. My aim was to try to stop the spreading of bad examples by ridiculing grotesque customs.

If sometimes I have to step in the fray, becoming a target of most cruel blows, it is not at all by natural taste, but because someone must finally make up his mind to take a position.

MADAME NGO DINH NHU
Saigon

1964 You make a most unfair and incorrect reference to us in your story on Beverly Hills. We did not provide "sleds and skis for a couple of hundred friends." It was a long, hard, slogging job of several weeks' organization for a Christmas Snow Party for Mrs. Abe Leah's charity for needy actors.

Every item, including the artificial snow, was donated. On the day of the party a freak storm washed out everything in a few hours. With the assistance of the studios and some good friends, Mrs. Rathbone in a few hours reorganized her party inside the Beverly Hills Hotel and still realized some $10,000 for the charity.

BASIL RATHBONE
New York City

1965 As an anti-American, I thank you for your rotten article devoted to my person. Your insult to a head of state and your odious lies dishonor not only your magazine but also your nation . . . You symbolize the worst in humanity.

NORODOM SIHANOUK
Chief of State
Pnompenh, Cambodia

1966 On the current cover of TIME magazine my name appears, along with the titles of many of the shows I have produced. There is, however, a very strange drawing of some person or other also on the cover, which is very puzzling to me. I consider this figure you have attached to my name monstrous in appearance, bearing no resemblance to my likeness. Therefore, this is to notify you that I am suing you for $1,000,000 for defamation of caricature.

DAVID MERRICK
New York City

1967 TIME owes it to its readers to name the anonymous Governor whom I allegedly told that "Dick Nixon is a loser." It will be especially interesting, since I have never said it or thought it.

RONALD REAGAN
Governor
Sacramento, Calif.

TIME's source is not at all "nameless," but we are bound to honor his request that he not be identified,—ED.

1968 In TIME's People section my photo was published with "a mysterious Chilean admirer" who, says the article, was accompanying me from Chile to Montevideo and was living with me in the same hotel. Unfortunately, I myself can classify this article as inaccurate. First, this woman is not a Chilean. She is Uruguayan, and she has no reason to live with me in the same hotel because she has a home in Montevideo. Secondly: in the photo she appears alone with me, but at our side, at the same time, were many of my Uruguayan friends and friends from the Russian embassy who, together with her, accompanied me to the airport where I disappeared alone to Bogotá. Third: in the photo she is at a distance from me of no less than 50 centimeters. Thus through TIME, I wish to advise all of the women of the world, including North Americans, to please stay a distance of no less than one kilometer away from this wicked Evtushenko, because immediately some reporters could interpret this as "amor-r-r," with three Rs. Be careful of Russian poets!

EVGENY EVTUSHENKO
Bogotá, Colombia

Ronald Reagan

1969 Re your comment in the Buckley-Vidal story: George Sanders didn't divorce me, I divorced him.

ZSA ZSA GABOR
Washington, D.C.

1970 Since you mentioned nudity in your review of the movie *John and Mary,* I thought you might be interested in the following example of current studio thinking.

Before filming began, I informed the producers that I would not consent to any nude scenes, and was reassured that there would be none. As soon as my work was completed, a double was hired without my consent, and several nude scenes were inserted. I argued and pleaded with the producers for a period of five months, but since I had no legal recourse, I lost the argument.

MIA FARROW
Manhattan

1971 I would have preferred personally to ignore J. Edgar Hoover's ungentlemanly attacks on my husband, but my husband is dead and cannot reply for himself. Mr. Hoover, in alleging that he called my husband a liar during their meeting in 1964, has exposed himself. There were witnesses present, three distinguished clergymen, who explicitly denied that Mr. Hoover made such a statement or any other attack on my husband's veracity to his face.

It is unfortunate for our country that a person of such moral and mental capacity holds a position of such importance. It is equally unfortunate for race relations in these troubled times that a person revealed in this interview to be so arrogantly prejudiced against Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and blacks is a high Government official.

MRS. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.
Atlanta

1972 TIME in its issue on American women made me sound like Shirley Temple! I am not really against exploring depravity. I understand it's terrific both on- and off-screen and can be done by either sex.

ELEANOR PERRY
New York City

1973 Whose voice gave Tarzan's call? I ought to know: I was there.

Johnny Weissmuller can—and did—do his own Tarzan call. End of discussion?

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN ("JANE")
New York City

1974 Harry Reasoner recently took TIME to task on ABC-TV for certain instances of its obsessional and below-the-belt reporting on Watergate, which he said had betrayed the canons of both objective and ethical journalism.

It was predictable that sooner or later TIME would begin to pay the price for its editorial overinvestment in the destruction of the President. That price, as Reasoner noted, is the loss of journalistic prestige and credibility. How ironic, and how fitting, that a distinguished media colleague and certified Nixon critic like Reasoner should blow the whistle on TIME for its phobic Watergate reporting!

No President of the U.S. except Lincoln (in retrospect, now to be considered another impeachable character) has ever been more savaged by the press than Nixon. For one solid year the press has been beating on him mercilessly. And he has shown that he can take it and take it and take it, with cool and courage. But few journalists—none on TIME—have

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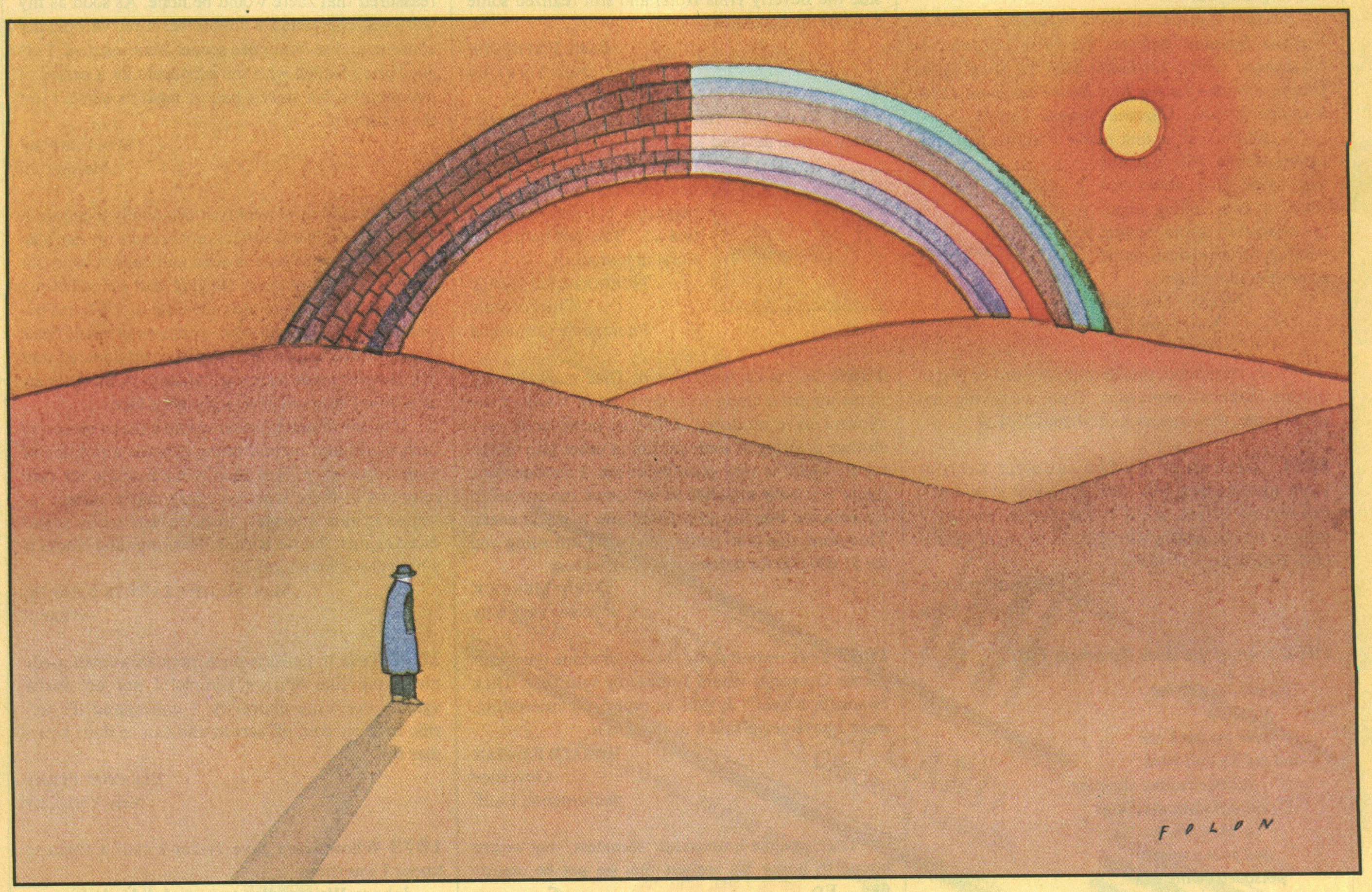


The energy crises of the 1970's jolted America into greater awareness of alternative energy development. Some of the alternative sources being explored today will play an increasing role in the years to come. The question is, how much will the new alternatives be able to supplement our major energy sources?

Although overall energy demand in the U.S. dropped slightly over the last decade, the use of electricity actually rose more than 20 percent. This electrification trend has gone on throughout the century and is expected to continue. The United States Department of Energy recently reported that "the economy is very likely to turn increasingly to electric-

As this reliance on electric energy continues to grow, *all* the resources that can generate electricity are being examined. Some of the alternatives are discussed here. Others, like fusion and ocean thermal energy conversion, may play a role in the more distant future.

Sun, wind, earth, and water

SOLAR. In some respects, solar energy has begun to pay off. For the heating of water, solar systems are now economically competitive in some regions of the U.S. with plenty of sunshine. Also, there are new buildings benefiting from "passive" solar designs. They utilize the sun through nonmechanical means such as skylights and heat-storing rock beds.

For the generation of electricity

however, solar technologies are in early stages of development. Although some limited uses are being made, solar electricity is still too expensive for widespread practical use.

One possible system is the solar-thermal electric station, or "power tower." A small solar-thermal plant in the Mojave Desert uses a large field of mirrors to track the sun and focus its heat onto a centrally mounted steam boiler that drives a turbine-generator.

Another solar electric technology is photovoltaics. It uses silicon or other semiconductors to convert the sun's rays *directly* into electricity. Researchers are working on increasing the efficiency and reducing the high costs of photovoltaics.

WIND. Wind power, like many alternative energy sources, depends on geography. It is most promising in the Great Plains, in mountain passes and along coastal areas, where winds are strong and steady.

Some of the larger wind projects have had problems. But they are being addressed, and utility companies today are involved in well over 100 wind-power research projects. California's Energy Commission has predicted a wind-power potential of 1000 megawatts for the state by the year 2000, if current trends continue. That's the equivalent of one major electric power plant, or approximately 2 percent of the state's present electrical capacity.

Reliability and strength of the wind play an important role in the location of "wind farms" like this one in Altamont Pass, east of San Francisco. Wind generators are spread over hundreds of acres of land.

GEOTHERMAL. The internal heat of the earth is another energy source. Geothermal energy is captured from hot water or steam created by hot or molten rock. 1300 megawatts of geothermal electric capacity are now available in this country, mostly in California.

HYDRO. Falling water generated almost 14 percent of the nation's electricity last year. Most U.S. sites for large-scale hydro projects are already in use, but there is potential for further development of low-head or "minihydro": the use of small and medium-sized dams, either newly built or upgraded. By 1985, there may be about 400 new small-scale hydro projects, largely in the Northeast. Like other energy sources, though, hydro has limitations. These include the environmental changes that can be caused by damming a river, as well as the uncertain reliability of power that is fed by rain and snow.

BIOMASS. This term refers to a wide variety of fuel sources, including plant and animal waste, wood, algae, and garbage. The largest user of biomass in the U.S. today is the forest products industry, which gets about 50 percent of its energy from wood wastes. Another form of biomass is methane gas produced from decaying organic materials.

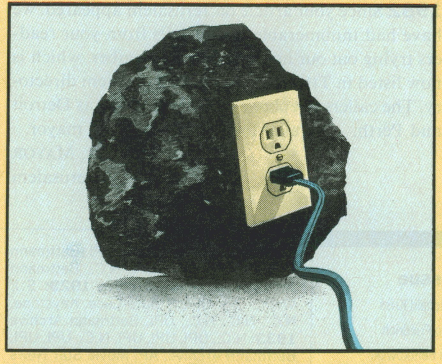
Energy sources we can count on today

Some of our important energy options involve not new production technologies but more efficient ways of delivering and using energy. So conservation methods, including industrial cogeneration, will also help meet our energy needs.

With all of America's energy alternatives, it's easy to forget how much of our electric power will still be generated from conventional fuels. The Department of Energy projects that by the year 2000, over 80 percent of the country's total electricity generation will still come from the abundant domestic resources of coal and uranium.

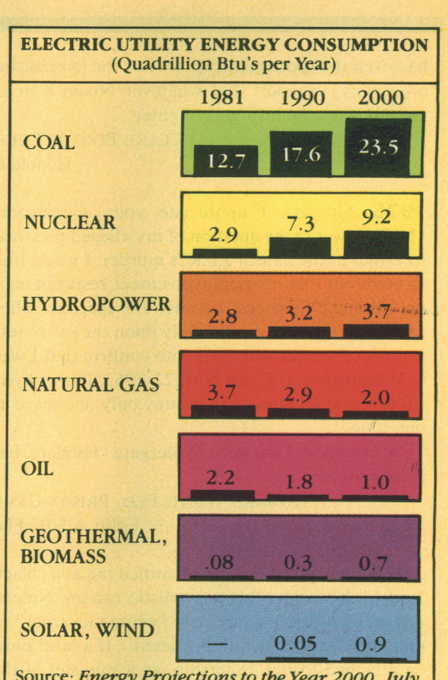
Oil and natural gas are more valuable fuels for transportation and manufacturing than for burning in power plants. Also, these fuels, especially oil, are subject to uncertainties over price and future supply.

On the other hand, we have enough coal to last hundreds of years. Coal will remain our dominant source of electricity. And advanced technologies such as coal gasification and fluidized-bed combustion are creating new ways to burn coal cleanly.



We have enough coal in the U.S. to last hundreds of years. It is estimated that by 1990, electric utilities will be burning over 780 million tons of coal a year to supply more than half of America's electricity.

To secure a well-balanced supply of energy, America is also relying on nuclear power. Aside from the 80 plants already generating nuclear electricity in the U.S., 56 more have been granted construction permits by the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission. And they are being built.



Source: *Energy Projections to the Year 2000, July 1982 Update,* U.S. Department of Energy, 8/82.

The Department of Energy foresees sizable growth for both nuclear energy and coal in this country's electrical future.

A steady and secure supply of electricity is critical for a healthy economy. Some of the alternative energy sources discussed here may eventually become significant contributors to America's electrical supply, depending on what part of the country you live in. Some may not. Whatever the future holds, we need to take advantage of the domestic energy resources already within our reach. We need to understand not only the electricity potential of tomorrow, but the electricity realities of today.

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had even the sportsmanship, no less the journalistic objectivity, to report that whatever Nixon is or is not, he is one helluva gutsy fighter . . .

Clare Boothe Luce
Honolulu

1975 Although I appreciate your unequivocal "No" answer to the question of my alleged presence in Dallas at the time of J.F.K.'s murder, I would like to point out that my noninvolvement rests not only on "drastic differences" between the specimen photographs, but more conclusively upon the sworn testimony of several witnesses who confirm that I was in Washington, D.C., on Nov. 22, 1963. It is a physical law that an object can occupy only one space at one time.

Correction: I am not a Watergate "burglar," but a conspirator.

Howard Hunt, Fed. Prison Camp
Eglin A.F.B., Fla.

1976 You quoted me and identified me as a "black leader." I consider this journalistic racism. No one refers to George Wallace as a "white Governor" or Gerald Ford as a "white President." If a label must be attached to my leadership, as a minister of the gospel I prefer "moral leader." Moral leadership, which essentially deals with ideas and values, is a universal category. Black is not.

(The Rev.) Jesse L. Jackson
Chicago

1977 Since it is really very difficult to answer personally so many letters after the Olympic Games in Montreal, let me tell you here how grateful I am to you all for your friendship.

I wish you all good health, happiness and peace in the coming new year.

Nadia Comăneci
Bucharest

1978 Discussion should not revolve around whether wife beating or husband beating is the more prevalent; rather, we should take a good look at the institution of marriage. Perhaps the wedding license should read WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT MARRIAGE IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

Karen DeCrow
Syracuse

1979 It must have been a stunt double who wrote that item about me and *The Legend of Walks Far Woman*. I have done most of my own stunt work, much more than the insurance company would have liked, suffering numerous injuries in the process.

By the way, the Indians do not refer to their women as "squaws"—this is a demeaning term used only by whites.

Raquel Welch
Los Angeles

1980 Just to keep the record straight: I do not buy $5,000 dresses; I do not have an extensive jewelry collection, or paintings, or antiques; and I do not have a hairdresser and interior decorator in tow. I get my hair done once a week, and I'm at a loss as to what an interior decorator would do. Perhaps rearrange the furniture in all the Holiday Inns I've been staying in.

Nancy Reagan
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

1981 Your article calling for the return of the draft is an enormous step backward in the striving for a humane world. No renewal, American or other, should be based on blood. A man who specializes in killing other men—regardless of ideology—is an assassin. Forcing youths to do this is a crime.

Jorge Luis Borges
Buenos Aires

1982 Since your article on Jerusalem appeared, we have had innumerable phone calls from your readers trying out our home telephone number, which is now listed in TIME, as well as the Jerusalem directory. The callers telephone from as far away as Detroit and Perth, Australia, to ask if I am really mayor.

Teddy Kollek, Mayor
Jerusalem

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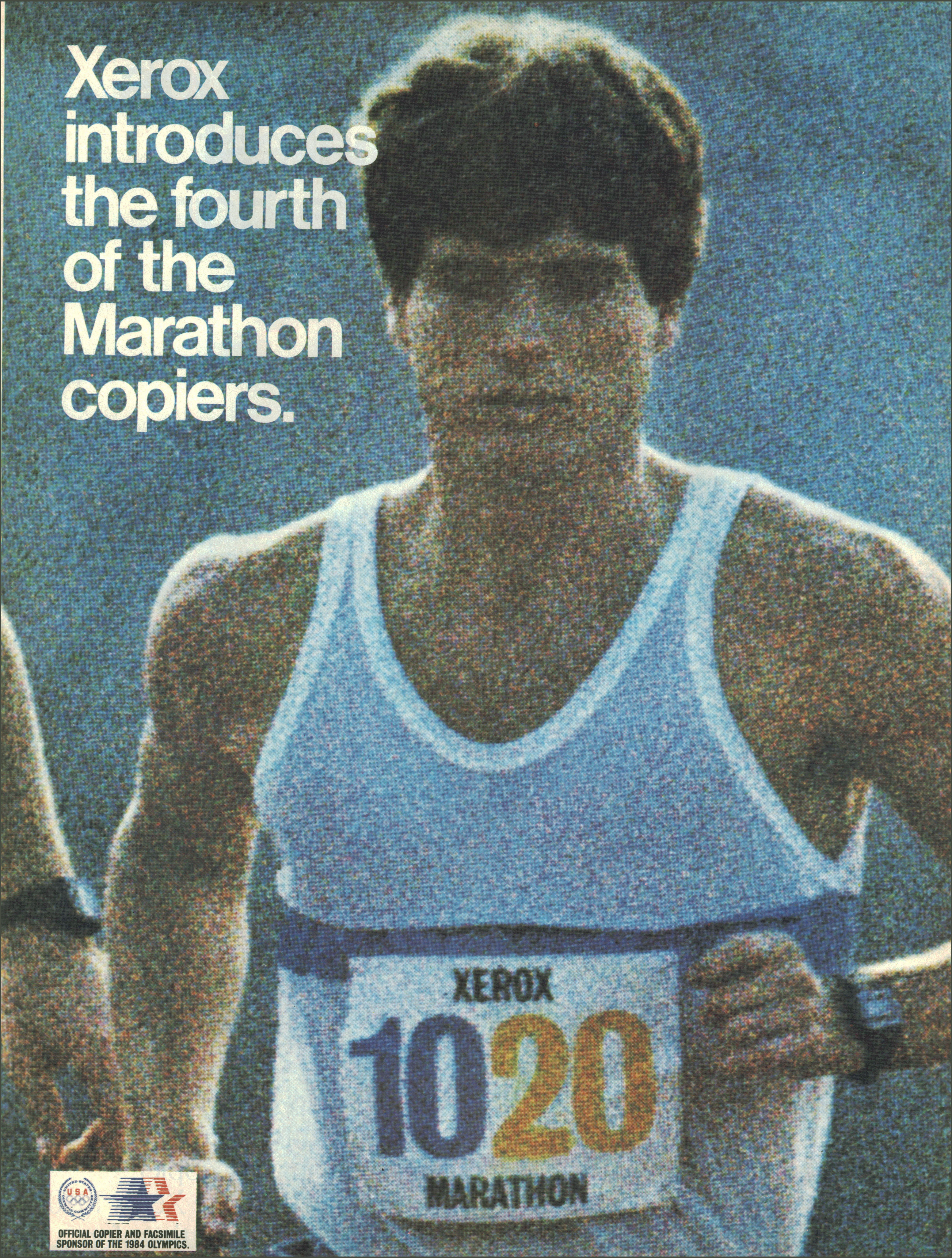
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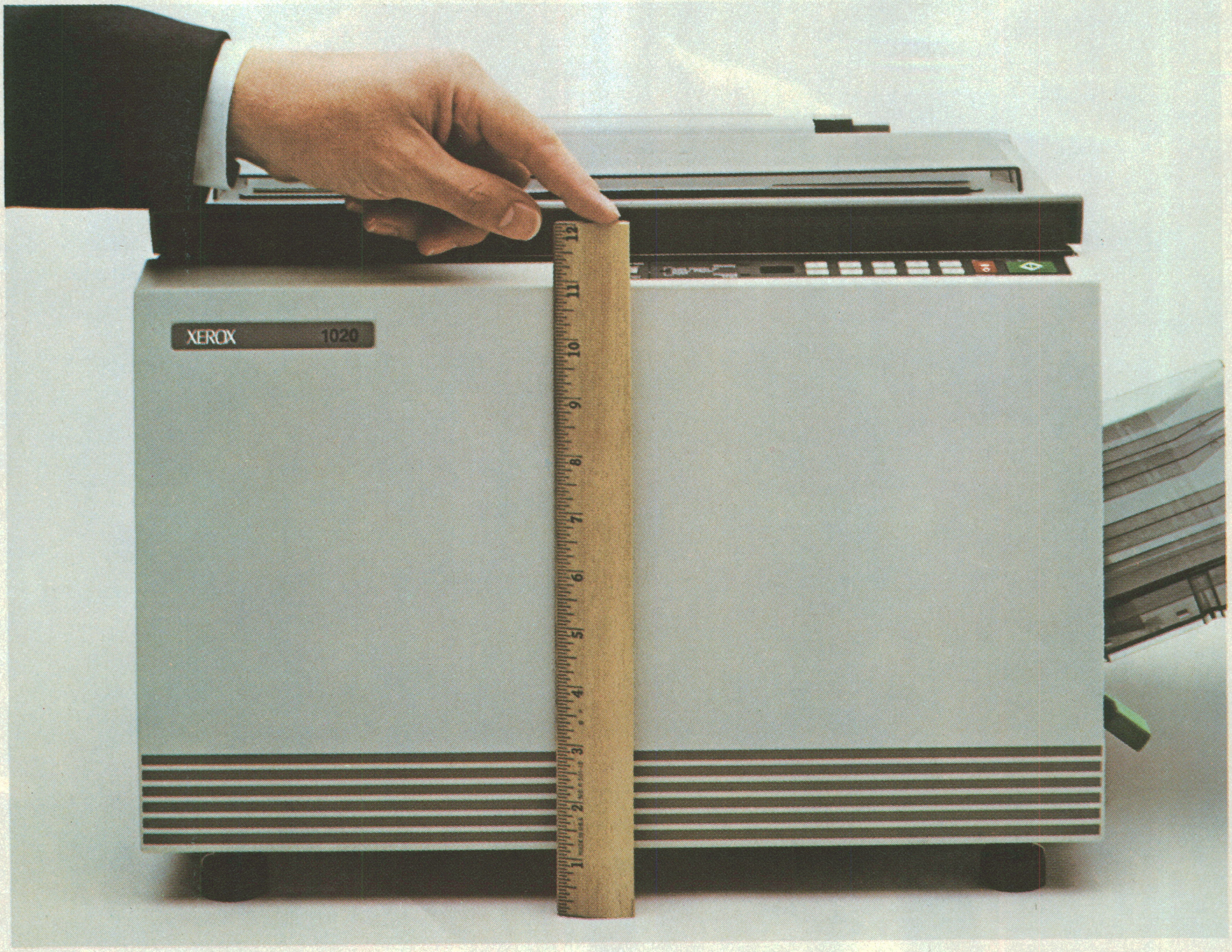

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What Really Mattered?

Not just great events but underlying causes

In Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth,* the fortuneteller unfurls her skirts, hoists her bodice, strolls downstage and heckles the audience. Oh, she can tell the future, all right. "Nothing easier," she says. "But who can tell your past, eh? Nobody! You lie awake nights trying to know your past. What did it mean? What was it trying to say to you? Think! Think!"

Think, indeed. The only action one can take toward the past is to think about it. This may be the one way the past is ever changed, by the mind's reviewing all the historical laundry that blizzarded down in an undifferentiated heap when the past was taking place, then sorting it out in chaste, clean piles. It never makes sense, even when considering years as recent as the past 60. What really happened? History relies on memory, and memory on will. An 11th century Chinese emperor possessed a newly invented clock, which his people knew about, though no one owned a clock but he. When the emperor died, the imperial clock was allowed to fall apart, and everyone forgot that such a device had ever existed. Five hundred years later, Matteo Ricci, a Jesuit priest, arrived in Asia bearing a new Italian invention called a clock. The Chinese marveled at the thing.

What clocks have we forgotten in the past 60 years? Which among the clocks preserved ought in fact to be forgotten, set aside on a distant shelf like a porcelain dog? This midsection chunk of the 20th century presents the problem amply, with its abundance of wars, villains, scientific miracles, remappings of the earth. Six decades of speeches, treaties, books, bombs, pills, screams and rockets. What will have mattered in the long run? And what does "mattered" mean? There is the fact, and the idea, and the person who has the idea.

UPI

History relies on memory: Lindbergh set for takeoff

The fact was that Rosa Parks got tired of being told to give up her seat on the bus to any white man who happened along, so she got off that bus, to be followed by almost all the blacks in Montgomery, Ala. Thus began modern American civil rights legislation. Or did it start instead with Martin Luther King, who saw where boycotting segregated buses might lead, or with Gandhi, whose example taught King the tactics of civil disobedience? Or rather were the civil rights laws of the 1960s passed because of a general and amorphous sense of national shame to which Parks and King served merely as goads? U.S. civil rights legislation mattered very much to Americans; will it have mattered to the rest of the world? Will America have mattered to the rest of the world after a hundred more 60-year periods have vanished, and will we stand in regard to the curious nations of the future as the Etruscans or the Titans do to us?

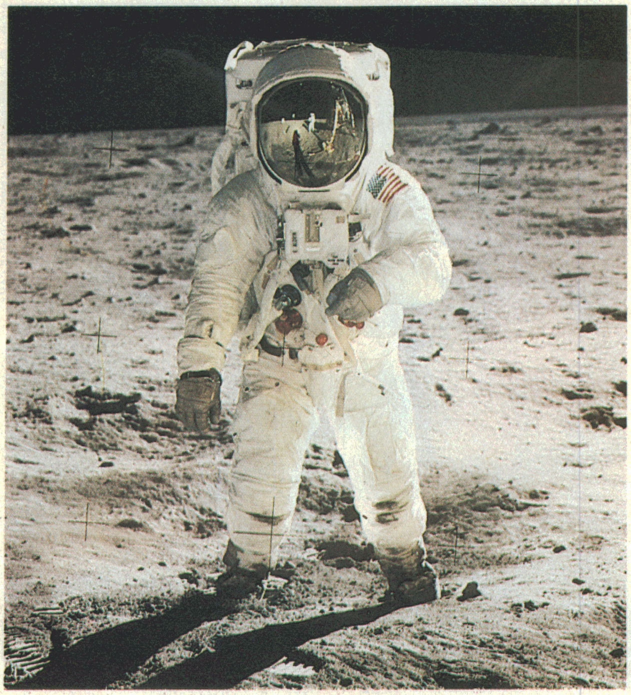
The difficulty in assigning historical significance lies in two places: one is never entirely sure how or why something big happened, and one is no more sure how big it was, or in what way. We can say now that the stifling terms of the Treaty of Versailles at the end of World War I and the ensuing inflation of the German mark may be blamed for Hitler's ascendancy. But what was Hitler's significance? That he devastated Europe with a massive war that concluded with a partition of the world? That he was responsible for the murder of 6 million Jews, and thus instilled in the survivors a determination to found their own nation, which in turn stirred the wrath of its neighbors? If a massive war begins in the Middle East, will Hitler have caused that too? It is quite possible, though, that Hitler's career was not the most important event of the past 60 years, which saw as well the splitting of the atom, the rise of television, the discovery of DNA, the construction of "thinking machines." If one's standard is quantitative, the question is no less complicated. Which event of the 1940s will have affected more lives: World War II or the development of penicillin?

At least one may say with confidence that it has been quite a time. Ride through these 60 years as through an amusement park tunnel. They're playing Gershwin, Stravinsky, *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. From hidden cabinets in the dark lurch Stalin, Nixon, De Gaulle, Ben-Gurion, Mao. Initials cover the walls: W.P.A., P.L.O., F.D.R., I.R.A., NATO, O.A.S., L.S.M.F.T. Observe the tableaux: Gandhi on his salt march, Einstein in his study, the bodies in Auschwitz, the bodies in Biafra. James Joyce complaining that World War II will interfere with the reception of *Finnegans Wake*. John Kennedy riding in an open car. "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself"; "We shall fight on the beaches"; "We shall overcome." Lucky Lindy. The Lindbergh Law. Guernica is bombed. Guernica is painted. Cuba sí, Yanqui no. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Charlie Chaplin, Dr. Jonas Salk, Mr. Joe McCarthy, Mr. Al Capone. Oppenheimer staring at the desert. "One giant leap for mankind"; "Oh, the humanity."

Half-forgotten names recur as at a class reunion. Nkrumah, Nguyen Cao Ky, Bulganin, I.G. Farben, Lord Beaverbrook, U Thant, Ben Bella, Cardinal Mindszenty. Do you recall that Patty Hearst was known as "Tania"? Does the name Sherri Finkbine mean anything to you? Frank Wills? It is hard to believe that we danced till we dropped, perched on flagpoles, swallowed all those goldfish, streaked, twisted, marched, sat in, dropped out, rioted, fought, wept. The places we have been: Woodstock, Suez, Dresden, My Lai, Beirut, Johannesburg. Keep cool with Coolidge. I like Ike. Brother, can you spare a dime?

To determine what will have mattered in this jumble seems to require a sense of something beyond the particulars. One may say that the Depression mattered, along with the decolonization of Africa, that Communist China mattered, as did the oil embargo and Picasso and the push for women's rights. But was there not something else that mattered by which these things were connected? Hegel thought of history as an idea, "the Idea," which, he said, struggles constantly to become the "Absolute Idea." This Idea has made a pilgrimage from civilization to civilization. It started out in China and, having gone as far as it could go there, proceeded to India, thence to the Greeks and later the Romans. It settled next on the Germans and would, Hegel predicted, go from there to America. Since the Idea always travels west, it may finally land in Japan, where the Absolute Idea will be realized and all problems solved.

Weird and rosy as this vision is, there still is something to be said for an idea characterizing an age. The age in question does not extend exactly from 1923 to 1983, but within that 60-year period emerge oddly recurrent themes. In his recent survey of *Modern Times,* Paul Johnson sees the main characterizing idea of the period as the domination of the state: "At the time of the Versailles Treaty, most intelligent people believed that an enlarged state could increase the sum total of human happiness, [but] by the 1980s the view was held by no one outside a small, diminishing and dispirited band of zealots." Johnson has a conservative ax to grind, and so may exaggerate a single feature's importance. Still, if one keeps asking what will have mattered in this period, the domination of the state would offer one perfectly sound answer.


NEIL A. ARMSTRONG—NASA

Memory relies on will: Aldrin on the moon

Or perhaps the dominating force of the past 60 years has been that of death—not merely the numbers killed, the more than 100 million casualties of wars, executions, assassinations, terrorist attacks, concentration camps, but the rise of violent death as a central presence in the world, as a normal expectation of events. Death has enjoyed great prominence before, in the plague periods and times of other natural disasters. But in this century the primary killers have been people. A subject of the day concerns the "right to die," to choose a firing squad, to pull the plug. There is talk, perhaps exaggerated, perhaps not, of the whole planet dying.

But death seems a specter, not the idea itself. The idea has to do less with what actually happens than with feelings and presumptions about the age in which one lives, a sense of intellectual familiarity that allows one to accept whatever occurs in his lifetime, however terrible, as somehow fitting and proper. The flesh has been heir to some considerable shocks these 60 years. Why were we not more shocked?

In 1941 Henry Luce wrote an article for LIFE called "The American Century," which was partly meant to urge Americans into the war and partly to put forth the apparently Hegelian proposition that the Idea had at last touched these shores. Luce's article, a grand-gesture declaration of American pre-eminence in the world, was as dangerous as it was magnanimous, since it could easily be read (and was) as the rationale for the ensuing blunders of more recent American foreign policy. But the basis of the piece bespoke what most Americans and many others in the world acknowledged, whether or not they liked Luce's formulation. "We have some things in this country which are infinitely precious and especially American," wrote Luce, "a love of freedom, a feeling for the equality of opportunity, a tradition of self-reliance and independence."

It is a cultural truism that by the time a major idea is expressed, it has long been thought but unexpressed. Many years before 1941 the 20th century could have been aptly labeled American. This would not necessarily have had to do with American predominance or even with American significance, since before its entry into the first World War, the nation had been largely preoccupied with its own development. Still, the fundamental idea that America represented corresponded to the values of the times. America was not merely free; it was freed, unshackled. The image was that of something previously held in check, an explosive force of a country that moved about in random particles of energy yet at the same time gained power and prospered. To be free was to be modern; to be modern was to take chances. The American century was to be the century of unleashing, of breaking away, at first from the 19th century (as Freud, Proust, Einstein and others had done), and eventually from any constraints at all.

Fearing such an impulse as "mere anarchy," W.B. Yeats foresaw a *Second Coming* not long before 1923, in which the world would be devoured by a "rough beast." Yet the *impulse* was not necessarily anarchic, although things could turn out that way. It was the dream of self-fulfillment. As a goal, self-fulfillment was hardly the 20th century's invention. The European Romantics of the early 1800s had loudly proclaimed the primacy of the individual, the glories of revolution and similar disruptive ideas that have carried forward, with a few halts and alterations, from their time to ours. But in the 19th century there were still too many tugs in antimodern directions, too many elements of life either stifling or civilizing, depending on one's viewpoint, to allow mere anarchy. Form and ceremony were not yet dead. War itself seemed to serve as a civilizing institution, the illusion still holding that war was an ennobling experience, that destruction was good for the soul.

The first World War put away such claims, but hardly put away war itself. One of the deep oddities of the period after World War I, in fact, is that while everyone had come to know and state openly that the delights of war were, as Wilfred Owen named them, "the old Lie," few periods of history seem to have relished war more, or taken to it more readily. From the array of wars that have ravaged Europe, the Middle East, the Congo, Korea, Malaya, Viet Nam and Central America in our times, with new sites added almost daily, one might conclude that the main characterizing idea of the past 60 years was war itself. (Who could have dreamed up the war in the Falklands?) It follows that what will have mattered most about these years is the apparent universal desire to knock each other off.

Yet an urge for self-destruction has not so characterized the period as the wider compulsions of experimentation and free expression, almost a motor reflex to lurch in new directions. In the years immediately following World War I, Gertrude Stein was offering as much challenge as pity when she branded Hemingway and his contemporaries as the "lost generation." Hemingway took to the bullring, Fitzgerald to the dance floor, where much of his nation joined him. Like Gatsby, most people "believed in the green light" at the end of the dock, despite the disillusionment and damnation around them. Green was both the color of newness and the universal signal for go. To be sure, there were times when the light turned red, but that was almost always after things had already gone too far—after all the money was spent and the stock market crashed, after a demagogue had swallowed a dozen countries, after the ashes of millions had been blown away. Before then, hands off, wait and watch. In 1934 Cole Porter wrote *Anything Goes;* in 1970 Paul McCartney sang *Let It Be.*

How free can one be? The question has not seemed rhetorical. The century began with the Russians shaking the world, but the world seemed prepared to be shaken. Hitler was free to conquer most of Europe and to kill most of the Jews. India free; Africa free. In the 1930s scientists sought to free the atom. In the 1960s blacks and women sought freedoms of their own. Free love. Free fall. Psychologists freed minds from guilt. Vatican II freed the church from its past. Drugs too proffered self-fulfillment. In the 1980s experimental engineers would see if the body could be freed from genetic dictates. With organ transplants, can one be free of mortality? Break the sound barrier, the color barrier, the four-minute mile. Rockets, free of gravity, shoot into space, land men on the moon—a demonstration of both organizational and individual will. The professional athlete becomes the free agent. Free Angela. Mr. Middle Class wishes to free himself from home, wife, children, job. Let it be.

Technology takes a back seat: Mount St. Helens erupts

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People made machines, and machines set them freer than ever before. The American imprint on this century has been due not only to a spiritual or political conception of freedom but to technology; the country that promoted and thrived on the work ethic was the same that sought from the beginning to reduce human labor to a minimum through inventiveness. So central was this impulse to American history that shortly after the American Revolution, parades held in Boston, Philadelphia and New York to celebrate the ratification of the Constitution gave prominent and revered places to the new nation's artisans, mechanics and craftsmen and especially to the makers of mathematical instruments and scientific apparatus. They were cheered in the streets. Even in the 1780s the nation knew that its strength would eventually rely on its capacity to ensure, in the words of the Horn and Hardart cafeteria ads of the 1940s, "less work for mother." Today's citizens are told to "set yourself free with Stouffer's."

In terms of pure convenience, the world has never experienced such liberation. To our age has been given the freedoms of jet planes, bullet trains, wash-and-wear, Minute Rice; dial long distance (dial-a-prayer, dial-a-joke); automatic windows, automatic doors; the artificial lung and heart; the electric knife, the electric pencil sharpener, the electric eye and chair; instant soup, photographs, copies, calculations; self-starters, self-service; the freedom from small pox, polio, the "heartbreak of psoriasis"; the freedom to worry about freedom itself, to fret about the uses of "leisure time." Killing, too, has been made simpler, thanks to automatic rifles, grenade guns, cluster bombs and guided missiles. In some dark way, the technology of killing may have accounted for death's prosperity in this century: the ease and magic of the enterprise.

Behind most of these events lay the assumption, almost a moral imperative, that what was not free ought to be free, that limits were intrinsically evil. Even the act of relying on history might be judged dangerous, since knowledge of the past could exert prior restraint on future actions and decisions; one could not wholly let it be if one believed in history. Science, however, presented a different matter. One of the reasons that science has achieved such stature in the late 20th century is its self-confident autonomy, the freedom of the scientific mind, Prometheus unbound, to go wherever it pleases.

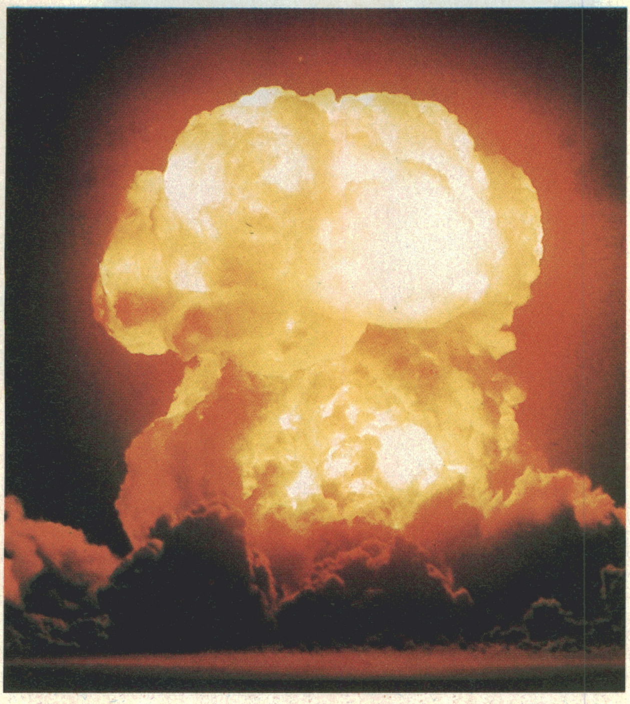
In a way, science has replaced art as the art of the period, precisely because it shows no bounds. The catalogue for the 1913 Armory Show in New York, which for the first time displayed for great numbers of Americans the works of Gauguin, Cézanne and Van Gogh, announced: "Art is a sign of life. There can be no life without change, as there can be no development without change. To be afraid of what is different or unfamiliar is to be afraid of life." People believed that. The trouble was that science soon proved itself more attuned to the different and unfamiliar than did art. Perhaps in an unconscious response, artists (Capote, Mailer, *et al.*) became entertainers, and scientists took on the look of poets. There was poetry in outer space and in double helixes, whereas in poetry itself T.S. Eliot's *Hollow Men* of 1925 seemed merely to breed the self-absorption of Robert Lowell's *Life Studies* in 1959. Tragedy shriveled to the *Death of a Salesman.* Robert Conquest wrote a poem, *For the 1956 Opposition of Mars,* in which he exulted, "Pure joy of knowledge rides as high as art." Knowledge has seemed to ride higher.

One ought to be free of superstition, of disease, of tyrants, of boundaries, of the earth itself. One ought to be free of ignorance. In 1890 fewer than 7% of Americans aged 14 to 17 attended high school. By 1920 the number had reached one-third, by 1950 three-quarters, by 1970 nearly 90%. Whatever lay in darkness was to be illuminated. Whatever stood whole and secure was to be smashed, indeed was assumed already disintegrated in its essential form. Eliot began *The Waste Land* bemoaning "a heap of broken images," but wound up shoring "fragments against ruins." Since life evidently lay in pieces, perhaps it ought to remain that way. René Magritte drew disembodied noses and nude torsos stuffed into bottles, while Henry Moore sculpted a *Two-Piece Reclining Figure,* a perfect fusion of leisure and fragmentation.

From such diverse elements has formed the image of the age, at once soaring, shattered, bold, disintegrated and terrifying. The image has incorporated everything that freedom can stand for, all victories and insanities alike. How can the period that encouraged the development of the Salk vaccine have also allowed for the maraudings of the Baader-Meinhof gang? Because the spirit of these years has moved equally through killers and benefactors, each propelled by the same wind whispering the same neutral message: stability is not a natural state; nothing ought to be as it was.

When an idea like that grows prevalent, it hurls a considerable threat at the forces of stability. Henry Adams defined history as "social development along the lines of weakest resistance." Certainly, the major political shifts of the past 60 years support that definition. But if the areas of resistance have looked as vulnerable as the Maginot Line at some points in our history, they have shown themselves exceptionally, even ruthlessly, strong and adamant at others. For nearly every liberation of the period—political, social, cultural—there has followed a limitation, backlash or regression. See how the world spins today, for all its unleashings, half of it locked silent under dictatorships and totalitarian governments. Indeed, the central paradox of this period may be that never before in history has the world lived with so much freedom and repression simultaneously. At times, this living arrangement has seemed almost companionable, each *cri de coeur* begging for the slamming of a door.

The Russians revolt, the Russians repress. So too for the Cubans, the Chinese. Repression in the democracies has taken milder forms—"conformity" or concessions to "the bureaucracy," the drab repetitiveness of life brought on by all those marvelous modern conveniences or by those awful government regulations. Ever since the late 1940s the creature of the times has asked: Where is the sense of self that freedom was supposed to assure? Men in gray flannel suits caught the 7:20 a.m. from Darien, Conn., folded the *Wall Street Journal* in all the right places, nursed a Gibson at the club and eyed the secretary. "Robots, Smith. Mark my words; we're going to be replaced by robots." How can you tell? Strung out along the airport roads, one Pizza Hut, one Burger King; "We do it all for you." Say, what city *is* this? *The Organization Man, The Double. The Invisible Man,* both black and white, is judged by his credit cards ("Do you know me?"), relies on television for his frame of common reference, stares at reruns of *The Stepford Wives, Frankenstein* and *Dracula.* "The living dead, Smith. That's what we are. Care to try my Walkman?"



DEPT. OF DEFENSE

Death becomes a central presence: H-bomb test in Bikini

It is not that the age has been bereft of individuals, mad and violent individuals in particular. The list of strange and dangerous national leaders who have arisen in our times makes quite scary reading: Pol Pot, Perón, Arafat, Idi Amin, the Ayatullah, Gaddafi. But for the common run, this has largely been a time when individuals have identified themselves with groups, classes and movements. In the recent past, Americans have seen the emergence of black nationalists, Gray Panthers, homosexuals, the women's movement and ethnic groups by the dozens. By amassing in numbers, the members of such organizations gain political influence and often effect political ends, which is their immediate purpose. Yet there also seems to be some personal value or solace in these group identifications, needs filled beyond the practical.

Is individualism being purposely denied by such associations? One of the consequences of allowing great forces to be unleashed in this century is that the individual has found himself with very little stature or power of his own. Communist hordes overran China; Hiroshima went up in a golden bulb; revolutions flickered and were doused in East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland. What place had any one person in such moments? That the individual has lost any sense of his own importance may be due in part to the social conformities, or to the existence of the Bomb, or simply to talk about the Bomb. But it is also due to the forfeiture of individualism that took place at the beginning of this period, the thought that if one were truly to let things be, then individuals must by necessity be overwhelmed by massive sweeps and surges.

A picture forms showing 60 years of hectic freedom leading to powerlessness, ennui and immobility. Yet the picture is exaggerated. It is convenient to think of a time in the thrall of science as absent of religious faith, but one look at the millions of Poles, Guatemalans, Irishmen, Americans and Englishmen drawn to the recent visits of Pope John Paul II suggests that all the mysteries of existence do not bubble up only in laboratories. One reason the martial-law government of Poland so fears the Pope's influence in that country is that he reaches feelings in the people no government can come close to. For all the stark, monstrous visible evidence of our times, the mind still retains a shrine for invisibilities. One can never comprehend a place like Iran without acknowledging as much, although Iran has also proved that faith unleashed may act no more gently than other executioners.

Similarly, one may say that this has not been an era for encouraging individualism, and yet know perfectly well that, powerless or not, individuals make up the world. Every mass unleashing in this century, for good or ill, may be traced to an individual choice. And even when the choice has overwhelmed the choosers, the solitary mind, like a bat in a cave, gropes about for its own directions. "History with its flickering lamp stumbles along the trail of the past, trying to reconstruct its scenes, to revive its echoes and kindle with pale gleams the passions of former days. What is the worth of all this? The only guide to a man is his conscience." (Churchill on Chamberlain.) That can be no less true of our time than of others. What may have mattered most about these years is not how close the world came to self-destruction, but that it did not happen, that the individual's claim on survival took precedence over all the wilder forces he let go. "Between the widening and the heightening," wrote Octavio Paz, "between the lips that say the Word and the Word itself, there is a pause, a sparkle that divides and claws: I. I'm not finished with myself yet."

What is one to conclude then? That the self always prevails over the circumstances that oppose it? It hardly seems likely. One has no guarantees that the self will have prevailed in our time, and in any case no force in this century has so opposed the individual conscience as the individual conscience. The mind unleashed has as often run helter-skelter over its fellows as it has advanced their well-being. True, few periods of history have so concerned themselves with moral problems, but few have done so much to create them. It would be heartening to think that as a result of these 60 years the individual finally managed to come to terms with the social consequences of his liberations, seeing at last that the question he posed as the period began—How free can one be?—was not an exultation but a problem.

The trouble all along may have rested with the word freedom, which represents an emotional idea, not a rational one, and thus offers a perilous guide for diverse human beings. In the realm of politics, had the world been inspired by the idea of justice rather than freedom, it might look a good deal healthier. At the onset of the French Revolution, Edmund Burke cautioned an enthusiast who sought Burke's approval of the events: "When I see the spirit of liberty in action," wrote Burke, "I see a strong principle at work; and this, for a while, is all I can possibly know of it. The wild gas, the fixed air, is plainly broke loose; but we ought to suspend our judgment until the first effervescence is a little subsided, till the liquor is cleared and until we see something deeper than the agitation of a troubled and frothy surface. I must be tolerably sure, before I venture publicly to congratulate men upon a blessing, that they have really received one." Which is to say that when people or ideas are unfettered, they are freed but not yet free. To be free, in fact, seems to require an attitude opposite that which sets one free: a sense of reasonable limitations, of self-governing restraint, the acknowledgment that one is able to escape from anything except his skin. Nothing new in such a lesson, of course. But it will have mattered to learn it.

—By Roger Rosenblatt

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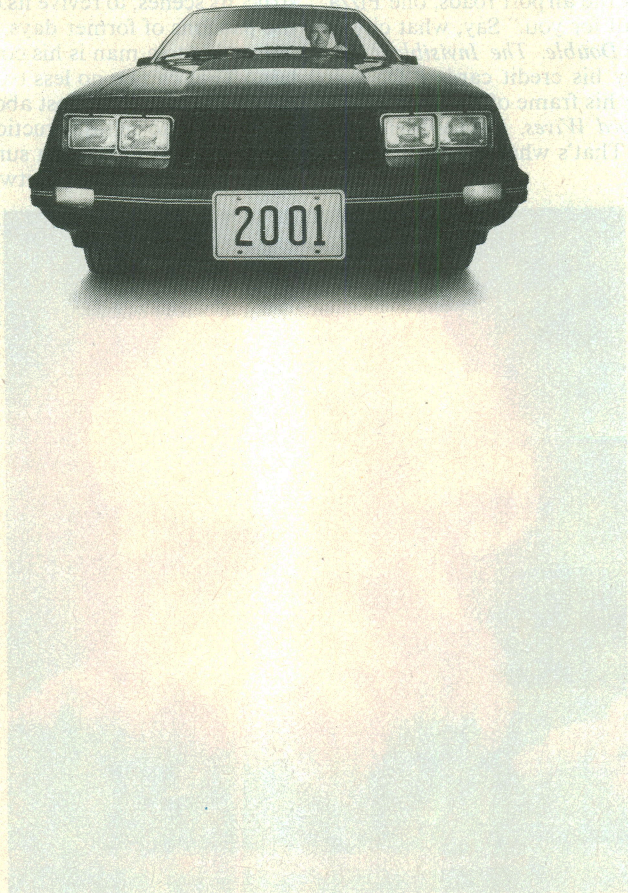

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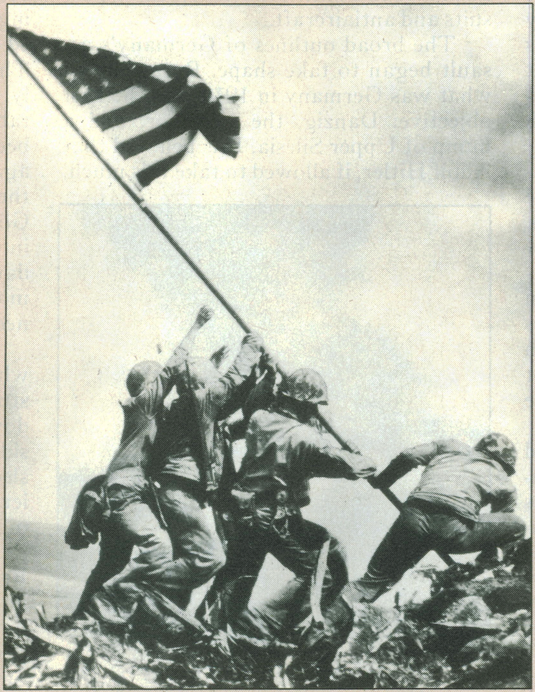
War and Peace

A full symphony of history's possibilities

Bards and journalists have always known that war is the most dramatic of stories, the richest to tell. It is dense with spectacle and passion, with endless subplots of fear and bravery and cowardice, of betrayal and hope. Although it is grotesque to say it, war has everything, which may explain its persistence on the human agenda. It is character and politics and statecraft and violence and destruction and redemption, almost the full symphony of history's possibilities. War is mankind in full panoply and *in extremis.*

It has always been, too, a form of madness. But until this century, the world has been more inclined to consider the necessity of war, the glory of it, at any rate the inevitability of it, before pausing to reflect on its insanity. War was an adventure and a rite of passage: each generation of young men had to have its war.


JOE ROSENTHAL—AP

Triumphant Marines raise the flag on Iwo Jima in 1945

In the past few generations, the character of wars has changed—both the wars that were fought and now the one that nobody has dared to begin. There was World War I, the war of the trenches; the futility and waste of human life, the vast pointlessness of the exercise, led much of civilized opinion to the conclusion that warfare had become madness. It was left to Adolf Hitler to embody the idea of war as individual psychosis, and to the Bomb to give the world its presiding terror: the vision of one maniac pressing the obliterating button.

Hitler's extravagant madness broke over Europe in a dark wave. He began with Poland at the end of the summer of 1939. As usually happens with history in the process of occurring, it was sometimes difficult for the world to weigh Hitler, to judge him, to predict him, to know his ambition or his lunacy. He was a perfect phenomenon of the age of Einstein, in which seemingly infinitesimal causes can produce spectacular effects: cataclysms. Hitler was an atom, a nonentity convinced he could conquer the world.

But the very madness of Hitler's enterprise made war, from the Allied perspective, seem sane and necessary. If ever there was a war that should be fought, it was that one, against such evil. But war always has its reasons, its internal logic. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was despicably aggressive to most Americans but made abundant sense to the Japanese general staff. It was an essential means of staking out the Japanese sphere of influence. That imperial ambition was only extinguished, at last, by the terrible light that burst over Hiroshima.

The end of World War II was the beginning of the unthinkable. The Bomb became the black presiding presence in the world: in the logic of arms race and nuclear deterrence, the wild id of the world was made to function as superego; the very terror of the thing enforced constraint. Evil will make us be good. The world lived with it, the alternative being the threat of planetary death. The image of such global cessation was arresting. So the unthinkable came to be not only thinkable but endlessly and eloquently conjured, by cold statistics, projections of megadeaths, and a procession of movie fantasies. An entire rhetoric of doomsday burgeoned, evoking the horror that was imminent, the last flash tomorrow. But in burgeoning, it had the ironic effect of becoming itself a convention, and thus routine.

In the shadow of the Bomb, military ambition in the world seems to have grown more limited. If ideology still has imperial hopes, it tends to send them around the world somewhat self-consciously, in local disguises, working the odd civil war here and there, mostly in Third World targets of opportunity. Conventional wars have continued at their furious and modestly homicidal pace, of course, and this is still the most murderous century. War, once a business to be transacted between soldiers, with everyone else stepping aside, is more than ever an indiscriminate killer. In little war, guerrilla war, there are no lines for civilians to hide behind, and in big war, hiding is impossible.

Korea was a sort of transitional conflict, a civil war enacted with all the panoply of conventional battle, each side supported with allies and joining on an open field of battle. But then war tended to fade into jungles and a thousand ambiguities of costume and faction and political subtlety. Viet Nam was America's painful education in this new form. Overarmed and underinformed, the Americans came onto the battlefield and found that it was all quicksand and fog. Viet Nam was morally impenetrable as well. Americans could not tell enemies from friends. The war became a terrible waste of idealism. An older generation of men who had had their war at Normandy and Iwo Jima would grow nostalgic for the moral simplicities they had known. After the *Tet* offensive in 1968, Viet Nam came to seem as futile as the Western Front once had to the men in the trenches, a mere killing ground. President Richard Nixon promised to depart from Viet Nam when he had got "peace with honor." But the possibility of honor seemed to have vanished somewhere in the terrible course of things. War, once history's stirring, Homeric pageant, degenerated into futility and rout, and bodies dangling from the skids of the last helicopters out of Saigon.

—By Lance Morrow

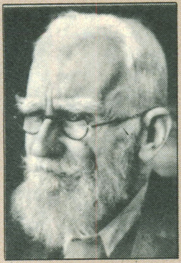
1939

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
BRITAIN'S CHURCHILL

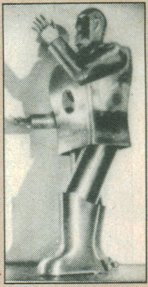
■ Adolf Hitler's blitzkrieg invasion of Poland stirs Britain and France to retaliate, and World War II begins. ■ Hitler's ally, Soviet Dictator Stalin, seizes eastern Poland, attacks Finland. ■ Franco wins Spanish Civil War. ■ The latest fad on U.S. campuses: swallowing live goldfish. ■ A vintage year in Hollywood: *Gone With the Wind, The Wizard of Oz, Ninotchka.* ■ (Cover: Winston Churchill, vindicated as war prophet.)

President Roosevelt radiates assurance at a press conference

Pinza as Godunov



G.B. Shaw offers salty comments



7-ft. robot stars at N.Y. World's Fair

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Preface to War

The telephone in Franklin Roosevelt's bedroom at the White House rang at 2:50 a. m. on the first day of September. It was a ghastly hour, but operators knew they must ring. Ambassador Bill Bullitt was calling from Paris. He told Mr. Roosevelt that World War II had begun. Adolf Hitler's bombing planes were dropping death all over Poland.

That day Franklin Roosevelt's press conference was a grave business. One question was uppermost in all minds. Correspondent Phelps Adams of the New York *Sun* uttered it: "Mr. President, can we stay out of it?" Franklin Roosevelt sat in silent concentration, eyes down, for many long seconds. Then, with utmost solemnity, he replied: "I not only sincerely hope so, but I believe we can."

No person in the room doubted Franklin Roosevelt's sincerity, but neither was anyone in the slightest doubt as to where lay the sympathy, the potent human partisanship, of this President of the United States. He was against Germany, against the aggressor, against totalitarianism, against Adolf Hitler the dictator and Adolf Hitler the man perhaps mad.

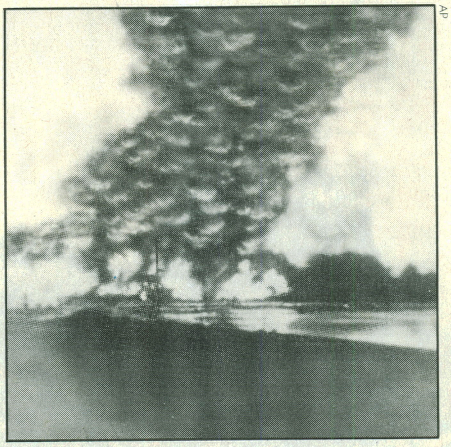
POLISH THEATRE

Grey Friday

World War II began last week at 5:20 a. m. (Polish time) Friday, September 1, when a German bombing plane dropped a projectile on Puck, fishing village and air base in the armpit of the Hel Peninsula. At 5:45 a. m. the German training ship *Schleswig-Holstein* lying off Danzig fired what was believed to be the first shell: a direct hit on the Polish underground ammunition dump at Westerplatte. It was a grey day, with gentle rain.

In the War's first five days, hundreds of Nazi bombing planes dumped ton after ton of explosive on every city of any importance the length & breadth of Poland. They aimed at air bases, fortifications, bridges, railroad lines and stations, but in the process they killed upward of 1,500 noncombatants. The Nazi ships were mostly big Heinkels, unaccompanied by pursuit escorts. Germany admitted losing 21 planes to Polish counterattack by pursuits and antiaircraft.

The broad outlines of Germany's assault began to take shape. Recapture of what was Germany in 1914 was the first objective: Danzig, the Corridor, and a hump of Upper Silesia. It is believed that Adolf Hitler, if allowed to take this much, might have checked his juggernaut at these lines. When Britain & France insisted that he withdraw entirely from Polish soil, he determined on the complete subjugation of Poland.



AP

POLISH VILLAGE ATTACKED
Hitler was a man perhaps mad

GERMANY

Hitler's Decision

All week sombre-faced Germans filed past the huge new building that Adolf Hitler built as a symbol of Germany's might. It was a housepainter's dream of a Reichschancellery, nearly a quarter-mile long, with marble chambers and vast, tapestry-hung halls and an immense study in which a man might feel alone with his destiny. For the seven most momentous days of Europe's modern history Adolf Hitler did not leave this building.

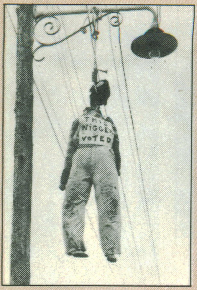
Alone in spirit, the man whose word meant peace or war pondered his decision. He slept little, ate little, spoke little. He rose promptly at seven o'clock each morning, put on his brown uniform, breakfasted on fruit, zwieback and a glass of milk. Throughout the day he conferred endlessly, stopping for 20-minute meals of vegetables, bread-&-butter and his special 1% beer. For half an hour in the morning, and again in the afternoon, he strolled through the Chancellery gardens, usually with Göring, Hess or von Ribbentrop. Until far into the night he talked with these confidants, leaving them for bed at four or five in the morning. Whenever a decision was needed, he went off to brood alone.

Thursday night the strange man whom no one understood sat alone in his study, a portrait of Bismarck looking down at him from the opposite wall. Outside, his lieutenants waited. Berlin grew sleepy, went to bed. Before the Chancellery two stiff sentries stood mute. The night wore on; milk wagons began to rattle through the streets. Through the long French windows leading from the study into the Chancellery garden blew an early morning breeze. Adolf Hitler picked up a pen. At 5:11 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 1 Germany was at war.

Slaves

The platform of the railroad station of Lublin, in German Poland, teemed. On it stood a forlorn, broken spirited crowd of Jews who moved only when shoved. They were utterly destitute. All they had for baggage was here a knapsack, there a handbag, sometimes just a cloth bundle. Gradually the Jews were herded from the station and put to work twelve hours a day.

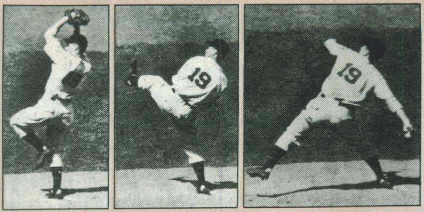
Lublin was recently chosen by Adolf Hitler as the site of his long-planned Jew-sump. By next April 1, according to a German government decree, 650,000 Jews must be evacuated to Lublin or other "reservations" like it.



KKK effigy in Miami

Judy Garland, Bert Lahr and friends in *The Wizard of Oz*

James Joyce publishes *Finnegans Wake,* his most obscure novel



Bob Feller, Cleveland's fireballer, pitches the American League to a victory in All-Star game, 3-1

Vivien Leigh stars as Scarlett O'Hara

SCIENCE

Great Accident

Some weeks ago Dr. Otto Hahn of Berlin's Kaiser Wilhelm Institute donned his work clothes, walked into his laboratory to perform a physical experiment. With a stream of neutrons (obtainable by subjecting a pinch of beryllium to the emanations of the radioactive gas radon) he bombarded a bit of uranium. While the routine little experiment proceeded all was peace and quiet in the laboratory. There was no crash of thunder, no flash of cataclysmic lightning.

But when Dr. Hahn examined his end-products and sat down with pencil and paper to figure out what had happened, he concluded that he had created the most violent atomic explosion ever effected by human agency. Moreover, he had not intended to do it. It was a great accident.

Though the discovery does not raise an immediate prospect of driving ocean liners for thousands of miles with the atomic energy locked in a cupful of water, it does help justify the statement of popularizing physicists that such things would be possible if atomic energy could be efficiently released.

CINEMA

G With the W

Last week the cinema event for which the U.S. has palpitated for three years took place in Atlanta, Ga.—the première of *Gone With the Wind.*

Atlanta's Mayor William B. Hartsfield proclaimed, a three-day festival. Hartsfield urged every Atlanta woman to put on hoop skirts and pantalets, appealed to every male to don tight trousers and a beaver, sprout a goatee, sideburns and Kentucky colonel whiskers.

While the Stars and Bars flapped from every building, some 300,000 Atlantans and visitors lined up for seven miles to watch the procession of limousines bring British Vivien Leigh (in tears as thousands welcomed her "back home"), Clark Gable, his wife Carole Lombard, Producer David O. Selznick, Laurence Olivier and others from the airport. Crowds larger than the combined armies that fought at Atlanta in July 1864 waved Confederate flags, tossed confetti till it seemed to be snowing, gave three different versions of the Rebel yell, whistled, cheered, goggled. Highest point in the high jinks was a *Gone With the Wind* costume ball night before the première, attended by 6,000 celebrants, movie stars and executives galore. One girl looked at Gable a little too long, gasped: "Lord, I can't stand this any longer," fainted.

The film has almost everything the book has in the way of spectacle, drama, practically endless story and the means to make them bigger and better. The burning of Atlanta, the great "boom" shots of the Confederate wounded lying in the streets and the hospital after the Battle of Atlanta are spectacle enough for any picture, and unequaled.

After the Hollywood press preview, Producer Selznick stood in the lobby, scanning the faces of the "toughest audience in the world" with as much eagerness as any tyro at his own first play. Most of them were dabbing their eyes, and for those who were not the impact of the picture was too powerful to talk about. Said Selznick of *Gone With the Wind:* "At noon I think it's divine, at midnight I think it's lousy. Sometimes I think it's the greatest picture ever made. But if it's only a great picture, I'll still be satisfied."

BOOKS

Night Thoughts

FINNEGANS WAKE—*James Joyce—Viking* ($5).

All children are afraid of the night; when they grow up, they are still afraid, but more afraid of admitting it. In this frightening darkness men lie down to sleep and dream. This week, for the first time, a writer had attempted to make articulate this wordless world of sleep. The writer is James Joyce; the book, *Finnegans Wake*—final title of his long-heralded *Work in Progress.* In his 57 years this erudite and fanciful Irishman, from homes in exile all over Europe, has written two books that have influenced the work of his contemporaries more than any others of his time: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* the best of innumerable novels picturing an artist's struggle with his environment; *Ulysses,* considered baffling and obscure 15 years ago, now accepted as a modern masterpiece.

Finnegans Wake is a difficult book—too difficult for most people to read. In fact, it cannot be "read" in the ordinary sense. It is perhaps the most consciously obscure work that a man of acknowledged genius has produced. Its four sections run to 628 pages, and from its first line:

riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay

to its last:

A way a lone a last a loved a long the

there is not a sentence to guide the reader in interpreting it; there is not a single direct statement of what it is about, where its action takes place, what, in the simplest sense, it means.

As a gigantic laboratory experiment with language, *Finnegans Wake* is bound to exert an influence far beyond the circle of its immediate readers. Whether Joyce is eventually convicted of assaulting the King's English with intent to kill or whether he has added a cubit to her stature, she will never be quite the same again.

RADIO

Butting In

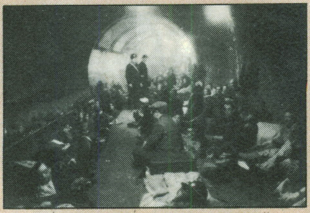
In Manhattan's Advertising Club on Park Avenue, a man was making a speech. Suddenly, to the amazement of the audience, the mike in front of the speaker's mouth burst into music.

The mysterious interruption had come from NBC's Station W2XBS in the Empire State Building, which two months ago began to broadcast the first regular television programs in the U.S. By last week NBC was busy handling dozens of complaints from irate people whom television sounds kept butting in on. To radio fans NBC in desperation sent six pages of technical instructions on how to eliminate television's interference.

1941

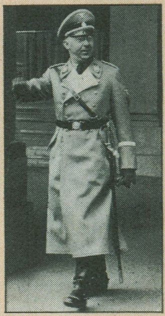
TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
JAPAN'S TOJO

■ The Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor finally brings the U.S. into war. ■ Japanese also strike at the Philippines, Hong Kong, Malaya. ■ Hitler sweeps through the Balkans, then doublecrosses Stalin, invades the Soviet Union, nearly reaches Moscow. ■ A great baseball year: Joe Di Maggio hits in 56 games, Ted Williams bats .406, Mickey Owen drops a third strike. ■ (Cover: Japanese Premier Hideki Tojo.)



Crowds of Londoners camp out in their subway stations almost every night to escape savage Nazi bombing raids

Picket-line violence marks first strike at Ford motors



Himmler

THE U.S. AT WAR

Dec. 7, 1941

It was Sunday midday, clear and sunny. Many a citizen was idly listening to the radio when the flash came that the Japanese had attacked Hawaii. In Topeka they were listening to *The Spirit of '41* and napping on their sofas after dinner. In San Francisco they were listening to the news, Philharmonic and *Strings in Swingtime*.

Out on the Pacific the great drama of U.S. history was coming to a climax. There was an unanswered question: What would the people, the 132,000,000, say? Sometimes they just said, "Well, it's here." Terse, inadequate words gave outward signs of the unfinished emotions within.

The U.S. met the first days of war with incredulity and outrage, with a quick, harsh, nationwide outburst that swelled like the catalogue of some profane Whitman. It met them with a deepening sense of gravity and a slow, mounting anger. But the U.S. knew that its first words were not enough.

National Ordeal

The Government and People of the United States declared war on the Japanese Empire at 4:10 p.m. Monday, Dec. 8, 1941. At dawn the day before, the Japanese had attacked savagely all along the whole great U.S. island-bridge which stretches to the Orient. It was premeditated murder masked by a toothy smile.

Instantly on the news from Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt ordered the Army and Navy: "Fight Back!"

At noon next day the President sat back in the deep cushions of his big closed car, adjusted his big dark Navy cape. The gravel spattered from the driveway, the car moved off slowly around the south lawn, and up the long clear stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue toward the looming dome of the Capitol.

The President moved slowly into the House of Representatives. In the packed, still chamber stood the men & women of the House, the Senate, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet. The heavy applause lingered, gradually began to break into cheers and rebel yells.

Mr. Roosevelt gripped the reading clerk's stand, flipped open his black, looseleaf schoolboy's notebook. He took a long, steady look at the Congress and the battery of floodlights, and began to read.

"Yesterday, Dec. 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan."

AP

ROOSEVELT IN CONGRESS
"A date which will live in infamy."

The President left the House. Members began roaring impatiently: "Vote! Vote! Vote!" The Speaker gaveled for order. The Senate left.

The President had arrived at 12:12 p.m. At 1 p.m. exactly the Senate passed the declaration of war, 82-to-0. The House received with a whoop the identical Senate bill. The vote: 388-to-1. The lone dissenter was Miss Jeannette Rankin, Montana Republican, grey-haired pacifist who sat with a bewildered smile, muttering over & over that this might be a Roosevelt trick.

Tragedy at Honolulu

The Japs came in from the southeast over Diamond Head. Civilians' estimates of their numbers ranged from 50 to 150. They whined over Waikiki, over the candy-pink bulk of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Some were big four-motored jobs, some dive-bombers, some pursuits. All that they met as they came in was a tiny private plane in which Lawyer Ray Buduick was out for a Sunday morning ride. They riddled the plane with machine-gun bullets, but the lawyer succeeded in landing. By the time he did, bombs were thudding all around the city. The first reported casualty was Robert Tyce, operator of a civilian airport near Honolulu, who was machine-gunned as he started to spin the propeller of a plane.

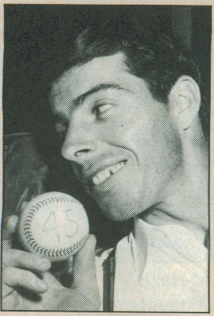
Torpedoes launched from bombers tore at the dreadnoughts in Pearl Harbor. Dive-bombers swooped down on the Army's Hickam and Wheeler Fields. All the way from Pacific Heights down to the center of town the planes soared, leaving a wake of destruction.

Obvious to onlookers on the Honolulu hills was the fact that Pearl Harbor was being hit hard. From the Navy's plane base on Ford Island (also known as Luke Field), in the middle of the harbor, clouds of smoke ascended. One citizen who was driving past the naval base saw the first bomb fall on Ford Island.

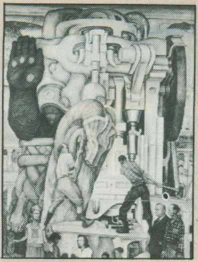
Said he: "It must have been a big one. I saw two planes dive over the mountains and down to the water and let loose torpedoes at a naval ship. This warship was attacked again & again. I also saw dive-bombers coming over in single file."

When the first ghastly day was over, Honolulu began to reckon up the score. It was one to make the U.S. Navy and Army shudder. Of the 200,000 inhabitants of Oahu, 1,500 were dead, 1,500 others injured. Washington called the naval damage "serious," admitted at least one "old" battleship and a destroyer had been sunk, other ships damaged at base. Meanwhile Japan took to the radio to boast that the U.S. had suffered an "annihilating blow."

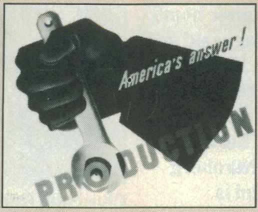
Sculptures carved on Mount Rushmore nearing completion



DiMag sets record

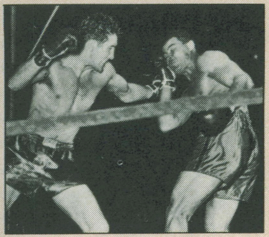


Diego Rivera's mural shown in San Francisco



Poster urges all workers to increase military output

Astaire and Hayworth



Joe Louis defeats Billy Conn and keeps his title, but it was a close one

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY *v.* RUSSIA

World or Ruin

German People!
National Socialists!
Weighted down with heavy cares, condemned to months-long silence, the hour has now come when at last I can speak frankly. . . .

Thus did Adolf Hitler, on the Sunday morning of June 22, 1941, begin a proclamation that ended with a declaration of war against the largest country and the largest army in the world.

Like two vast prehistoric monsters lifting themselves out of the swamp, half-blind and savage, the two great totalitarian powers of the world now tore at each other's throats.

GREAT BRITAIN

An Artist Vanishes

One morning last month British Novelist Virginia Woolf sat down at her desk as usual, but instead of revising her new novel, she wrote a note to her sister saying: "Farewell to the world." She also wrote a note to her husband, Leonard Woolf, editor of London's *Political Quarterly.* Then she took a walking stick and went for her favorite walk across the rolling Sussex Downs to the River Ouse. When her husband, following the footprints across the fields, rushed up in panic, only her stick was lying on the bank. While searchers dragged the Ouse, Leonard Woolf told the press: "Mrs. Woolf is assumed to be dead."

All her family was inclined to think that Virginia Woolf was a suicide. She had always been morbidly self-critical, agonized over almost every book, sometimes suffered a complete nervous collapse. Perhaps, as she stood beside the Ouse, as World War II and the war's changes closed over her, Virginia Woolf came to feel at last like war-shocked Septimus Smith, whose suicide she had described in *Mrs. Dalloway:* "Human nature, in short, was on him—the repulsive brute with the blood-red nostrils. . . . The whole world was clamouring: Kill yourself, kill yourself."

SPORT

Streak Ended

As it must to all streaks, an end came at last to Joe Di Maggio's batting spree. In a night game in Cleveland's vast Municipal Stadium, just two months and two days after starting the longest batting streak in the history of major-league baseball, Joe went hitless.

In 56 successive league games, the crack Yankee Clipper had gone to bat 223 times, had made 91 hits (including 15 homers, four triples, 16 doubles) for a total of 160 bases.

Last week, against Cleveland's slick Southpaw Al Smith and Righthandy Jim Bagby (who relieved Smith in the eighth), Di Maggio failed to get a ball past the infield. Off Smith, he grounded out twice and drew a walk. Off Bagby, he hit smack into a double play.

Said Joe, expelling his long-held breath: "I'm tickled to death it's all over."

CINEMA

California Carmen

It was news in Hollywood that a new star had been made. But it was news throughout the U.S. that the best tap dancer in the world, Fred Astaire, had a new dancing partner. She danced out with him before the nation in Columbia's new musical, *You'll Never Get Rich,* and she was the best partner he had ever had.

Those who saw russet-tressed, incandescent Rita Hayworth dance before the movies drafted her knew she was a dancer to partner even the great Astaire. But few of them would have expected her to keep up with his wry, off-beat brand of comedy. She fills both assignments in *You'll Never Get Rich.* Offscreen she is easy-going and sometimes inert. Before the camera she is bright as a dollar.

Miss Hayworth is not unappreciative of her potent effect on males. One of her prime functions, Rita thinks, is to be glamorous. Says she: "After all, a girl is—well, a girl. It's nice to be told you're successful at it."

MUSIC

Of Thee I Sing, Baby

Tin Pan Alley has been hard at it since the U.S. entered the war, patching together patriotic songs. First number to hit the radio networks was sung by Eddie Cantor and Dinah Shore. Title: *We Did It Before and We Can Do It Again.*

▸ Oops-sorry note: The authors called it *The Japs Won't Have a Chinaman's Chance.* But that seemed disrespectful to the Chinese. Last week it became *The Japs Won't Have a Ghost of a Chance.*

▸ B.M.I. accepted for publication *They Started Something (But We're Gonna End It!),* by Robert Sour, Don McCray and Ernest Gold. Some of 260 titles submitted in three days: *Let's Take a Rap at the Japs, Taps for the Japs, Those Nasty Nasty Nazis.*

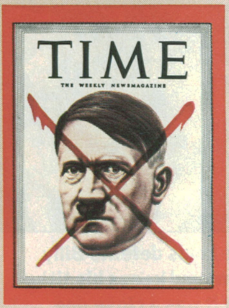
▸ Rhyme of the week: *To Be Specific, It's Our Pacific.*

BOOKS

Brightest in Dungeons

DARKNESS AT NOON—*Arthur Koestler—Macmillan* ($2.50).

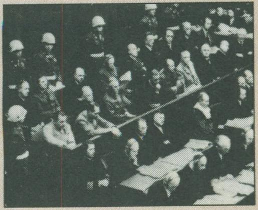
Of Author Arthur Koestler little is definitely known. But he has written the most exciting novel of the season. The book begins with the clang of a cell door closing in a GPU prison. It ends with a shot in the back of the head in a murky passageway of the prison cellar. It moves with the speed, directness, precision and some of the impact of a bullet. More plausibly than any other book yet written, fiction or nonfiction, it gives the answer to one of history's great riddles: Why do Russians confess?



■ The spectacular U.S. atomic bomb destroys Hiroshima and Nagasaki and forces Japan to surrender. ■ The Allies invade and conquer Nazi Germany. ■ Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels commit suicide. Surviving Nazi leaders go on trial in Nürnberg for war crimes. ■ Mussolini is executed. ■ Roosevelt dies of stroke; Truman becomes President. ■ United Nations is created by war victors. ■ (Cover: The end of Hitler.)

Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin confer at Yalta on Black Sea

Mass graves of Nazis' victims at Nordhausen



Top Nazis in dock at the Nürnberg trials

THE U.S. AT WAR

THE PEACE

The Bomb

The greatest and most terrible of wars ended, this week, in the echoes of an enormous event—an event so much more enormous that, relative to it, the war itself shrank to minor significance. In what they said and did, men were still, as in the aftershock of a great wound, bemused and only semi-articulate, whether they were soldiers or scientists, or great statesmen, or the simplest of men. But in the dark depths of their minds and hearts, huge forms moved and silently arrayed themselves: Titans, arranging out of the chaos an age in which victory was already only the shout of a child in the street.

With the controlled splitting of the atom, humanity, already profoundly perplexed and disunified, was brought inescapably into a new age. The race had been won, the weapon had been used by those on whom civilization could best hope to depend; but the demonstration of power against living creatures instead of dead matter created a bottomless wound in the living conscience of the race. The rational mind had won the most Promethean of its conquests over nature, and had put into the hands of common man the fire and force of the sun itself.

Was man equal to the challenge? In an instant, without warning, the present had become the unthinkable future. Was there hope in that future, and if so, where did hope lie?

When the bomb split open the universe and revealed the prospect of the infinitely extraordinary, it also revealed the oldest, simplest, commonest, most neglected and most important of facts: that each man is eternally and above all else responsible for his own soul.

"My God!"

The run was short and straight. At 9:15 a.m. Major Thomas Ferebee pressed the toggle and the single bomb was away, down through the substratosphere. Colonel Paul Warfield Tibbets, the pilot, took back the controls and ten pairs of eyes strained at the plexiglass windows as Tibbets turned the plane broadside to the city of Hiroshima.

It took less than 60 seconds. Then the brilliant morning sunlight was slashed by a more brilliant white flash. It was so strong that the crew of the Superfortress *Enola Gay* felt a "visual shock," although all wore sun glasses.

A few seconds after the flash, the shock wave from the blast reached the *Enola Gay,* several miles away, and rocked it like a giant burst of flak. From the men who had rung up the curtain on a new era in history burst nothing more original than an awed "My God!"

UPI

Atomic Bomb over Japan
The most Promethean of conquests.

Hiroshima had once harbored 344,000 people. Reconnaissance photographs showed 4.1 square miles—60% of the city's built-up area—destroyed by fire and blast. There was no crater in which the blast effect would have been largely wasted; the bomb had exploded well above ground. How many tens of thousands of Hiroshima's people had perished was not yet and might never be known.

Three days later, the Superfort *Great Artiste* was out on a similar mission. Major Charles W. Sweeney had a rough trip to Japan in bad weather; his primary target was socked in. Over the second-choice target, Nagasaki, he had just enough gas left for one run.

This bomb was even more powerful than the one dropped on Hiroshima, so much of an improvement that the first bomb was obsolete. It exploded on or near the ground, blasted a ghastly crater. It destroyed only one square mile of the Kyushu seaport, but spokesmen said that it had been more devastating than the first.

We Interrupt This Program . . .

When the first news of Japan's surrender came to the fighting fronts, G.I.s yelled wildly, pounded backs, fired guns, drank hoarded whiskey. On Okinawa the night was lighted by millions of tracer bullets as men fired rifles, machine guns, antiaircraft guns. Green and yellow flares glared in the darkness. Ships offshore, fearing a *Kamikaze* attack, laid down a smoke screen, opened up with antiaircraft guns. Veterans had seen nothing like it during the whole battle for the islands. The celebration had tragic consequences: six men were killed, 30 wounded.

Manila echoed as soldiers drove jeeps and trucks madly through the dusty streets, blowing horns, beating on fenders with iron pipe. Over the din sounded the shrill voices of children screaming: "Beectory . . . beectory. . . ."

The great Cunard liner *Queen Elizabeth* approached New York Harbor with a captured Nazi flag flying at her main mast, an effect achieved by laughing, shouting soldiers. Manhattan's excitable garment workers threw tons of paper and cloth shreds into the streets.

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Taste you can count on.

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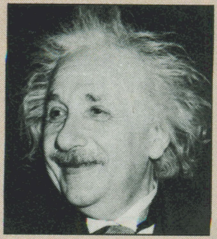
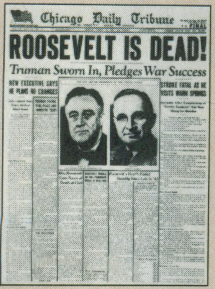
Kent III: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine;
Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.


Einstein's was the mind behind atomic bomb


Chicago Daily Tribune

FINAL

ROOSEVELT IS DEAD!

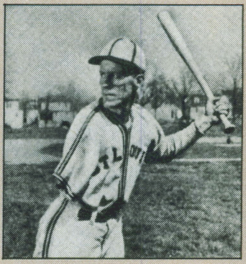
Truman Sworn In, Pledges War Success

NEW EXECUTIVE SAYS HE PLANS NO CHANGES

STROKE FATAL AS HE VISITS WARM SPRINGS

News of nation's loss

Lauren Bacall ornaments piano at Washington press club canteen while then Vice President Truman makes music


Browns' Pete Gray, only one-armed major leaguer

Reds' Mao goes to see Chiang

FOREIGN NEWS

WAR CRIMES

The Fallen Eagles

Civilization wore a cutaway and grey striped trousers for the great occasion.

To prosaic observers, the figure thus impeccably attired was not really Civilization, but just a powerfully angry American, name of Robert Jackson of Jamestown, N.Y. But to the more imaginative (including Jackson) it was Civilization itself which stood at the prosecutor's rostrum, resonantly accusing the 20 Germans in the dock of vile assault & battery on all mankind.

"We are gathered," said the presiding judge, Sir Geoffrey Lawrence, "to try crimes against peace, war crimes, and crimes against humanity." With this mildly prejudicial statement, the Nürnberg trial opened. The four judges and their four alternates on the bench of the international tribunal sat reassuringly close to their respective national flags.

On the other side of the floodlit, simply furnished courtroom sat Germany's fallen leaders. They had fallen far and hard. Only a short time ago, their words and deeds had brought fear to people from Murmansk to Lands End to Jamestown, N.Y. Now they were just an odd and seedy assortment of soldiers, rowdies, bureaucrats and bourgeois, who hardly looked important enough to have provoked the heavy wave of hatred, disgust and indignation which had swept them to the prisoners' box.

Hermann Göring, whom most of them tacitly accepted as their "Führer," managed to salvage his vastly deceptive joviality (he graciously gave his autograph to a U.S. Navy technician) and one of his fancy uniforms, a fawn-colored, brass-buttoned affair, stripped of medals and cut down to fit his slenderized body.

The moods of his fellow defendants were varied. Most were nervous, winced even at the mention of their names. Ex-Foreign Minister Ribbentrop looked broken and old, with a hurt, petulant look on his frozen face. Best show of austere indifference was given by former Chief of the Supreme High Command Wilhelm Keitel. Rudolf Hess, now officially pronounced an amnesia victim, was the most morose-looking of all, his green-tinged skin drawn tightly about his cadaverous skull. He tried to pass the time by reading Bavarian folk tales, but was much disturbed by stomach cramps, which made him rock back & forth on his bench.

Their first day as defendants had tired them. By 7 the cell block was quiet. All were asleep. Mused a reporter: "I'd give anything for a look at their dreams."

Next day the accused passed before the judges, entering their fervent pleas of "not guilty." It was clear that the men whose brass-knuckle philosophy had brushed aside not only legalisms but law itself would seek refuge in legalistic arguments.

In his four-hour opening oration, Jackson expounded his theory that international law, like domestic common law, must grow from unprecedented, bold judicial actions. Said he: "[The defendants] are living symbols of racial hatreds, of terrorism and violence, and of the arrogance and cruelty of power.... Must such wrongs either be ignored or redressed in hot blood?"

GREAT BRITAIN

A Modest Proposal

In the world's largest city last week, toward the middle of the 20th Century after Christ, five years after the Great Blitz, an eight-year-old boy was asked what he wanted to be when he grew up. Said London's child: "Alive."

Back to Sanity

Britons knew last week that war's psychoses were receding fast: from Scotland came reports that the Loch Ness monster has been seen again.

SPORT

Branch Breaks the Ice

The management palmed him off as an Indian. But Charley Grant, who played second base for the oldtime Baltimore Orioles, was a light-skinned, straight-haired Negro. A few Mexicans, Cubans and strongly sun-tanned whites who have played for other big-league clubs have been widely believed (but never proved) to be Negroes. Last week, after three years and $25,000 worth of scouting the Negro leagues, Branch ("The Brain") Rickey called in reporters—not to make a confession but to tell the world that Brooklyn had signed Jack Roosevelt Robinson, a Negro shortstop.

Minor League Commissioner Bill Bramham exploded: "Father Divine will have to look to his laurels, for we can expect Rickey Temple to be in the course of construction in Harlem soon." Ex-Star Rogers Hornsby put his finger on a sore spot: "Ball players on the road live [close] together. It won't work." Most baseball men, after an initial blush, realized that it could and perhaps would work (it had worked pretty well in college sports).

With the ice broken, the New York Giants' President Horace Stoneham planned to give Negro leagues a looking over. His Polo Grounds park is located on the edge of Harlem, and a Jack Robinson *would* step up his already substantial Negro trade. The clubs least likely to cross the racial bridge were the St. Louis Cardinals and Browns, who until recently did not even allow Negroes in the grandstand.

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

The Glass Menagerie (by Tennessee Williams; produced by Eddie Dowling & Louis J. Singer) arrived on Broadway to receive a loud welcome from Manhattan critics. As a play, *The Glass Menagerie* has its faults and needless frills. As a piece of theater, however, it is appealing and unusual, clothing an uneventful family history in plenty of stage color. And in the role of the mother, Laurette Taylor gives the most fascinating and memorable performance of the season.

The Glass Menagerie never overworks its material, astutely unfolds most of its human little story in revealing little scenes. It is the more touching, too, for not being cheaply sentimental. It portrays unfortunate young people who are also, quite plainly, fiberless; it balances what is pathetic in the mother's situation with what is comic in her character.

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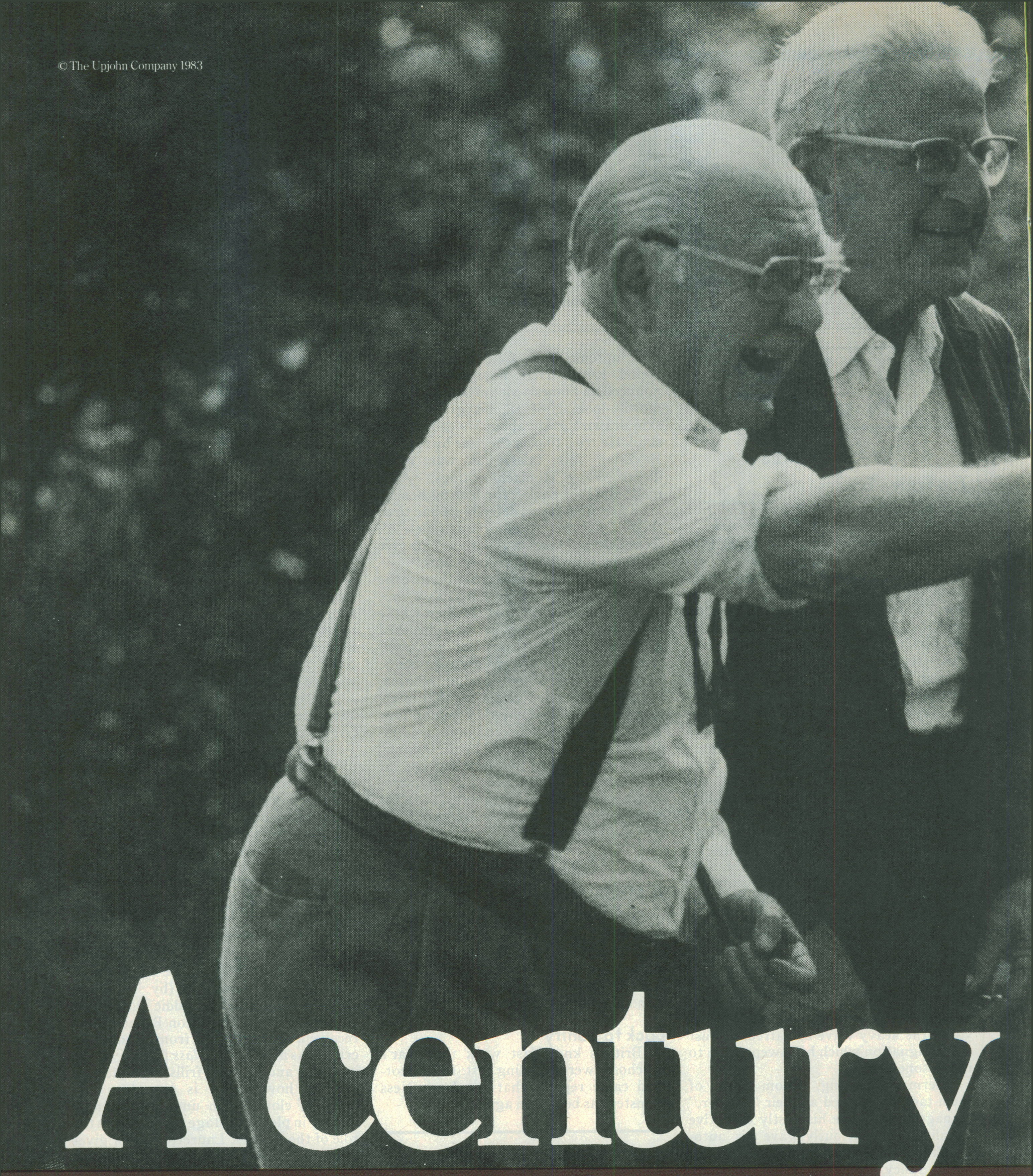


A century

Upjohn lends a helping hand to the arthritic by using the body's own chemistry to fight pain.

The destruction wrought by arthritis can be an agonizing process: An inflammation so profound it can transform a once vital, vigorous person into one who moves cautiously in a world clouded with pain.

To the people at The Upjohn Company, the battle against this world of pain is a primary task.

For answers, we are probing deep into the mechanism of inflammation.

Research with prostaglandins has shown that these naturally occurring substances play a key role in the inflammation process,

and amplify pain signals to the brain.

To interrupt these signals, arthritis medicines developed by The Upjohn Company work to inhibit the production of these pain enhancers.

But our long-range goals reach far beyond temporarily arresting arthritis and its symptoms. New knowledge about cells is pointing the way to actually modifying the disease through immunology.

By zeroing in on individual populations of cells, we can pinpoint those cells directly involved in the disease process itself, and work toward controlling their actions.

So instead of alleviating arthritic pain, we could end up eradicating it.

For nearly 100 years, The Upjohn Company has looked to the future and found answers to "impossible" questions. Looking for more will make our second century of caring even more exciting than the first.

For booklet "What You Should Know About Arthritis," write
CARING, Department AT,
P.O. Box 2497;
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49003.

Upjohn

1950

■ Communist North Korea invades South Korea. U.S. organizes U.N. army under General MacArthur, who pushes north to Chinese frontier. Chinese Communists intervene in force. ■ Spy cases: Alger Hiss and Klaus Fuchs are convicted. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg put on trial. ■ Senator Joseph McCarthy says Administration is riddled with Communists, but will not name any. ■ (Cover: Truman on good-will tour.)

MacArthur

First of 600 Volkswagens imported from Germany reaches New York City

Bergman affair with Rossellini shocks fans

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Defeat

The U.S. and its allies stood at the abyss of disaster. The Chinese Communists, pouring across the Manchurian border, had smashed the U.N. army, this week were clawing forward to pursue and destroy its still-organized fragments. Caught in the desperate retreat were 140,000 American troops, the flower of the U.S. Army—almost the whole effective Army the U.S. had.

It was defeat—the worst defeat the U.S. had ever suffered. Even though the U.N. forces might still have the luck, skill and power to slow the Communist drive and withdraw in good order from the devastated peninsula, it was a defeat that could not be redressed in Korea. If this defeat were allowed to stand, it would mean the loss of Asia to Communism.

The only way the statesmen could save the U.N. forces would be through a plea for an armistice, or acceptance of a deal with the Communists. By any such deal, Communism would emerge triumphant. The alternative was war—that is, a recognition of the terrible fact that the U.S. and Communist China were already in a state of war. That would mean, inescapably, a campaign against the mainland of China by sea and air.

That war would have to be pursued in the full knowledge that it might go on for years. The war would have to be begun in the knowledge that Russia might come in too, which would lead to the atomic horrors of World War III.

There was no sign of where or how the enemy onrush could be stopped.

As Chinese hordes poured around the Eighth Army's open right flank, the 24th, 2nd and 25th Divisions fell back to the Chongchon and began crossing at Sinanju where a valuable airfield was lost, Anju and Kunu farther upriver. It was obvious that General Walker would have to keep his whole Eighth Army moving south if it was not to be trapped.

The Communist drive down the center of Korea's waist broke all contact between the Eighth Army and General Almond's X Corps, sprawled out over northeastern Korea. At the Changjin reservoir, Major General Oliver Prince Smith's 1st Marine Division had made a vain try to cut in behind the Chinese attacking the Eighth. Now Smith's men were attacked by ten Communist divisions, which threw an iron ring around the reservoir.

David D. Duncan—Life

WOUNDED MARINES IN RETREAT
"We'll make it somehow."

The three marine regiments, which had been in separated positions around the reservoir, finally fought their way through to junction in Hagaru, to the south, after running into bloody ambushes along the roads. The Communists fired on them comfortably at steep grades and hairpin turns, where the marines' vehicles slowed to a crawl. A dreadful indication of the casualties in this sector was that 1,200 wounded were flown out in the first two days.

Retreat of the 20,000

"Retreat, hell!" snapped Major General Oliver Prince Smith of the 1st Marine Division. "We're not retreating, we're just advancing in a different direction."

Said Colonel Lewis ("Chesty") Puller, battle-scarred commander of the 1st Marine Regiment: "We'll suffer heavy losses. The enemy greatly outnumbers us. They've blown the bridges and blocked the roads but we'll make it somehow."

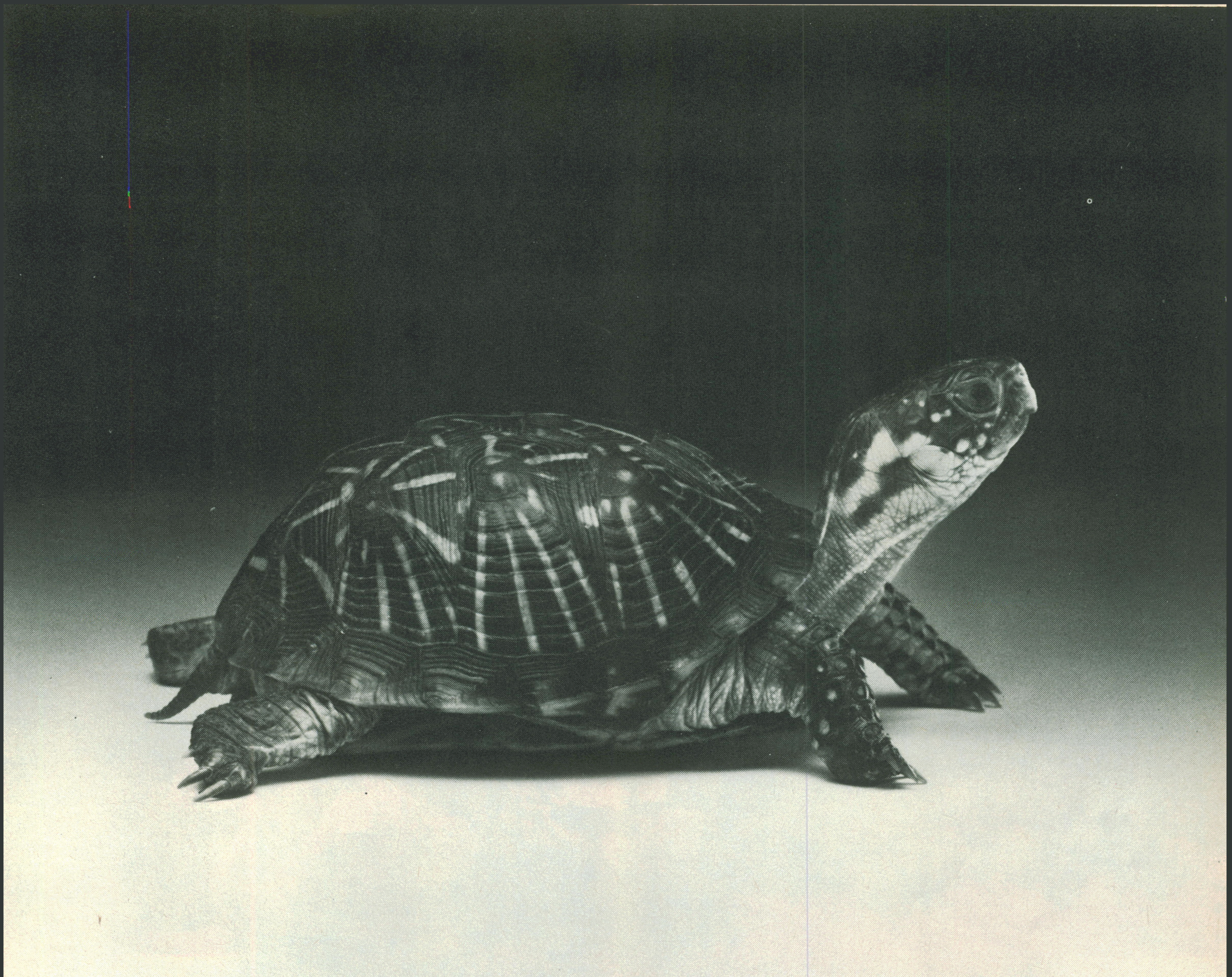
The running fight of the marines and two battalions of the Army's 7th Infantry Division from Hagaru to Hamhung—40 miles by air but 60 miles over the icy, twisting, mountainous road—was a battle unparalleled in U.S. military history. It had some aspects of Bataan, some of Anzio, some of Valley Forge.

Assembled in Hagaru, south of the frozen, blood-stained beaches of the Changjin Reservoir, the 1st Marine Division and the 7th had already suffered heavy casualties. They had heard the screams of their comrades when the Reds lobbed phosphorous grenades into truckloads of U.S. wounded. When the order came to start south, the enemy was already closing in on Hagaru's makeshift airstrip, whence thousands of wounded had been flown out. The last plane waited an extra hour for one desperately wounded man. The marines abandoned none of their disabled men, but bulldozers pushed the dead into mass graves by hundreds.

The fight to Koto, six miles down the road, was the worst. The crawling vehicles ran into murderous mortar, machine-gun and small-arms fire from Communists in log and sandbag bunkers. The U.S. answering fire and air attacks killed thousands of the enemy and held the road open. When the lead vehicles reached Koto, the rearguard was still fighting near Hagaru to keep the enemy from chewing up the column from behind.

Beyond Koto there was a bad stretch of road winding through steep gorges. Moving at 3 m.p.h., the column halted several times while engineers filled shell craters in the road. The airplanes silenced much of the enemy fire, except on one agonizing day when the air cover was grounded by a driving snowstorm.

At week's end some 8,000 marines broke through the last thin crust of enemy resistance and poured into Hamhung. More kept coming in every hour as tanks brought up the rear. Frantic photographers called to the bedraggled men, asked them to "wave and look happy." They obliged. The triumph was marred by more than 30% casualties, but the bulk of the marine division's and the 7th's survivors reached safety.



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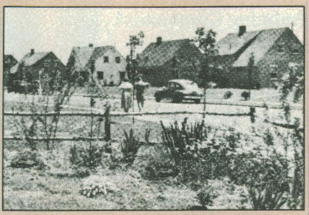
McCarthy accuses

Alger Hiss found guilty of perjury

Casals plays after years of silence



10,000 mass-manufactured homes transform potato fields into Levittown, N.Y., harbinger of widespread suburban growth

Picasso works dominate the Venice Biennale

Gloria Swanson makes comeback in *Sunset Boulevard*

THE CONGRESS

Horrendous Swing

The Senate, which likes to go home to dinner, got stuck with some nightwork. Wisconsin's rash-talking Joseph R. McCarthy rose and swung the tails of not one, but 81 Communists and party-liners (or so he said) in a wild attempt to decapitate both Harry Truman and Dean Acheson in one horrendous swing.

In a 5½-hour speech he read case histories of all his exhibits, cried that 80 of them were employed in the State Department, that one card-carrying comrade was a presidential speechwriter. He refused to name one name. And his story was also weakened by the fact that he had been using all kinds of differing figures for weeks: first he had said there were 205 disloyal employees in State, then 57, before settling on 80. By demanding a quorum to listen to him, he forced a night session for the first time in five years.

Two days later the Senate voted unanimously to investigate McCarthy's charges. Republicans hoped they might turn up another Alger Hiss case; Democrats felt that they didn't dare stifle an inquiry—and besides, they said confidently, they weren't worried.

TRIALS

The Reckoning

In silence, the eight women and four men filed into the jury box. From his seat, Alger Hiss looked at each one, his lips set in a tight smile. None returned his look. Priscilla Hiss fingered her handbag, stared straight ahead.

The court clerk spoke in the courtroom hush: "Madam Foreman, have you and the members of the jury agreed on a verdict?"

"I have," said Mrs. Ada Condell self-consciously.

"How say you?"

"I find the defendant guilty on the first count and guilty on the second count," said Mrs. Condell.

Hiss's face paled. His wife's cheek twitched. The eyes of a young defense attorney filled with sudden tears, and he took off his glasses and wiped his eyes. Patient old Federal Judge Henry Warren Goddard told the jury: "I think you have . . . rendered a just verdict." Surrounded by swarming newsmen, the defendant walked out of the courtroom and into the cruel light of flash bulbs.

Thus came Alger Hiss, 45, to the bitter day of reckoning. He had been found guilty of perjury. But implicit in the charge was Hiss's conviction for a far deeper crime that, because of the statute of limitations, justice could not reach. The verdict branded Hiss a spy.

Few men had seemed more surely marked for success. Handsome, popular, effortlessly brilliant, Alger Hiss had sat at Franklin Roosevelt's shoulder. Only the narrowly vindictive greeted the verdict with a sense of jubilation. A brilliant but weak man had proved unworthy of the great trust placed in him. By the jury's verdict he was marked as a man who, having dedicated himself to Communism under a warped sense of idealism, went on making of his whole life an intricate, calculated lie.

MANNERS & MORALS

The Vanishing Nickel

The New York State Public Service Commission threw the once ubiquitous U.S. nickel for another fall. The commission told the New York Telephone Co. that it might raise its basic coin-box charge to 10¢. New Jersey, California, Washington and Oregon companies had asked for the same boost.

MUSIC

"A Reunion of Hearts"

In Prades' Church of St. Pierre in the French Pyrenees, every pew, aisle and choir stall was crammed with hushed listeners. As the last tones of Johann Sebastian Bach's *Cantata for Soprano and Bass, No. 32* floated away, there was silence. Then, in an unexpected gesture, the tall, white-haired Bishop of Perpignan arose, raised his hands and gave the first clap, signaling an end to the church ban on applause. As bald little Pablo Casals bowed from the podium, the 2,000 listeners clapped so thunderously that a piece of plaster shook loose from the high roof, clattered into the church.

Last week Prades' great three-week Bach festival was over. But the feeling of it still lingered on. It had been "a reunion of hearts," 73-year-old Pablo Casals told a farewell gathering of his friends. The musicians who had come to play with and listen to Bach's most famed modern interpreter enthusiastically agreed.

Casals' simple but masterfully eloquent performance of the six *Suites for Unaccompanied Cello* had moved the most undazzled of them to tears. When he put down his cellist's bow and took up the baton, he had called forth a fresh new spirit from the weariest fingers.

Those who were going home would take with them unforgettable memories of Prades and the little man who, to honor Bach, had broken his vow not to play in public again until Franco's government had been ousted from his native Spain.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Sunset Boulevard (Paramount) is a story of Hollywood, mostly at its worst, brilliantly told by Hollywood at its best. A daring film by ordinary movie standards, it is the last collaborative fling by Charles Brackett & Billy Wilder at a specialty they have made their own: playing hob with convention and getting away with it. It also brings Actress Gloria Swanson back to the screen, after a nine-year absence, in a performance that puts her right up in the running for the first Oscar of her 37-year career.

The "hero" is a kept man, the leading lady a suicidal neurotic in her 50s, and their morbid liaison leads grimly on to madness and death. Manipulated less cleverly, the effect of these characters and their story would be oppressively decadent, not to say censorable. Yet, without sentimentalizing the characters or condoning their transgressions, the movie makes them believable, pathetic and, in a horrible way, steadily interesting.

The picture is also a blistering commentary on Hollywood manners & morals. It shows Hollywood as a jungle stronghold of anarchic opportunism, where success is the highest end, to be pursued by any means.

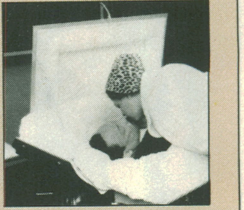
1968

TIME
BOBBY KENNEDY

■ Despite overwhelming Communist losses, *Tet* offensive in Viet Nam helps turn U.S. public against war. ■ Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy assassinated. ■ Lyndon Johnson announces his retirement, and a riotous Chicago convention nominates Hubert Humphrey, but Richard Nixon edges him. ■ Soviets crush Czech efforts to achieve independence. ■ (Cover: Kennedy starts presidential campaign.)

Flanked by Wife Pat and their daughters, Nixon triumphantly celebrates election

Soviet tanks rule streets of Prague



Follower's farewell to murdered King

THE WORLD

THE WAR

The General's Gamble

Though ominous harbingers of trouble had been in the air for days, most of South Viet Nam lazed in uneasy truce, savoring the happiest and holiest holiday of the Vietnamese year. All but a few Americans retired to their compounds to leave the feast of *Tet* to the Vietnamese celebrators filling the streets. Thousands of firecrackers popped and fizzed in the moonless night. The Year of the Monkey had begun, and every Vietnamese knew that it was wise to make merry while there was yet time; in the twelve-year Buddhist lunar cycle, 1968 is a grimly inauspicious year.

Through the streets of Saigon, and in the dark approaches to dozens of towns and military installations throughout South Viet Nam, other Vietnamese made their furtive way, intent on celebrating only death. After the merrymakers had retired and the last firecrackers had sputtered out, they struck with a fierceness and bloody destructiveness that Viet Nam has not seen even in three decades of nearly continuous warfare. Up and down the narrow length of South Viet Nam, more than 36,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong soldiers joined in a widespread, general offensive against airfields and military bases, government buildings, population centers and just plain civilians.

The Communists hit in a hundred places, from Quang Tri near the DMZ in the north all the way to Duong Dong on the tiny island of Phu Quoc off the Delta coast some 500 miles to the south. No target was too big or too impossible, including Saigon itself and General William Westmoreland's MACV headquarters. South Viet Nam's capital, which even in the worst days of the Indo-China war had never been hit so hard, was turned into a city besieged and sundered by house-to-house fighting.

In Hue, the ancient imperial city of Viet Nam, the Communists seized large parts of the city—and only grudgingly yielded them block by block under heavy allied counterattacks at week's end.

Allied intelligence had predicted that there would be some attempted city attacks during *Tet,* but the size, the scale and, above all, the careful planning and coordination of the actual assaults took the U.S. and South Vietnamese military by surprise. In that sense, and because they continued after five days of fighting to hang on to some of their targets, the Communists undeniably won a victory of sorts. In the raid on the poorly defended U.S. embassy in Saigon, they embarrassed and discomfited the U.S., still coping with the stinging humiliation of the *Pueblo* incident. They succeeded in demonstrating that, despite nearly three years of steady allied progress in the war, Communist commandos can still strike at will virtually anywhere in the country.

JOHN STEWART

G.I. AIDS WOUNDED BUDDY IN SAIGON
The Year of the Monkey had begun.

The Battle of Bunker's Bunker

The most daring attack of the week—and certainly one of the most embarrassing—occurred when 19 Viet Cong commandos of the C-10 Sapper Battalion made the U.S. embassy their target. When Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker opened the white reinforced-concrete complex last September, few American missions ever settled into more seemingly impregnable quarters. Looming behind a 10-ft.-high wall, the six-story symbol of U.S. power and prestige is encased in a massive concrete sunscreen that overlaps shatterproof Plexiglas windows. Saigon wags soon dubbed it "Bunker's Bunker."

At 3:03 a.m., supporting V.C. troops positioned around the embassy began lobbing mortar fire onto the grounds. Then the 19 commandos appeared, wearing civilian clothes (with identifying red armbands) and carrying automatic weapons, rockets and enough high explosives to demolish the building. Attacking simultaneously, some of the guerrillas blasted a hole in the concrete wall with an antitank gun and swarmed through it; others quickly scaled a rear fence. Though allied intelligence had predicted the attack, the embassy's defense consisted of only five U.S. military guards—just one more than normal. They fought back so fiercely that only their courage denied the enemy complete success. Sergeant Ronald W. Harper, 20, a Marine guard, managed to heave shut the embassy's massive teakwood front doors just seconds before the guerrillas battered at them with rockets and machine guns, thus denying the V.C. entry to the main building.

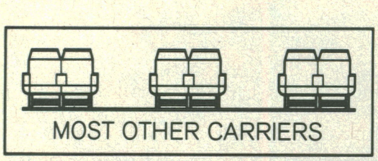
Unable to penetrate the main chancery, the V.C. commandos ran aimlessly through the compound, firing on everything they saw. Meanwhile, small groups of Marines and MPs began arriving outside the walls of the embattled embassy. The Viet Cong burst into the embassy's consular building and various other buildings in the compound, but the Americans on the scene threw such heavy fire at them that the guerrillas were kept too busy to set off their explosives.

Finally, just before 8 a.m., Pfc. Paul Healey, 20, led a counterattack through the front gate, personally killing five V.C. with grenades and his M-16 rifle. Minutes later, two paratroop platoons from the 101st Airborne Division at nearby Bien Hoa landed on the rooftop helipad.

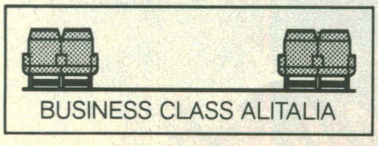
As the troopers advanced, a wounded guerrilla staggered into Mission Coordinator George Jacobson's white villa behind the embassy. He started upstairs, spotted the 56-year-old retired Army colonel there, and fired three shots. He missed, and Jacobson got him with a .45.

When the 6½-hour battle ended, five Americans lay dead, as did two Vietnamese chauffeurs for the embassy who were apparently caught in the crossfire.

What separates our Business Class from others? An aisle.



MOST OTHER CARRIERS



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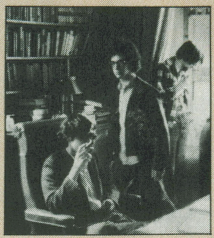
Let's get it together... buckle up.

There is a special feel in an Oldsmobile

Biafra's break with Nigeria leads to mass starvation

Hanoi's Ho Chi Minh

Abbie Hoffman at House hearing


Students seize Columbia offices

Horowitz makes television debut

Black power at Olympic Games

Russian Poet Evtushenko

THE NATION

ASSASSINATIONS

An Hour of Need

Rarely in American memory had hope and horror been so poignantly fused within a single week. President Johnson's announcement of a major peace offensive in Asia, coupled with his renunciation of another term, raised anticipation throughout the world that the long agony of Viet Nam might soon be ended. Even as that hope blossomed, an older blight on the American conscience burst through with the capriciousness of a spring freeze. In Memphis, through the budding branches of trees surrounding a tawdry rooming house, a white sniper's bullet cut down Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., preeminent voice of the just aspirations and long-suffering patience of black America.

In the aftermath of King's murder, rioting and looting broke out in 62 cities from coast to coast. In manic reaction, the plunderers went about their business in an almost carnival atmosphere. Looting—"early Easter shopping," as one Harlem resident called it—was the predominant activity, though some ghettos were burned as well.

Great streamers of acrid smoke, drifting from blazing shops in Washington's commercial center, twisted among the cherry blossoms near the Lincoln Memorial, where five years earlier Martin Luther King had proclaimed his vision of black and white harmony. Fires crackled three blocks from the White House, and from the air the capital looked like a bombed city.

In the climate of sorrow and guilt that engulfed most Americans, there was an opening for an accommodation between the races that might otherwise never have presented itself. Lyndon Johnson, looking even graver than he had appeared when he announced his abdication at week's beginning, called at week's end for an extraordinary joint session of Congress to hear "the President's recommendations for action—constructive action instead of destructive action—in this hour of national need." It is not enough, Johnson implied, to mourn Martin Luther King. His death demands expiation.

For Perspective & Determination

Once again the crackle of gunfire. Once again the long journey home, the hushed procession, the lowered flags and harrowed faces of a nation in grief. Once again the simple question: Why?

The second Kennedy assassination—almost two months to the day after the murder of Martin Luther King Jr.—immediately prompted, at home and abroad, deep doubts about the stability of America. Many saw the unleashing of a dark, latent psychosis in the national character, a stain that had its start with the first settlement of a hostile continent. For the young people, in particular, who had been persuaded by the new politics of Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy to recommit themselves to the American electoral system, the assassination seemed to confirm all their lingering suspicions that society could not be reformed by democratic means.

Americans, contemplating both the inexpungeable crime of Kennedy's killing and the prevalence of violence in their proper perspective, can best maintain the proper processes of American political life by eradicating the conditions that trigger the assassin's finger.

THE ELECTION

Narrow Victory

Polled and analyzed as never before, accused of indifference toward the candidates and alarm over the issues, the nation's electorate finally got its turn. It spoke quietly. It expressed no overwhelming preference for a personality or a party. But it acted coolly, picking and choosing among candidates. And it laid to rest some phantoms that had threatened to haunt the Republic and the two-party system for years. Yet the nation denied Richard Nixon the really massive "mandate to govern" he had pleaded for. In fact, the vote was in many ways a reflection of the divisions that have been tormenting the country all year.

Ironically, in a record turnout of more than 72 million, Nixon's victory was painfully narrow—though a triumph in personal terms. With 93% of the count in, Nixon had 29,565,052 (43%); Hubert Humphrey, 29,539,500 (43%); and George Wallace, 9,181,466 (13%). Contrary to many predictions, the voters showed no inclination to boycott the election.

The electorate's biggest message to Washington: Americans want a change. The trend was obviously conservative, away from the omniscient federalism of the Great Society, toward the decentralized approach of the Republicans.

THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

Hair

This musical is a cross between a Dionysian revel and an old-fashioned revival meeting. The religion that *Hair* preaches, and often screeches, is flower power, pot and protest. Its music is pop-rock, and its dialogue is mostly graffiti. *Hair* is lavish in dispraise of all things American, except presumably liberty. The play itself borders on license by presenting a scene in which half a dozen members of the cast, male and female, face the audience in the nude. This tableau is such a dimly lit still life that it will leave most playgoers yawning.

Compared with this season's crop of moribund Broadway musicals, *Hair* thrums with vitality. Nonetheless, it is crippled by being a bookless musical and, like a boneless fish, it drifts when it should swim. Director Tom O'Horgan lashes up waves of camouflage, but distraction is no substitute for destination.

• • •

While hippiedom onstage may last no longer than its cultists, nudity could prove more durable. On- and off-Broadway, this has been the year of naked truth. It reflects the widening moral latitude of U.S. society, and represents the theater's attempt to recover that adult freedom of expression which films have pre-empted in recent years. Under New York's present laws on obscenity, the police will not intervene unless the nude becomes lewd, itself a problematic area of interpretation.

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This Turbulent World

People's endless struggles to change their lives

Change, when it was constant and fairly manageable, used to be called progress. At the deepest point in the Depression, Chicago held a 1933 World's Fair gamely celebrating "The Century of Progress." The slogan was forgivably boosterish then, but now change is regarded far more neutrally. The word describes not merely the advances but all the tumults, the violence, the wrenching readjustments of our era. Even necessary change has its costs, for as the philosopher Alfred North Whitehead put it, "It is the first step in wisdom to recognize that the major advances in civilization are processes which all but wreck the society in which they occur."

For good or ill, the processes of change have swept the whole world. World War II did more than end Hitler's nightmarish rule and Japan's conquests. It impelled the European great powers, exhausted as they were by victory or by enemy occupation, to let their colonial empires go. At the end of the war, only 18 fully independent nations existed in Asia and Africa; before long there were more than 80. Winston Churchill, who vowed he would not preside over the dissolution of the British Empire, was supplanted by a Labor Party that would.

The way to independence for much of what is now known as the Third World was charted by the courage and will of one frail man, Mahatma Gandhi, with his doctrine of nonviolent resistance. He was sadly disillusioned, however, by the savage separation of India and Pakistan, which he proved powerless to prevent. Only five months after India won its independence in 1947, he was killed by a fanatic.

Most of these new nations became one-party states, sometimes benignly, sometimes tyrannically led. In many of them, the educated elite was pitifully small and somewhat alienated from the people. Democracy often seemed a luxury. The new rulers, usually from a dominant tribe, generally retained the national borders that had been drawn by the colonial powers. They stood off from, but took support from, both the Western and Eastern worlds.

In China, the Communists took advantage of the process of change. Chiang Kai-shek, his armies exhausted by the fight against the Japanese invader and his regime weakened by raging internal corruption, fled to offshore exile in Taiwan. The disciplined Communists brought literacy and better health to the masses, but ruthlessly exterminated much of the middle class and fastened a tight dictatorship on China. The Soviet Union and China, those historic enemies, proclaimed their "fraternal" unity, and though it did not last, the perception of a monolithic Communism had much to do with the later U.S. involvement in Korea and Viet Nam.

Cambodian refugee and baby at a camp in Thailand

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

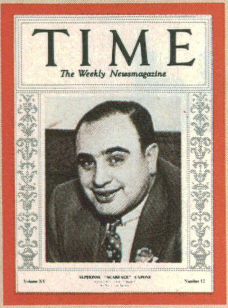
Gandhi had been lucky in his adversary, for the British, though they imprisoned him, did not silence him. His message spread to the Indian masses and abroad, to touch the world's conscience. How many similar brave defiances, unheard, unchronicled, have taken place in Eastern Europe and in the Soviet Union itself the world will never know. But sometimes the protests of entire nations do get heard. Revolts and mass demonstrations broke out in East Germany in 1953, in Poland and Hungary in 1956, in Czechoslovakia in 1968, and in Poland again in 1981. Each was crushed. Hungary has since been allowed much economic flexibility, but the police state and the Soviet army's presence have prevailed every time. The short-term lesson is that totalitarianism is not easily dislodged. The recurrence of outbreaks, however, suggests a reckoning that is only postponed.

Beyond the reach of the Soviet army, only two nations have in effect volunteered themselves into the Moscow orbit, Viet Nam and Cuba. The presence of a Cuban ally so close to American shores tempted Nikita Khrushchev to install missiles there in 1962. The dramatic confrontation of the Cuban missile crisis ended with Khrushchev's backing down, hastening his own downfall and spurring the humiliated Soviet leadership into a costly arms buildup. As for Castro, his first attempts to spread his revolution through Latin America were rebuffed, but now he is trying again in Central America.

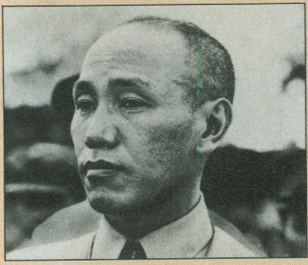
In most of these turbulences, the presence of superior force was decisive. During Watergate, the U.S. went through its most serious political crisis in the 20th century without any bloodshed. Richard Nixon's illegal abuses of power led to congressional hearings, court trials and Supreme Court decisions. By these constitutional processes, he was forced to resign. The system, it was said, worked. In his memoirs, Henry Kissinger added a bizarre footnote. Nixon's chief deputy, Al Haig, once warned Kissinger that "it may be necessary to put in the 82nd Airborne Division around the White House" to protect the President should he seek to stay in power. Even the belated report of this calamitous possibility created little stir. Whatever other nations might do in crisis, it seemed inconceivable to Americans that troops could be called out to protect or to overthrow their leaders. Change might be sweeping, but there were understood limits.

In fact, despite all the emphasis on change, and despite the acceleration of the rate of change during the past 60 years, another powerful force was simultaneously at work all over the world, a desire for stability. Often it has carried the day.

—By Thomas Griffith

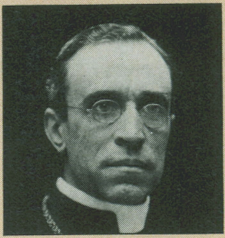


■ In India, a frail ascetic named Gandhi challenges British rule with a new weapon: civil disobedience. ■ The U.S. stock market keeps sinking, banks fail, jobs get scarcer—all signs of a major depression. ■ Chicago gangsters are a national fad, both Al Capone in real life and Edward G. Robinson in Hollywood's *Little Caesar.* ■ Bobby Jones wins golf's grand slam. ■ (Cover: Capone emerges from jail.)



China's President Chiang is baptized as Methodist

Heiress Doris Duke



Pacelli named Vatican Secretary of State

FOREIGN NEWS

INDIA

Declaration of Independence

In famed "Lahore the Golden," capital of the Punjab, ancient seat of the Mogul Sultan "Akbar the Magnificent," there stood on a muddy sidewalk last week, with a grin of amazement and recognition on his round red face, His Majesty's Mr. Constable Sean O'Rourke.

A wild familiar Irish tune was in the air. It shrilled and banged from the oriental instruments of an outlandish procession. First on a white charger rode Pandit Motilal Nehru, President of the Indian National Congress, followed by 20 elephants magnificently caparisoned. Next came famed Mahatma Gandhi, a wizened, self-starved little saint, wearing as his only garment a skimpy loin cloth—the most adored and potent man in India.

Following Mr. Gandhi came a rabble of marchers, many of them as reedy looking as the Mahatma, all stepping briskly to the stirring air which Mr. Constable Sean O'Rourke was now bellowing in a rich Dublin tenor:

> . . . " *'Tis the most distrustful country*
> *That ever yet was seen!*
> *They're hanging men and women*
> *For the wearing of the green."*

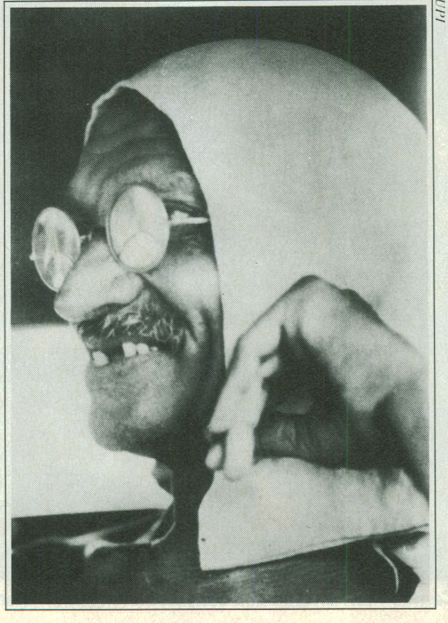
What could be more appropriate? The Nationalists are in effect the Irish of India—except that they lack Irish brawn and humor.

Now they were marching 80,000 strong to "The Wearing of the Green" out of Lahore and along the green left bank of the River Ravi to an enormous, amazing Congress camp surrounded by a barricade consisting of 13,000 worn-out railway cars.

Even with 500 British special constables skulking outside, the 80,000 Nationalists (physically weak and mentally timid though they are) felt safe behind their barricade. They had met with the announced purpose of committing High Treason *en masse,* assembled as did 65 American colonists in 1776 to defy a British sovereign with a Declaration of Independence. Only 3,000 of them were official delegates but all 80,000 shrilled applause as Pandit Nehru cried: "We are now in open conspiracy to free India."

Year ago the Nationalists met in Calcutta and resolved this ultimatum: *If the British Parliament does not grant India Dominion status with a legal Indian Parliament before Dec. 31, 1929, then the Indian National Congress will proclaim civil resistance to the British raj* (rule).

Since that defy, despite the would-be liberal policy of James Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister's hands have been tied by opposition in the House of Commons, and the British Government has in fact done nothing to meet Indian aspirations. There have been commissions of investigation, soothing statements by the Viceroy, and several bombings, but nothing definite.



UPI

GANDHI
80,000 Irishmen would be different.

With their ultimatum in effect rejected, the Indian National Congress was at zero hour last week when Mr. Gandhi, attended by ascetic gentlemen in white loin cloths and lean ladies in pink girdles, squatted down cross-legged on the rostrum and announced that the executive committee of the Congress had adopted unanimously his draft Declaration of Independence and would put it to vote after suitable debate. As the debate began, the weather turned bitter cold. Mr. Gandhi drew a piece of cloth over his shoulders and sat quiet, knitting something woolen.

What was contemplated by Saint Gandhi was that the Congress should exhort 250 million Indians to stop paying taxes, stop buying British goods, indulge in a passive orgy of "non-violent non-coöperation."

If Indians stopped buying, Great Britain would lose more than one-eighth of her export sales, and if Indians stopped paying taxes, the people of Great Britain could not make up the deficiency necessary to maintain themselves as a great power. Because previous Indian boycotts have always broken down, British statesmen calmly faced the probability that before "non-violent non-coöperation" has gotten very far there will be enough casual rioting and bloodshed to justify the re-imprisonment of Mr. Gandhi (let out of jail in 1924), and the mowing down of a goodly number of gentlemen in white, ladies in pink.

◆

Peace Terms

The "peace terms" offered by Mahatma Gandhi to the British Government were duly forwarded by Viceroy Lord Irwin to London last week. Nationalist demands were reported to be simply: "Give us Dominion status and we will abandon the civil disobedience campaign."

To foreign observers this demand seemed modest enough. The British Government has continually implied that it was maintaining India in tutelage only until she could be educated to Dominionhood. But the British lion last week roared his amazement at St. Gandhi's "diabolically clever" plan.

Winston Churchill, who has aspirations of leading the Conservatives again, spoke with the oldtime voice of Kipling:

"The Government of India has arrested and imprisoned Gandhi for criminal breaches of law. They now permit him to hold cabinet councils with his fellow conspirators in jail, while the great governing organism wait cap in hand outside the cell door. It would be wrong to lure and coax Indian representatives to the round table conference over here with vague phrases about Dominion status when it is quite certain that these politicians will not obtain Dominion status in their lifetimes."

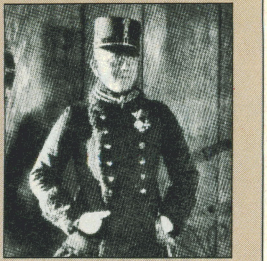
Jimmy Stewart as actor at Princeton

Garbo as Anna Christie

Knute Rockne leads Notre Dame football team to a 10-0 season

Warners' Rin Tin Tin

MacFadden touts "body beautiful"



Erich von Stroheim in *The Wedding March*

SCIENCE

Percival? Cronos?

The inhabitants of Earth learned last week that there is another planet, besides the eight they knew about, revolving around the Sun as the earth does. A few of Earth's inhabitants had known the news for some time. The late Percival Lowell (1855–1916), rich traveler turned astronomer, elder brother of President Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University and of the late poetess Amy Lowell (1874–1925), in 1915 had predicted the existence of another member of the Planet System on its outer fringe.

For many years the astronomers at the Lowell Observatory, which Percival Lowell built with his own money at clear-aired Flagstaff, Ariz., have been pointing their telescopes to the path in the skies where he had said his planet would be moving. The night of last Jan. 21, Clyde W. Tombaugh, 24, an assistant at the observatory, saw a strange blotch of light on a new plate. He hastily took the photograph to Vesto Melvin Slipher, director of the observatory. They were quite excited. Here visibly was Percival Lowell's proof. Night after night they rephotographed the planet. Pictures showed that it moved slightly in the same direction as the other planets. This was additional proof. They might have shouted out their find at once. But they deliberately saved the news until March 13, the day Percival Lowell was born.

Naming the New Planet is a problem. Percival Lowell's wife, who still lives in Beacon Street, Boston, last week suggested *Percival.* She rejected Lowell as being fixed to too many notable institutions—the Lowell Observatory, the Lowell Institute, the City of Lowell, etc. etc. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory, suggested *Cronos,* son of Uranus and father of Zeus. Astrologers recommended variously *Isis, Vulcan, Lilith.* Choice lies with the Lowell Observatory.

◆

Television Leaves the Laboratory

A wholesale grocer and a newspaper prepared last week to operate the first commercial television service in the U. S. Edward G. McDougall of Libby McNeill & Libby, food firm, has long been a television enthusiast. Like other television amateurs he has been impatient because the country's 26 experimental stations have not reached a large public because amateurs have had difficulty in buying proper receiving sets. He consulted William S. Hedges, president of the Chicago *Daily News* radio station WMAQ. He said that if the *Daily News* would construct a television broadcasting station, Libby McNeill & Libby would pay for the broadcasting. Last week the station, W9XAP, was practically finished (cost $30,000). It is an experimental station, because the Government will not yet issue commercial television permits. Shrewdly did Mr. Hedges circumvent the rules. He has hooked W9XAP to WMAQ. This week the first programs will go out.

Western Television Corp. (Chicago), Jenkins Television Corp. (Jersey City), Short Wave & Television Laboratories (Boston) have been preparing sets for market. Within 30 days after the opening of the *Daily News's* station, Western Television reported last week it would have 1,200 sets distributed in the Chicago vicinity, selling at from $125 to $200 each.

MEDICINE

Contact Glasses

Members of the Optometrical Society of the City of New York peered inquisitively last week at Grace Robin, 22, near-sighted Brooklyn stenographer. Pleasantly but glassily Grace Robin peered back. She did not appear to be wearing eyeglasses, yet she was, right against her eyeballs—contact glasses, such as had never been seen by the New York Society.

SPORT

Night Baseball

In Indianapolis one night last week, big floodlights poured metallic glare over a baseball field under a pitchblack sky and the Cincinnati "Reds" played an exhibition game with the Indianapolis "Indians." It was the first night game ever played by a major league team. The lights turned the field to a vividly unreal color, like grass in a postcard, against which the figures of the players stood out sharply three-dimensional. Both teams were hitting well but the red-legged fielders were uncertain judging distances and fumbled. Final score: Indianapolis 17, Cincinnati 5.

Objections to night games: 1) In the eastern daylight-saving cities it is not pitch dark until after 9 p. m. most of the summer. Because teams must warm up before starting and because lights are useless except in pitch dark, games will not start till 9:30, finishing near midnight—too late for most fans. 2) Every team would have to spend some of the increased revenue from night games in buying new players enough to have two teams—one for days, one for nights. 3) All old-time managers, opposed to change, dislike the experiment, say it "sounds the knell of baseball."

CINEMA

Animal Crackers (Paramount). Groucho is the one with the pointed mustache and glasses who pulls most of the wisecracks. Harpo is the one in the curled peruke whose zany glee is never accompanied by a syllable. Chico is the tough one. Zeppo is handsome and does little. They are the Marxes, the funniest brothers in the U. S. In this adaptation of their musicomedy, a better piece than their first talkie *(The Cocoanuts),* the plot about a stolen painting is brought scornfully to light once in a while, and then merely to prove that they had a plot to ignore. Romantic songs and parades of young women are reduced to a minimum. For an hour and a half the Marx brothers air their crazy jumble of satiric irrelevancies.

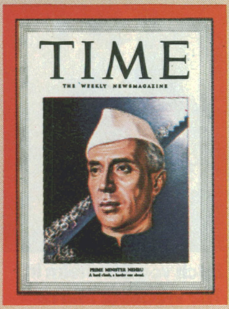
MISCELLANY

"TIME *brings all things.*"

Farm

In Manhattan, Mrs. Joe Benedetto was not sorry to learn that the block at 213th St. and Broadway which she leases as a truck farm with her husband and nine children will be sold, thereby putting an end to the last farm on the island. Said she: "Things have not been very good for the farmer this year."

1949

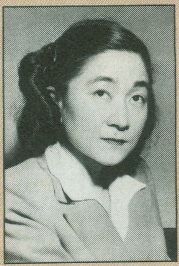


■ China's long-worsening civil war ends with the Communists capturing Peiping, then sweeping south, driving Chiang's Nationalists into exile on Formosa. ■ Soviets break U.S. nuclear monopoly by exploding their first atom bomb. ■ U.S. organizes NATO alliance. ■ Separate West and East Germanys created. ■ Eleven leaders of U.S. Communist Party convicted under Smith Act. ■ (Cover: Nehru plans trip to U.S.)

Japan's Tojo executed for his war crimes

Ilse Koch of Buchenwald

Axis Sally is convicted of treason



So is Tokyo Rose

FOREIGN NEWS

CHINA

"What Can Li Do?"

Defeated and helpless, Chiang Kai-shek, for 22 years the dominant figure in China, stepped down last week. His retirement symbolized one of the great shifts in the 20th Century's turbulent history: some 460 million Chinese, a quarter of the human race, were passing under the domination of Communism.

When Chiang told Kuomintang officials to support Vice President Li Tsung-jen, one of his hearers asked: "What can Li do?" Everybody in China, including Li, knew the answer.

The Communist Boss Mao Tse-tung had won the war; he could dictate the terms of peace. What Mao wanted was power to put China in the Communist bloc. That he already had. He could proceed along the path of compromise and coalition certain that, with Chiang's passing, the back of anti-Communist resistance in China had been broken.

Mao's victory made a major change in the political and strategic world picture on the western shore of the Pacific. From Bering Strait to the Gulf of Tonkin Communism was now the major force. The western world merely held sentinel positions in Japan, the Philippines and Indonesia. Indo-China, Malaya and Burma—all three in turmoil—lay beneath the Communist threat.

Not since Hitler had stood on the French coast looking west across the Atlantic had the danger been so great.

Sunset

From dusty Nanking streets, sleek limousines converged on a plain brick residence in the spacious Ministry of National Defense compound. It was Friday afternoon; by 2 o'clock Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's small drawing room was jammed with ranking Kuomintang officials. Tense and silent, they waited.

Clad in a simple khaki uniform without insignia, China's Commander in Chief and President rose to his feet from a sofa in the corner of the room. Slowly, without show of emotion, he made the announcement that all had expected: he would leave Nanking and go to his native home. Then in his choppy Ningpo accent he read from a formal statement: "With the hope that hostilities may be brought to an end and the people's suffering relieved, I have decided to retire."

Next day, after an early morning flight to Ningpo's carefully guarded airport, Chiang bounced and jostled by auto over a one-lane dirt road some 40 miles to Fenghwa, his home town, in the knob-topped Sze Ming Mountains. Nestled on a pine and laurel-covered slope is the Gimo's one-story, four-room retreat. A few feet up the slope is a wood and stone arch inscribed with the legend: "Road to Mother Chiang's Tomb." Through it passes a wide-stepped pebble and flagstone walk.

Rapho-Photo Researchers

MAO & COMMANDER CHU-TEH
"Annihilate all who resist."

Chiang ascended the steps and went immediately to his mother's grave, a simple mound of grass-covered earth surrounded by a wall of brown sandstone, where he meditated for 20 minutes. He then turned, entered his retreat.

A Holiday Spirit

More than a fortnight ago, the Gimo wrote Nationalist General Fu Tso-yi in Peiping of his decision to retire. The letter instructed Fu to make his own plans for North China. Last week, a typical Chinese solution ended the 40-day Communist siege of China's ancient capital.

Peiping's massive gates swung open and through them General Fu ("I will defend this city to the last!") marched 100,000 troops for "reorganization." At Peiping, Nationalists and Communists signed an agreement designed to "shorten the civil war, satisfy a public desire for peace and . . . prevent the vitality of the country from sinking any further." The agreement did not mention "surrender."

On Sunday, the first full day of peace, there was a holiday spirit among Peiping's 2,000,000 residents. Bazaars were crowded as prices dropped. In preparation for the Chinese New Year, firecracker makers started working around the clock catching up on time lost during the siege. Said a shopkeeper on Flower Street: "Now we can have plenty of *chaotse* (steamed meat dumplings) on New Year's night."

Swift Disaster

It was a week of stunning, swift disaster in China. Nearly a million Communist troops along a 400-mile front poured across the broad Yangtze, Nationalist China's last great defensive barrier, and swept government positions aside like puny earthworks in a raging tide. In four days they took Nanking, cut off Shanghai, and captured half a dozen cities.

In a joint order of the day, Communist Boss Mao Tse-tung and Communist Commander in Chief Chu-teh said: "Advance boldly, resolutely, thoroughly; cleanly and completely annihilate all . . . in China who dare to resist."

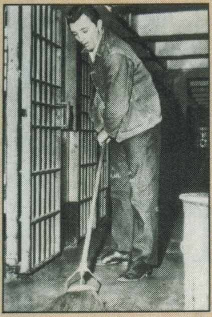
There was almost no resistance. Communist guns—75s and 105s—opened up from the north shore seven hours before the deadline set by the ultimatum for unconditional surrender. At 11 p.m., an hour ahead of schedule, shock troops jammed onto river craft and struck across.

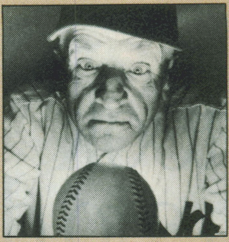
At most the Nationalists could hope to fall back, into the vast reaches of south China and onto the island of Formosa. But barring a miracle, they had no prospect of stopping the Red tide.

Oppenheimer *vs.* H-bomb

Mental torture seems vivid on face of Cardinal Mindszenty, on trial in Hungary

Land demonstrates Polaroid camera


Mitchum in for pot


World Series Winner Stengel eyes future

Bogart after a nightclub brawl over his panda

BUSINESS

NEW PRODUCTS

Pictures in a Minute

Nobody but nobody was biting its nails like Gimbels. The Polaroid Land camera, which takes and prints a finished picture in one minute, was about to go on sale in Manhattan, and R. H. Macy & Co. had wangled a month's exclusive department-store rights. At its wit's end, Gimbels stealthily bought up a stock of the cameras from out-of-town stores where Polaroid was running test sales, and put in a classy window display. But as soon as Gimbels put the cameras on sale (at $89.75), Macy's sent a flying squad of shoppers across the street and bought out most of Gimbels' stock. As Gimbels hastily took out its window display, Macy's plugged the camera in big ads.

The two behemoths were not fighting over peanuts. Last week, the first week of big-city sales, some 4,000 cameras were sold in the Manhattan area alone. Though Polaroid was making 10,000 cameras a month, it was forced to ration them, as well as its special film, to retail outlets. For the first time since the war, Polaroid expected a profit this year.

Dr. Edwin H. Land, 40, Polaroid's black haired, bright-eyed president, could thank his ten-year-old daughter Jennifer for the idea for his new camera. Several years ago, when he took a snapshot of Jeffie, she demanded to know why she couldn't have a print right away. That got him thinking about a camera that would have a "built-in darkroom," and he developed one that printed 3 by 5 photos that were simply peeled off the negative.

RADIO & TV

Jack of All Turns

As the clock nears 8 along the Eastern Seaboard on Tuesday night, a strange new phenomenon takes place in U.S. urban life. Business falls off in many a nightclub, theater-ticket sales are light, neighborhood movie audiences thin. Some late-hour shopkeepers post signs and close up for the night. In Manhattan, diners at Lindy's gulp their after-dinner coffee and call for their checks as they did in the days of the Roosevelt fireside chats. On big-city bar rails along the coast and in the Midwest, there is hardly room for another foot. For the next hour, wherever a signal from an NBC television transmitter can be picked out of the air, a large part of the population has its eyes fixed on a TV screen.

The center of all this to-do is Milton Berle, a jack-of-all-turns vaudeville comic who has gone into television and won a bright new feather for his very old hat. In a space of eight months, Berle's *Texaco Star Theater* (Tues. 8 p.m. E.D.T., NBC-TV) has made him the undisputed No. 1 performer on U.S. TV. His show is a weekly catchall of the things the 40-year-old comic has learned in 35 hard-working years in show business. Berle uses not only his brash, strongbow-shaped mouth to get off his loud, fast, uneven volley of one-line gags; with expert timing and tireless bounce, he also hurls his whole 6 feet and 191 dieted pounds into every act of his show. His motto is still "anything for a laugh"—and practically anything he does gets one.

Berle is not universally admired. His detractors find his brassiness glaring and his talent often tasteless. They point out that television is still in its infancy and declare that Berle just happens to be the man who is taking candy from the baby.

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Death of a Salesman (by Arthur Miller; produced by Kermit Bloomgarden & Walter Fried) had Broadway in a fever of excitement from the moment it drew out-of-town raves last month. Last week, on Broadway itself, it caused even greater excitement, drew even wilder raves—"superb," "majestic," "great," "a play to make history."

Death of a Salesman is no more than an altogether creditable play. But it is also a magnificent try, concerned with something so simple, central and terrible that the run of playwrights would neither care nor dare to attempt it. It reveals the tragedy of a typical American who loses out by trying too hard to win out; it chronicles the propless failure born of the worship of success.

At 63, Willy Loman, who all his life has been a salesman—and never a very successful one—is faced with what he cannot face: defeat. He has learned the go-getter gospel by heart, fervently played the good-fellow game, planted his sons along the broad winning highway, locked himself—and then lost himself—inside the American dream. His nerve going, his job gone, his boys slashing their way out of his dream, the truth clawing down one after another of his defenses, Willy Loman has no prop left except a loyal and loving wife. It is not enough. He can only kill himself.

BOOKS

Where the Rainbow Ends

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR (314 pp.)—*George Orwell—Harcourt, Brace* ($3).

In Britain 1984 A.D., no one would have suspected that Winston and Julia were capable of *crimethink* (dangerous thoughts) or a secret desire for *ownlife* (individualism). After all, Party-Member Winston Smith was one of the Ministry of Truth's most trusted forgers; he had always flung himself heart & soul into the falsification of government statistics. And Party-Member Julia was outwardly so *goodthinkful* (naturally orthodox) that, after a brilliant girlhood in the Spies, she became active in the Junior Anti-Sex League and was snapped up by Pornosec, a sub-section of the government Fiction Department that ground out happy-making pornography for the masses.

How Winston and Julia rebelled, fell in love and paid the penalty in the terroristic world of tomorrow is the thread on which Britain's George Orwell has spun his latest and finest work of fiction. In *Animal Farm,* Orwell parodied the Communist system in terms of barnyard satire; but in *1984,* there is not a smile or a jest that does not add bitterness to Orwell's utterly depressing vision of what the world may be in 35 years' time.

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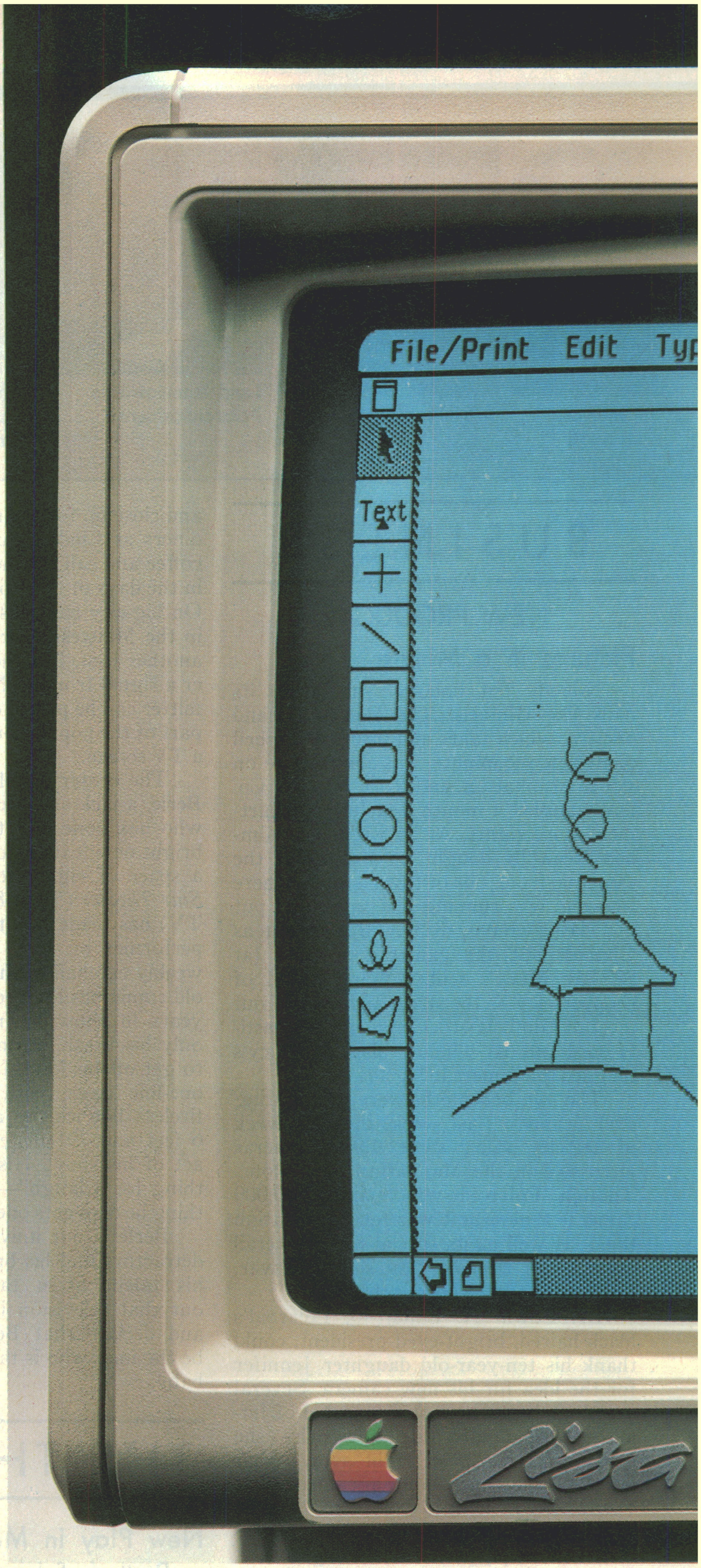

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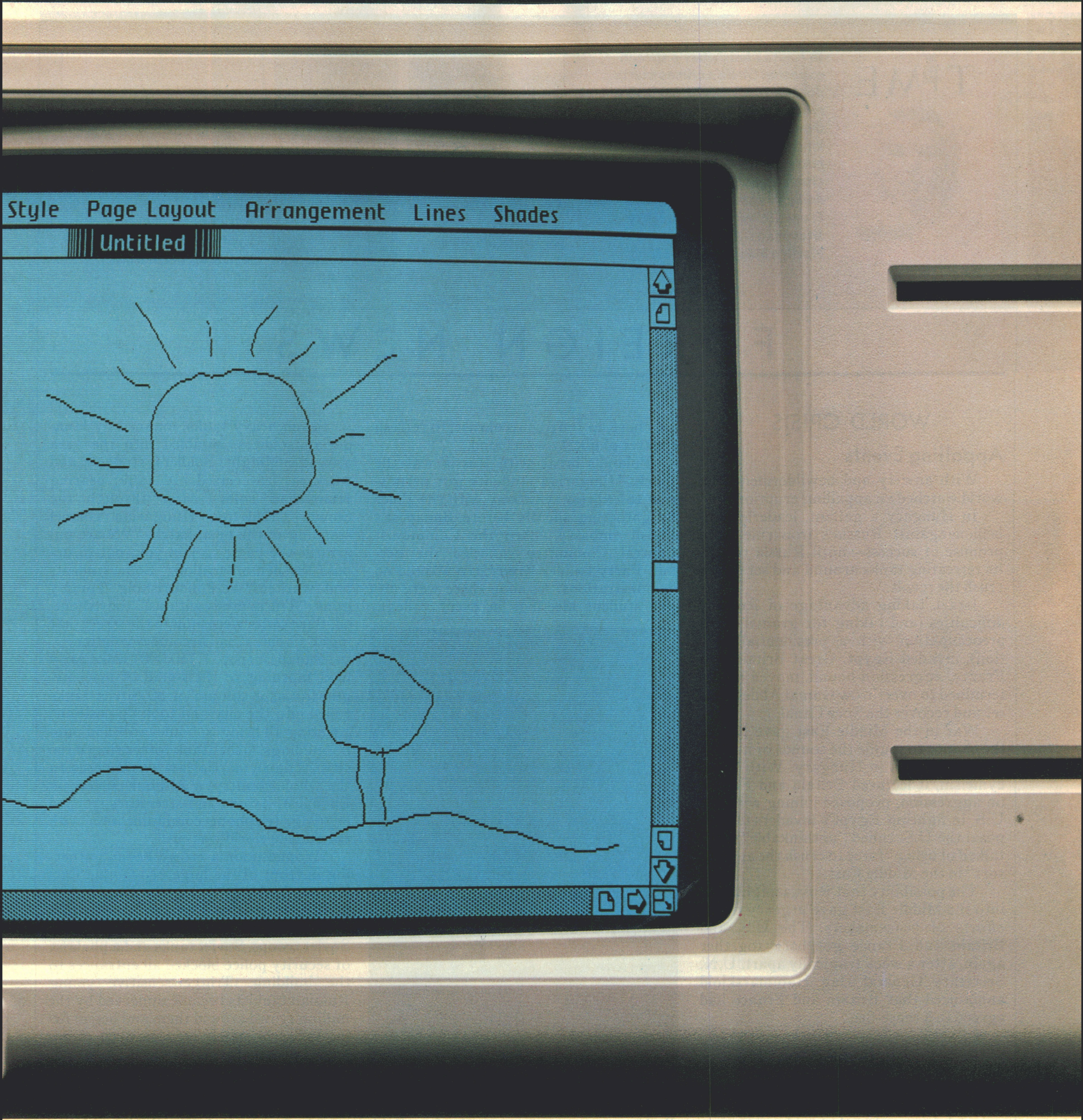
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Those who use computers and
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TIME
MARILYN MONROE

■ Nikita Khrushchev's speech exposing Stalin's crimes starts destalinization—with explosive results. ■ Anti-Soviet demonstrations in Poland bring limited independence. ■ Hungarians revolt but after one week, Soviets crush them. ■ Egypt's Nasser seizes Suez Canal. Israelis, British, French invade. ■ Ike defeats Stevenson. ■ (Cover: Marilyn Monroe in *Bus Stop.*)

Angered by U.S. pressure on Aswan, Nasser takes Suez

Hammarskjold

Egyptians scuttle ships to block Suez Canal traffic

FOREIGN NEWS

WORLD CRISIS

Appalling Events

With anxiety and bewilderment, the world watched an appalling eruption.

In Hungary a gallant, leaderless rebellion against Russia's iron rule gave promise of success—until Russia turned its retreating tanks around and set out to crush the revolt.

Israel, taking advantage of Russia's difficulties (and taking for granted U.S. preoccupation with a presidential election), invaded Egypt. Great Britain and France, aggression-bound, moved in, determined to overthrow Gamal Abdel Nasser and recover the Suez Canal.

War in the Middle East gave Russia the chance to muffle the sounds of its own savage conduct in Hungary. With bland cynicism, it lectured Britain and France on aggression, proposed joining with the U.S. in fighting Egypt's invaders (a proposal the U.S. called "unthinkable"), and talked of using "force to crush the aggressors" in the Middle East.

The possibility that Russia might rush into the Middle East gave urgency to the efforts of peacemakers. The U.S. and Britain and France got back together again, after a week tragically apart. U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold announced that Britain and France had agreed to a cease-fire.

HUNGARY

Revolution!

The magic chemistry of courage, anger and desperation that makes men wager their lives for an ideal fired Hungary into revolution last week. Unarmed, unorganized, unaided from outside, the Hungarian people rolled back the tide of Communism. They overthrew a government. They took on the Soviet army. In six days the Hungarian people made history—six days that shook the world. After the week's events, the Communist empire could never be the same. The rest of the world could only look on with a catch in its heart, while thousands who must have known they could expect no outside aid chose, in Jefferson's phrase, to refresh the tree of liberty with blood.

Poland's break with Russia was the spark. Hungarian students got permission to express sympathy with the Poles by gathering silently before Budapest's Polish embassy. Then the Communist Central Committee canceled the permit. Party Leader Erno Gero wanted no demonstrations. At noon there were angry student meetings in every college. Budapest came out to see the fun. Said an old woman: "We have been silent for eleven years. Today nothing will stop us."

BANNERS OF FREEDOM IN BUDAPEST
A magic chemistry of courage and anger.

In a solemn but peaceful mood, the students went to pay their respects to Poland. Ten abreast down the broad Danube quays they marched to Petofi Square. A student and workers delegation went to the radio station, requested that its demands be made public. Security police arrested the delegation. The crowd stormed the building, but the police opened fire, killing several attackers.

Seven heavy tanks, manned by Hungarian soldiers, rumbled into the area around midnight. Soldiers, students and workers fraternized. A tank bearing Hungarian colors came through the crowd. Cried the Hungarian colonel standing in the open hatch: "We are unarmed! We came to join you, not to oppose the demonstration." Soon students and workers were flourishing Tommy guns. "The army is with us!" they shouted. Barricades were built in the street that night. Carnival had become revolution.

Budapest (pop. 1,750,000) woke early next morning to the sound of machine-gun fire as a column of 80 Soviet tanks rolled into the city and took up positions covering all bridges, boulevards and public buildings. Other tank forces ringed the city. At dawn martial law was imposed on the whole country, a 24-hour curfew on Budapest. Trains and streetcars stopped running, telephone communication with the outside world was cut.

Around noon a crowd began gathering in front of the huge neo-Gothic Parliament building facing the Danube, intending to present Premier Nagy with a petition demanding the withdrawal of all Soviet troops. Soviet tanks and a phalanx of security police blocked all entrances to the building. Trigger-sensitive young Russian tankists became unnerved by the milling crowd around them and began firing indiscriminately into the mass of unarmed people. In a few minutes hundreds of men and women were lying dead or wounded on the ground.

The massacre in Parliament Square sent Budapest mad. The Soviet embassy was raided, Soviet automobiles fired, the contents of a Soviet bookshop burned. Workers fought their way into an arms depot at outlying Fot, got themselves machine guns. Others made gasoline bombs out of wine bottles. Soon Soviet armored cars were burning in the streets.

On the sixth day of Hungary's people's revolution, rebels were in control of much of the countryside, but Soviet tanks, withdrawing to the outskirts of Budapest, left behind a crushed city, ringed by Soviet steel.

COLORTRAK

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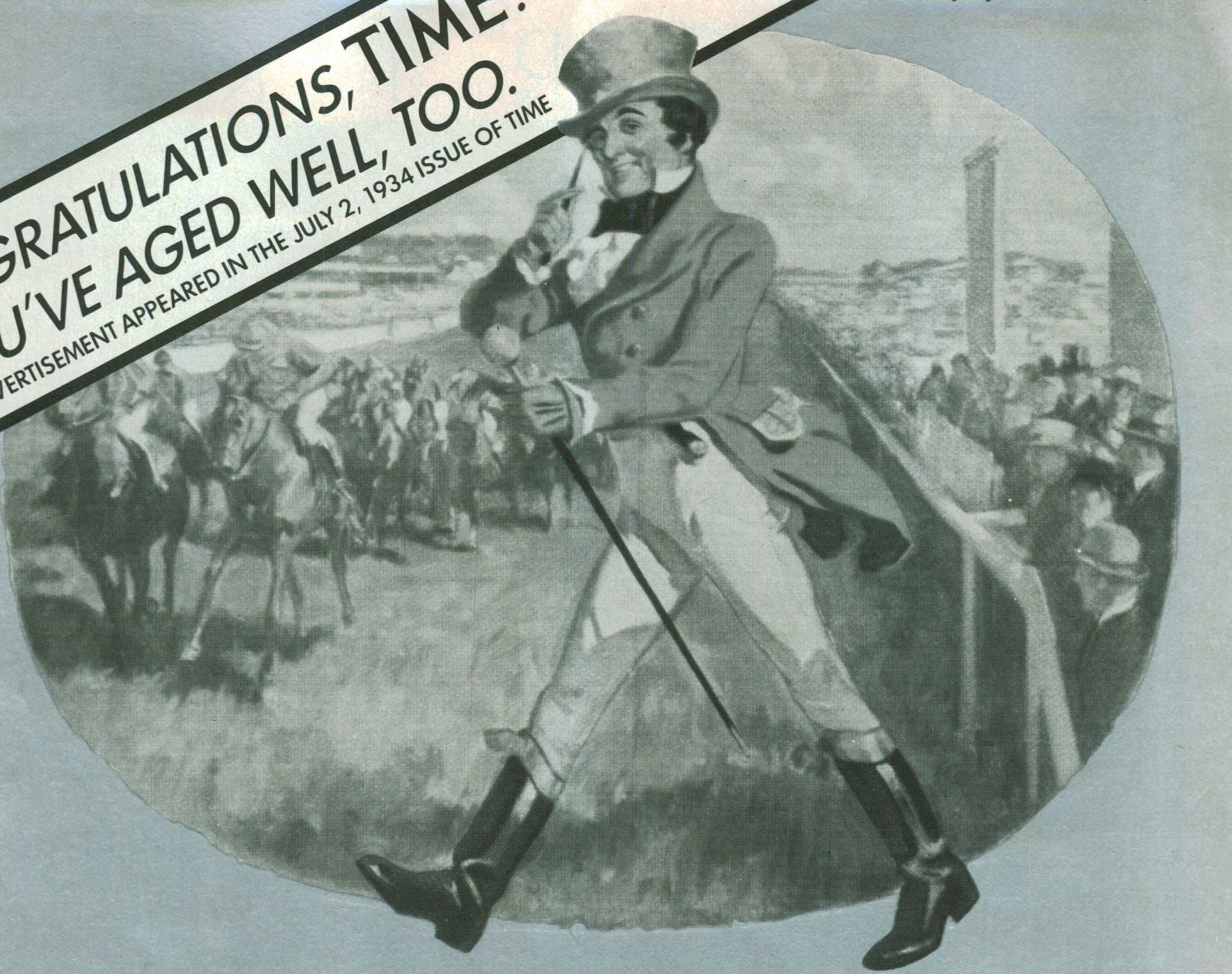


Years of honest age have helped make JOHNNIE WALKER *favourite*

EACH JUNE, when the best of England's young race-horses go to the post at Epsom, the perennial favourite of cheering thousands may be said to be there "in spirit only" . . . Johnnie Walker . . . far too old to run with three-year-olds in the Derby, but always sure to be a winner . . . as smooth and ripe a Scotch as was ever distilled and bottled in Scotland.

In all the world there's no heartier spirit than fine old Scotch whisky; and for more than a century, there's been no better Scotch than Johnnie Walker. Time and care and knowing how, make the difference . . . ripe barley, cured with tangy Scottish peat . . . every drop honestly aged in wood for years and years. That's how Johnnie Walker gains that delicious, round, velvety flavour.

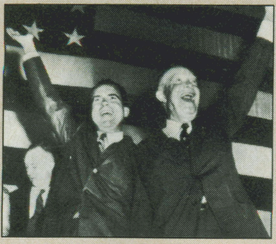
Red Label or Black Label. Choose the one you like and the price you prefer to invest. Both are genuine Johnnie Walker, soundly aged, pure and smooth. You may wish to reserve Black Label for special occasions. It is higher in price and guaranteed *more* than twelve years old . . . . John Walker & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

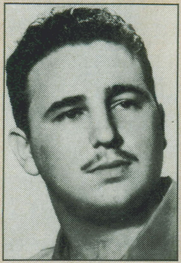
JOHNNIE WALKER

By Appointment to H. M. THE KING

BORN 1820 . . . STILL GOING STRONG

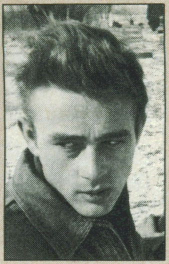
Rosa Parks


Eisenhower and Nixon celebrate re-election


Young Castro fails in revolt

Charlton Heston plays Moses on Mount Sinai

Teamster Union Chiefs Beck and Hoffa face major investigation


James Dean, dead in crash, is cult hero

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

ALABAMA

Double-Edged Blade

On Dec. 1, 1955 Mrs. Rosa Parks, a 42-year-old Negro seamstress, was ordered by a Montgomery City Lines bus driver to get up and make way for some white passengers. She refused, was arrested and fined $10 under an Alabama law making it a misdemeanor for any person to disobey a bus driver's seating instructions. But that was not the last of the Rosa Parks case: it has since been used to prove that economic reprisal, as advocated against Negroes by the white Citizens' Councils of the South, is a double-edged blade.

Within 48 hours after Rosa Parks had been arrested, mimeographed leaflets were being circulated in Montgomery's Negro sections, calling for a one-day boycott of the city buses. The strike was so successful that Negro leaders decided to continue it until their demands were met. The demands: that Negroes be seated on a first-come, first-served basis without having to vacate their places for white passengers; that white bus drivers show more courtesy toward Negro passengers; that Negro drivers be employed on buses traveling mostly through Negro districts.

Last week, as it entered its second month, the boycott was still 95% effective. Rallies were held twice a week in Negro churches. The strike spirit showed no signs of flagging. A Negro minister, working for the car pool, stopped to pick up an old woman who had obviously walked a long way. "Sister," said he, "aren't you getting tired?" Her reply: "My soul has been tired for a long time. Now my feet are tired and my soul is resting."

DISASTERS

Against the Sea

On her last night out, the Italian Liner *Andrea Doria* sliced through a gentle ocean, and an awesome wall of North Atlantic fog closed in around her. But the ship's mood as she neared the U.S. was fog-free and gay. In the plush, boat deck Belvedere lounge, dancers swayed to the rhythms of an eight-piece orchestra. Their last song: *Arrivederci, Roma.*

Shortly after 11 p.m. one of *Andrea Doria's* card players looked idly out of a starboard window and gasped. Eerie lights of another ship glinted and sprinted out of the darkness towards *Andrea Doria.* A moment later, with a grinding, crunching roar, *Stockholm's* knife-sharp prow (reinforced for ice in northern ports) ground 30 ft. deep into the starboard quarter of *Andrea Doria,* just abaft her flying bridge. Then, with a shudder and shower of sparks, the shivering vessels jerked apart.

On *Andrea Doria's* upper decks the explosive collision hurled the card players to the floor and ripped their tables from the sockets. Bar patrons were showered by their nightcaps and banged by flying glassware. Moviegoers were hurled into screaming heaps. Promenaders were slammed against bulkheads. In the Belvedere lounge the dancers picked themselves up from the floor and dazedly headed toward muster stations.

Below decks the crash and the quick list of *Andrea Doria* lifted sleepers out of bed and hurled them around cabins, to be sprayed by flying porthole glass. Passengers on stairways were jerked off and slapped to the deck. Smoke drifted back from the long (40 ft.) gash along the ship's starboard. Oil and water sloshed along the corridors. Over the ship's loudspeaker came Italian commands to remain calm, but they were only half heard or not understood.

Passengers in nightgowns and pajamas joined others in evening dress on a deck slanting first at 25°, then at a steep 35°. *Andrea Doria* got away eight boats and radioed a plea for more.

Out of the fog came the purr of motors and the slap of oars. Lifeboats arrived from *Stockholm,* where Captain Gunnar Nordenson had sealed his crumpled bow, found his vessel seaworthy, and turned to rescue. *Andrea Doria's* radio crackled as other ships reported positions.

By 5 a.m. only Captain Calamai and a score of his crew were still aboard *Andrea Doria,* still trying to level her with auxiliary pumps. At 7 a.m. they admitted defeat, were taken off. Three hours later, while silent seafarers watched transfixed, *Andrea Doria* poised a polished fantail and motionless screws in the air, then slid down to the ocean's dark bottom. Behind her the sea bubbled and quivered a hundred hues of green. The surface shuddered, the bobbing rubble tossed on the swell until the liner was well down.

Overseas, Italians and Swedes bitterly blamed one another for the loss. Meanwhile, grimmer figures were being figured. The weekend total: 25 dead, 17 missing. But to balance their loss was the eleven-hour high-seas saga in which some 1,670 had been snatched back from death.

MUSIC

Teeners' Hero

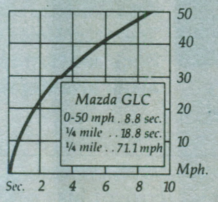
Without preamble, the three-piece band cuts loose. In the spotlight, the lanky singer flails furious rhythms on his guitar, every now and then breaking a string. In a pivoting stance, his hips swing sensuously from side to side and his entire body takes on a frantic quiver, as if he had swallowed a jackhammer. Full-cut hair tousles over his forehead, and sideburns frame his petulant, full-lipped face. His style is partly hillbilly, partly socking rock 'n' roll. His loud baritone goes raw and whining in the high notes, but down low it is rich and round. As he throws himself into one of his specialties—*Heartbreak Hotel, Blue Suede Shoes* or *Long Tall Sally*—his throat seems full of desperate aspirates ("Hi want you, hi need you, hi luh-huh-huh-huv yew-hew") or hiccuping glottis strokes, and his diction is poor. But his movements suggest, in a word, sex.

He is Elvis Aaron Presley, a drape-suited, tight-trousered young man of 21, and the sight and sound of him drive teen-age girls wild. All through the South and West, Elvis is packing theaters, fighting off shrieking admirers, disturbing parents, puckering the brows of psychologists, and filling letters-to-the-editor columns with cries of alarm and, from adolescents, counter-cries of adulation.

UNEXPECTED PERFORMANCE MAKES THIS AN UNCOMMON ECONOMY CAR.

If you think economy cars can't be anything but economical, get ready for an uncommon experience.

It's called Mazda GLC, a car whose exceptional overall performance sets it apart from other cars in its class.



Spirited acceleration comes by way of the GLC's 1.5-litre overhead cam engine. Monitored by a "thinking carburetor" with eight electronic sensors, this efficient power plant also delivers outstanding gas mileage.

Superb handling is made possible by such features as front-wheel drive, steel-belted radials, rack-and-pinion steering, and independent strut suspension at all four corners.

In addition, the GLC's rear suspension has a special asset in Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arms. Their unique geometry promotes true tracking through corners and over bumps.

49 EST. HWY. MPG / **35** EST.* MPG

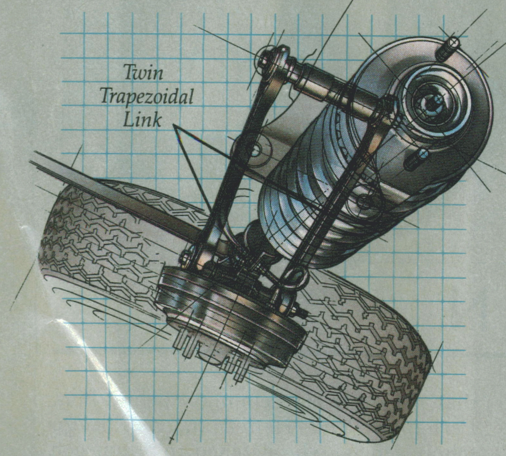
CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CHALLENGE
7
76
GOODYEAR

Proving its performance potential in competition, Mazda GLC placed first overall in the Champion Spark Plug Challenge series (shown here), March 1983 at Sebring. The month before, GLC won the 100-mile ProFormance event at Daytona.

In short, you get performance that's highly uncommon in a car like this. That's why for sheer driving pleasure the Mazda GLC is hard to beat. In fact, at its price, impossible.

EXPERIENCE

Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arm is one reason why the GLC handles so well. As part of the rear suspension, its unique geometry causes the rear wheels to "toe in" when cornering or going over uneven pavement. This engineering feature helps give the GLC excellent directional stability.



Standard features include 5-speed overdrive transmission • Steel-belted radial tires • 4-wheel independent suspension • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Split fold-down rear seatbacks • Cut-pile carpeting • Electric rear window defroster • Remote releases for hatch and fuel-filler door • Tinted glass • 2-speed wipers/washer plus intermittent feature • Wide body side mouldings • Trip odometer • Remote control driver's door mirror • Full-width velour upholstery • Detachable cargo area concealment cover.

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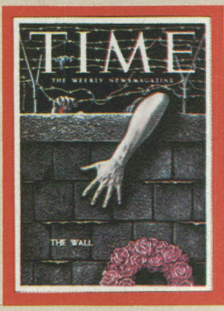
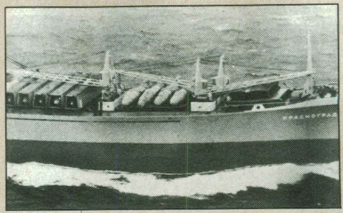


■ President Kennedy goes to the brink of nuclear war to force Khrushchev to remove Soviet missiles from Cuba. ■ John Glenn becomes the first American to orbit earth. ■ East Germans risk death to cross year-old Berlin Wall. ■ James Meredith, protected by 23,000 U.S. troops, is first Negro to enter University of Mississippi. ■ Thalidomide cripples thousands of unborn babies in Europe. ■ (Cover: Berlin Wall victim.)



After Khrushchev backs down, Soviet freighter leaves Cuba with crated bombers on deck

John Glenn

Pope John XXIII

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Backdown

There was danger in standing still or moving forward. I thought it was the wisest policy to risk that which was incident to the latter course.

—James Monroe
to Thomas Jefferson (1822)

Last week that perilous choice confronted another, younger President of the U.S. Generations to come may well count John Kennedy's resolve as one of the decisive moments of the 20th century. For Kennedy determined to move forward at whatever risk. And when faced by that determination, the bellicose Premier of the Soviet Union first wavered, then weaseled and finally backed down.

To Kennedy, the time of truth arrived when he received sheaves of photographs taken during the preceding few days by U.S. reconnaissance planes over Cuba. They furnished staggering proof of a massive, breakneck buildup of Soviet missile power on Castro's island. Already poised were missiles capable of hurling a megaton each—or roughly 50 times the destructive power of the Hiroshima atomic bomb—at the U.S. Under construction were sites for launching five-megaton missiles.

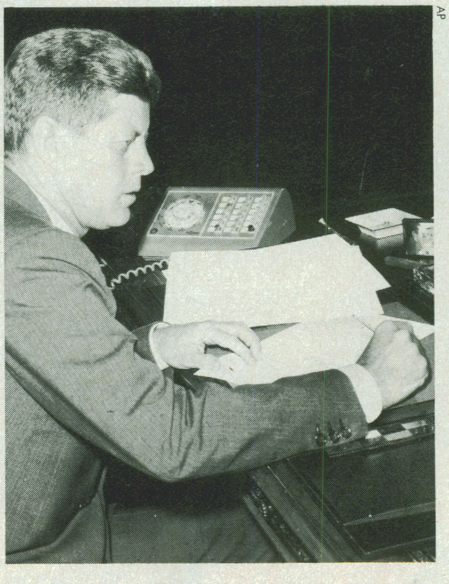
Into early October, the Soviets proceeded covertly, masking their operations with lies and claims that they were sending only "defensive" weapons to Cuba. Then they threw off stealth, lunging ahead in a frantic, scarcely concealed push to get offensive missiles up and ready to fire. Their aim was devastatingly obvious: they meant to present the U.S. with the accomplished fact of a deadly missile arsenal on Cuba.

If the plan had worked—and it came fearfully close—Nikita Khrushchev would in one mighty stroke have changed the power balance of the cold war. Once again a foreign dictator had seemingly misread the character of the U.S. and of a U.S. President. At Vienna and later, Khrushchev had sized up Kennedy as a weakling, given to strong talk and timorous action. The U.S. itself, he told Poet Robert Frost, was "too liberal to fight." Now, in the Caribbean, he intended to prove his point. And Berlin would surely come next.

Kennedy shattered those illusions. He did it with a series of dramatic decisions that swiftly brought the U.S. to a showdown not with Fidel Castro but with Khrushchev's own Soviet Union. Basic to those decisions were two propositions:

▸ It would not be enough for the Russians to halt missile shipments to Cuba. Instead, all missiles in Cuba must be dismantled and removed. If necessary, the U.S. would remove them by invasion.

▸ Any aggressive act from Cuba would be treated by the U.S. as an attack by the Soviet Union itself. And the U.S. would retaliate against Russia with the sudden and full force of its thermonuclear might.



AP

KENNEDY PROCLAIMS BLOCKADE
"Too liberal to fight?"

As a first step, and only as a first step, Kennedy decided to impose a partial blockade, or quarantine, on Cuba, stopping all shipments of offensive weapons—missiles, warheads, missile launching equipment, bombers and bombs.

Kennedy announced his decisions on television to a somber nation and found that nation overwhelmingly behind him. Perhaps David Heffernan, a Chicago school official who listened to the speech in a crowded hotel lobby, best expressed the American mood: "When it was over, you could feel the lifting of a great national frustration. Suddenly you could hold your head up."

Against the surge of feeling, Khrushchev reacted hesitantly. Twelve hours after Kennedy's speech, the Kremlin issued a cautiously worded statement. Then Khrushchev grasped eagerly at a suggestion by U Thant, Acting Secretary-General of the United Nations, for a two or three weeks "suspension," with Russia halting missile shipments to Cuba and Kennedy lifting the blockade. Kennedy politely declined.

But Khrushchev had one more trick up his sleeve. He offered to take his missile bases out of Cuba if the U.S. would dismantle its missile bases in Turkey. With a speed that must have bewildered Khrushchev, the President refused.

That did it. Early Sunday morning came the word from Moscow Radio that Khrushchev had sent a new message to Kennedy. In it, Khrushchev complained about a U-2 flight over Russia on Oct. 28, groused about the continuing "violation" of Cuban airspace. But, he said, he had noted Kennedy's assurances that no invasion of Cuba would take place if all offensive weapons were removed. Hence, wrote Khrushchev, the Soviet Government had "issued a new order for the dismantling of the weapons, which you describe as offensive, their crating and returning to the Soviet Union." Finally, he offered to let United Nations representatives verify the removal of the missiles.

If carried out, it was capitulation. Kennedy said he welcomed Khrushchev's decision. In his stand against Khrushchev, the President had not once missed sight of the central point: that the Soviet missile capability in Cuba was a threat to U.S. survival. By directly challenging Soviet aggression in the hemisphere, Kennedy was acting on the fundamental principle of the Monroe Doctrine. And he had given momentous meaning to the principle of moving forward.

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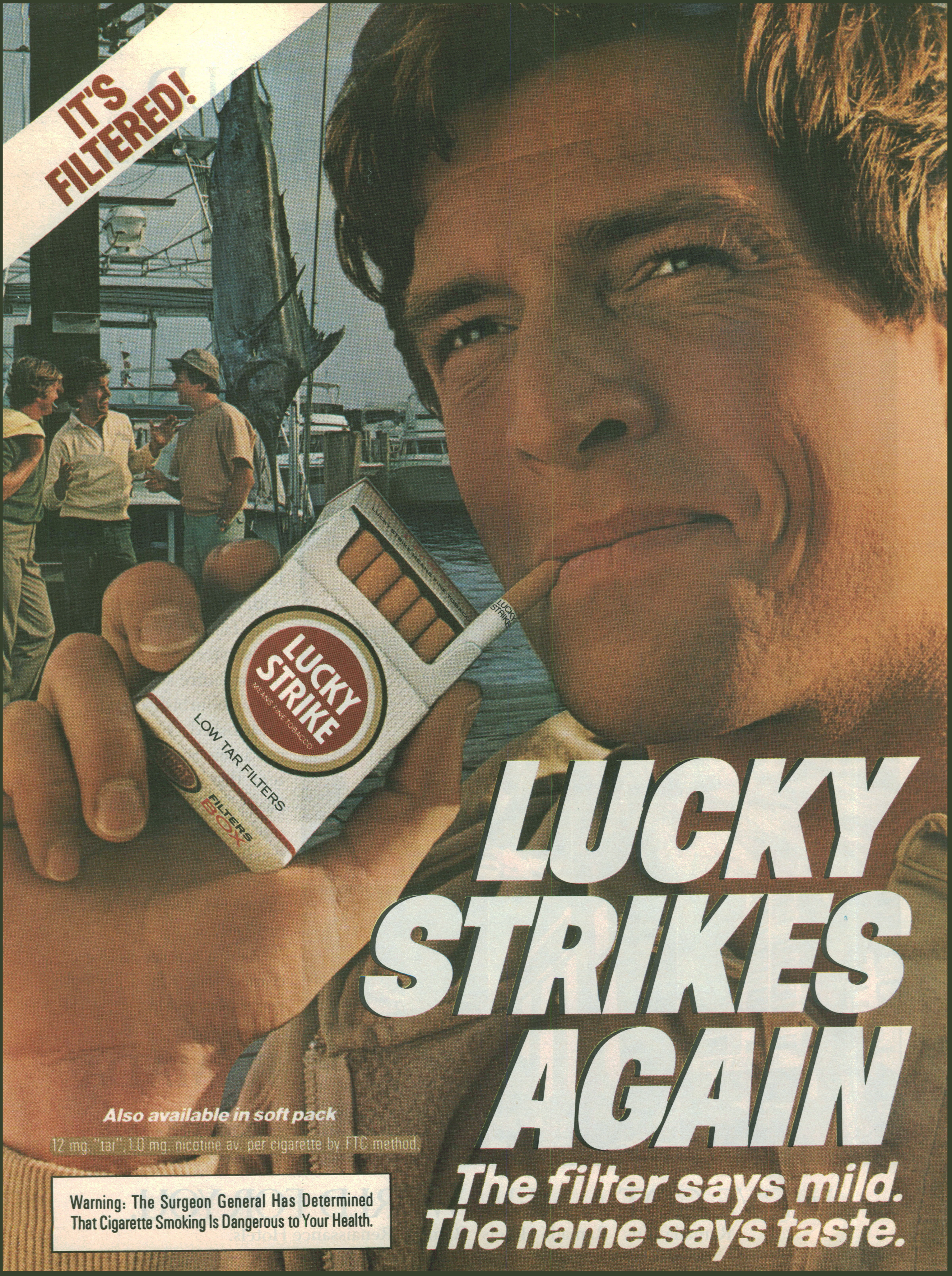
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Jackie Kennedy showing off White House décor

Alfred Hitchcock plugs new thriller, *The Birds*

Arnold Palmer

Loren wins an Oscar

Chemist Linus Pauling pioneers study of structure of genes

SHOW BUSINESS

The Only Blonde in the World

She was swept by panics, smothered by doubts and fears, and her death had been long in coming. Twenty years ago, when she was a warmly shopworn 16, she had first tried to kill herself. Guilt became her constant companion and she broke promises and contracts and friendships to seek it out. She felt pulled and taunted and cheated, but when she spoke of what troubled her, her thoughts always resolved themselves so innocently that she seemed more frolicsome than frightened. "I don't mind being burdened with being glamorous and sexual," she would say. And her brow would furrow.

Films like *How to Marry a Millionaire, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *The Seven Year Itch* made her vague but sparkling smile and her shrill, excited voice the universal definition of Baby Doll.

She spent her last day alive sunbathing, glancing over filmscripts, playing with two cloth dolls—a lamb and a tiger. She went to bed early, but later her housekeeper noticed light spilling through the crack under her bedroom door, and summoned doctors. They broke in through her windows and found Marilyn Monroe dead. By her bedside stood an empty bottle that three days before had held 50 sleeping pills. One hand rested on the telephone and the other was at her chin, holding the sheets that covered her body.

MUSIC

Dream Duo

After the curtain had fallen last week on the Royal Ballet's production of *Giselle* at London's Covent Garden, Dame Margot Fonteyn plucked a single long-stemmed red rose from one of her many bouquets and with a deep curtsy presented it to her young partner—ex-Kirov Ballet Danseur Rudolf Nureev. The young Russian lowered his eyes, sank to his knees and kissed the *assoluta's* hand. The audience exploded in an ovation that lasted through 23 curtain calls.

Ever since Nureev defected while in Paris with the Kirov Ballet and began to be hailed there as a major star in his performances with the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet, balletomanes have dreamed of a Nureev-Fonteyn partnership. Nureev, 24, comes from a Ural peasant family, had danced with the Kirov company for ten years at the time of his defection. Ballet fans who have watched him in Paris call him the outstanding male dancer in the West—and probably in the world. A gifted soloist, he is also known as a superb partner of the kind that 42-year-old Fonteyn has frequently lacked.

During the first act of last week's performance, the audience was sparing with its applause. It was in the second act that Nureev-Fonteyn captured their audience. Nureev put on a breath-catching display of classic male dancing, lifted Fonteyn effortlessly aloft, spurred her on to a performance full of fluency and lyric ardor. At the ballet's climax, when Fonteyn cradled Nureev's head in her arms as he lay on the point of death, there was a quick intake of breath audible through the entire house.

MEDICINE

Abortion & the Law

A healthy and happily married Arizona woman, mother of four children, last week went to court to ask approval for an illegal act: getting an abortion. Her fifth child, she fears, might be hideously deformed as a result of her taking the sleeping pill thalidomide.

The drug, marketed in many countries under a variety of trade names, has already caused an estimated 5,000 babies to be born malformed in Germany and almost 1,000 in Britain: infants without limbs or with stubby, seal-like flippers or with internal defects such as displaced or missing organs. At least four cases of thalidomide malformation have appeared in the U.S. and more may yet be confirmed, because American women got the sleeping pills overseas or from travelers. (It has not been licensed for sale in the U.S.)

Robert Finkbine, a high school history teacher in Scottsdale, near Phoenix, bought thalidomide pills for himself in London last year and took some home. For months, the pills lay in the medicine cabinet untouched. His wife Sherri became pregnant early in May. With four children ranging in age from 20 months to eight years, she is a busy housewife, and as Sherri Chessen, she is also the star of a daily 55-minute *Romper Room* program on Phoenix's KTAR-TV. To quiet her nerves and ensure sleep, Sherri Finkbine took some of the British pills—in the second month of her pregnancy, when the danger that the drug will damage the fetus is greatest. Only then did she learn that what she had been taking was thalidomide.

But Arizona law, like that in virtually all the states, prohibits abortion for any other reason than to save the mother's life. Both state and county law officers said that if the operation were performed on Mrs. Finkbine, they would have to prosecute all parties involved—including the physicians. Possible punishment: two to five years in prison.

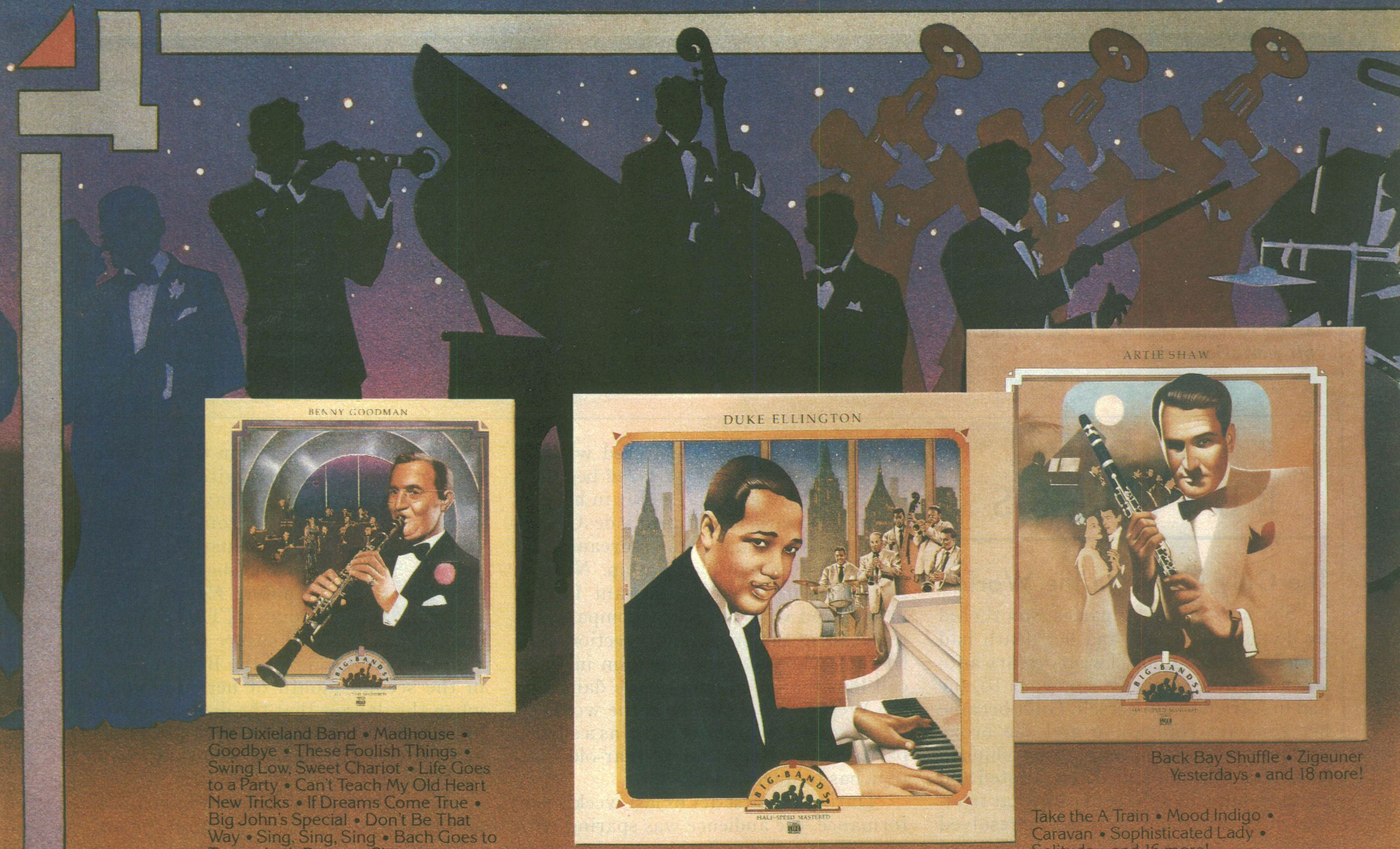
Sherri Finkbine took a bold decision. She gave up trying to remain anonymous. The Finkbines joined Hospital Administrator Stephen Morris in asking Superior Court for a declaratory judgment to bar any legal reprisals. Sherri Finkbine's health, said her attorneys, "is such that the termination of her pregnancy is necessary for the preservation and saving of her life."

Says Sherri Finkbine: "It would be the cruelest thing in the world to let my baby be born with only a 50-50 chance of being normal."

MODERN LIVING

Zip!

The man whose social security number is 082-01-1653 and whose phone number is 201-726-3876 will soon have a new number to remember—say, 96347. The Post Office Department announced last week that every address will have a five-digit number added to it after next July 1. The system, known as "Zip" (for Zone Improvement Plan), is designed to speed delivery of first-class mail as much as 24 hours by enabling postal clerks to tell at a glance how to route a letter.



The Dixieland Band • Madhouse • Goodbye • These Foolish Things • Swing Low, Sweet Chariot • Life Goes to a Party • Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks • If Dreams Come True • Big John's Special • Don't Be That Way • Sing, Sing, Sing • Bach Goes to Town • Let's Dance • Changes • Stompin' at the Savoy • and 6 more!

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TIME-LIFE MUSIC, with the advice of such music experts as Benny Goodman and *The New York Times* jazz critic John S. Wilson, chose the selections. Researchers tracked down the original master recordings. Sound engineers cleaned, taped, and painstakingly eliminated the noise, scratches, and hisses that mar so many period classics.

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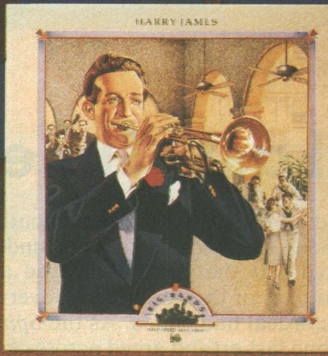

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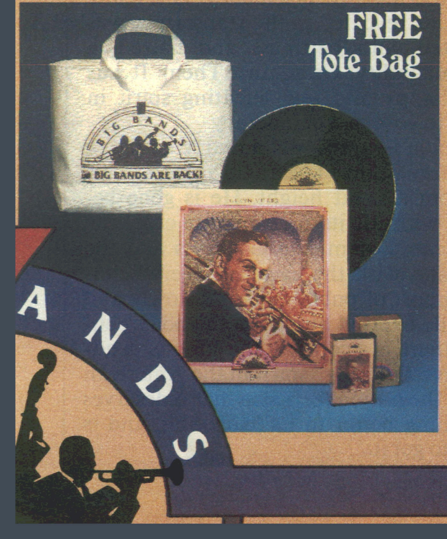

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TIME
LEADERSHIP IN AMERICA
Special Section: 200 Rising Leaders

■ *The* two-year Watergate crisis finally ends. Facing impeachment by the House for obstructing justice, Nixon resigns. Gerald Ford replaces him—and pardons him. ■ Arab oil prices keep rising. ■ Kidnaped Heiress Patty Hearst reappears as a bank robber. ■ The Soviets expel their greatest writer, Alexander Solzhenitsyn. ■ Muhammad Ali wins back his title. ■ (Cover: What it takes to be a leader.)

Patty Hearst wields gun for Symbionese Liberation Army

FORDS PARDON DEFIES JUSTICE
JUSTICE DIED
NIXON

Crowds in Pittsburgh protest Ford decision to pardon Nixon

Saudi King Faisal ends oil embargo

THE NATION

STATE OF THE UNION

At Last, Time for Healing the Wounds

It was over. At last, after so many months of poisonous suspicion, a kind of undeclared civil war that finally engaged all three branches of the American Government, the ordeal had ended. As the *Spirit of '76* in one last errand arced across central Missouri carrying Richard Nixon to his retirement, Gerald Rudolph Ford stood in the East Room of the White House, placed his hand upon his eldest son's Bible, and repeated the presidential oath "to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." By the time the 37th President of the U.S. arrived at the Pacific, the 38th President had taken command.

It was the first time in American history that a President had resigned his office. The precedent was melancholy, but it was hardly traumatic. All of the damage had been done before in the seemingly interminable spectacle of high officials marched through courtrooms, in the recitation of burglaries, crooked campaign contributions and bribes, enemies lists, powers abused, subpoenas ignored—above all, in the ugly but mesmerizing suspense as the investigations drew closer and closer to the Oval Office. Now the dominant emotion throughout the nation was one of sheer relief.

A few of Nixon's last supporters still summoned up bitterness. Not a few Americans cracked open bottles of champagne. Mostly, the nation was massively grateful to have it ended. As Ford said at his swearing-in, "Our long national nightmare is over." By his leaving, Nixon seemed at last to redeem the 1968 pledge he took from a girl holding up a campaign sign in Ohio: BRING US TOGETHER.

The denouement was jarring in its swift resolution and therefore a bit surreal. Nearly 800 days after the Watergate break-in, 289 days after the Saturday Night Massacre, 97 days after the White House transcripts were released, twelve days after the Supreme Court voted, 8 to 0, that the President must surrender 64 more tapes, five days after the House Judiciary Committee voted out articles of impeachment, Nixon's defenses finally vanished. On Monday he issued the June 23, 1972, transcript that amounted to a confession to obstruction of justice and to lying to the American people. With that his clock had run out.

OLLIE ATKINS—THE WHITE HOUSE

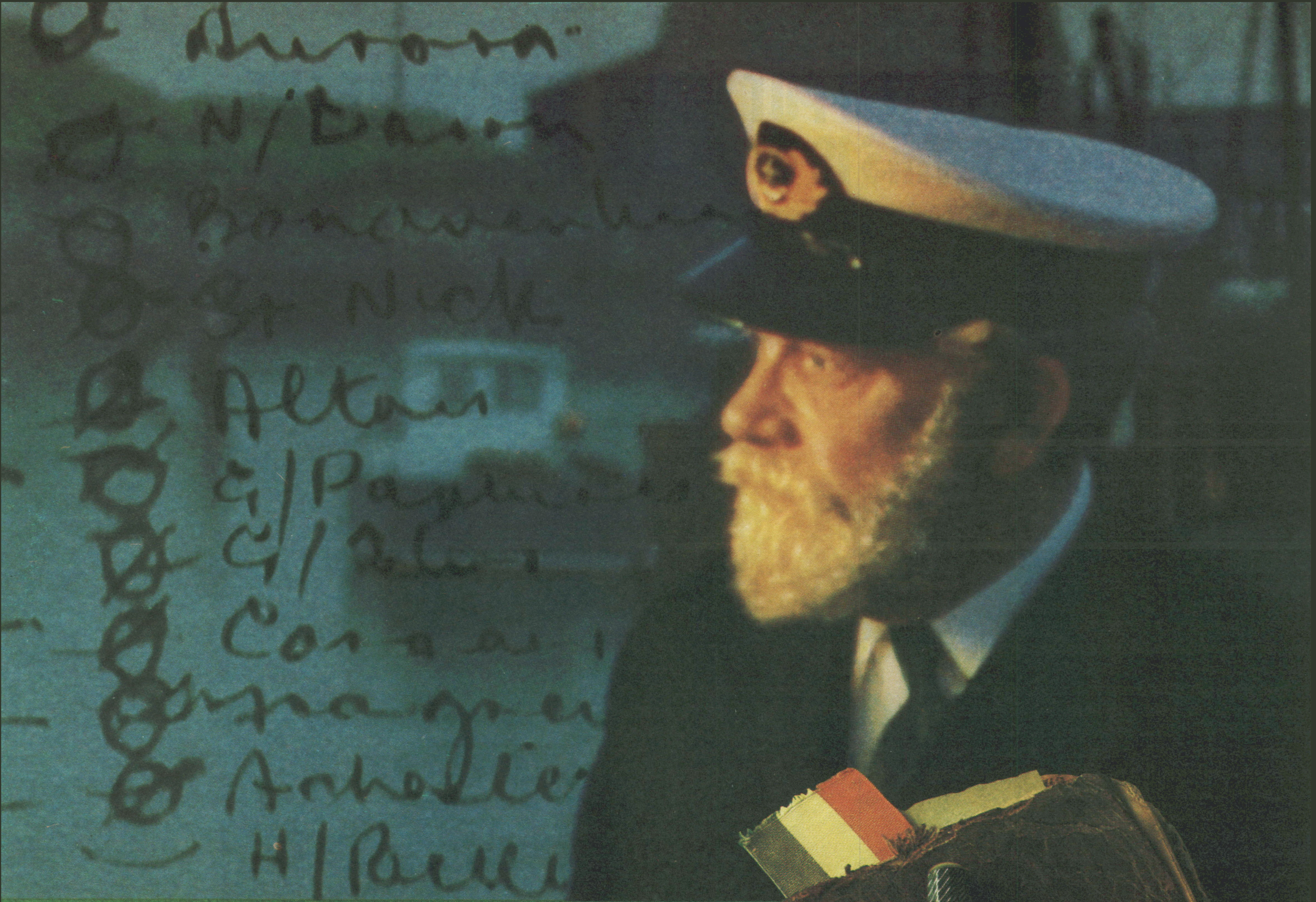
NIXON TELLING DAUGHTER JULIE HIS DECISION
Redeeming pledge to bring us together.

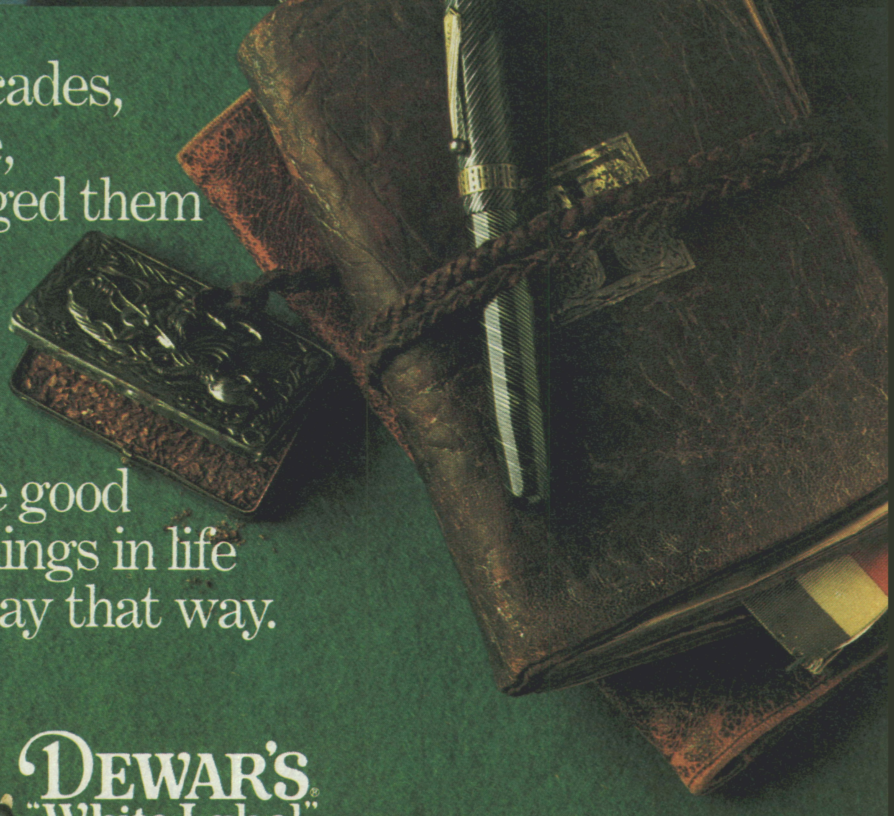
His televised resignation speech was a peculiar performance. In some ways, it sounded like a State of the Union address, a recitation of his achievements. He admitted no guilt, only casually did he mention mistakes made "in the best interests of the nation." If some expected a bitter, angry valedictory, Nixon was controlled and ultimately conciliatory. Nixon once said that the test of a people is the way it handles the transition of power, and last week—in his resignation speech if not in his mawkish, self-pitying White House goodbye—he deserved credit for helping to bring off the transition with dignity in what must have been the most painful moment of his life.

The departure of Nixon was, above all, an extraordinary triumph of the American system. There were, of course, useful accidents of fate and generous helpings of blind luck. A night watchman named Frank Wills came upon the Watergate burglars one night when they taped some door locks with an almost ostentatious incompetence. The system was fortunate that Judge John Sirica pursued the case. And above all that Richard Nixon was surreptitiously taping his own conversations, and that he somehow never thought, or considered it necessary, or perhaps just did not dare, to heave all the tapes into the White House incinerator after their existence became known. Had it not been for the tapes, Richard Nixon would quite possibly have remained in the White House until January 1977. No presidency in the nation's history has ever been so well documented, and it is safe to predict that none will be again.

But it was, at last, Richard Nixon who destroyed his own presidency. His White House, as revealed in the transcripts, was saturated with pettiness and hatred, a siege mentality, Us against Them. It was an unhappy and self-defeating spirit in which to govern a democracy.

Nixon is gone—not a martyred figure as he may believe but tragic at least in his fall from a great height. He is gone because, with all its luck in this case, the American system, the Congress and the Judiciary, with the eventual overwhelming support of public opinion, slowly and carefully excised him from the body politic. If there is a certain "the-king-is-dead-long-live-the-king" spirit in the American mood, the nation feels also that it deserves something better in its leadership and is going to get it.


Aurora
N/Dawn
St Nick
Altair
H/Belle



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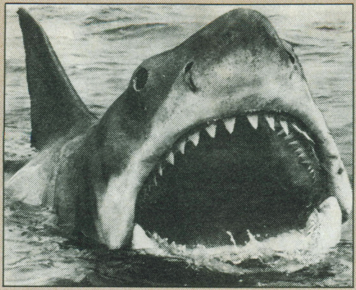
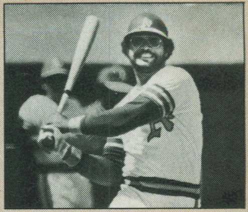


Star of coming movie, *Jaws*



Reggie Jackson helps A's win third series

Solzhenitsyn arrives as exile in West Germany

CRIME

The Hearst Nightmare

The robbers—a black man and four white women—strode swiftly into the Hibernia Bank branch in San Francisco's Sunset district, pulling out semiautomatic carbines from under their long black coats. "Get on the floor, get on the floor," barked the stubbly-bearded leader at the two dozen terrified employees and customers. Two of the women rushed to the cash drawers, while another, in the best Bonnie-and-Clyde style, proudly announced: "We're from the S.L.A." One of the gang gestured toward the young woman who had taken up a position at the middle of the seven tellers' cages and shouted: "This is Tania Hearst!"

That surreal scene, captured on film by the bank's automatic cameras, was the Symbionese Liberation Army's way of introducing Patricia Campbell Hearst, 20, to the world in their role for her as an armed terrorist. The bizarre development in one of the most sensational crime sagas in U.S. history added a sharp new edge to the fears of a particular class of Americans, the wealthy and vulnerable.

Only three months ago, Patty Hearst was a quiet, comely heiress to a famed publishing fortune who spent much of her time preparing for her intended marriage to Steven Andrew Weed, 26, a graduate philosophy student. Kidnaped on Feb. 4 by the obscure revolutionary band that grandiosely calls itself an army but is more of a ragtag platoon, she seemed close to release two weeks ago, after her family started a free-food program for the Bay Area's needy and aged that the S.L.A. had demanded. Then she stunned her family and friends by announcing that she had renounced them, joined her abductors, and adopted the name Tania after the German-Argentine mistress of Latin American Revolutionary Che Guevara. Whether through conversion or coercion, she materialized last week in the role of a foul-mouthed bank robber. In the bewilderment shared by all who have followed the case, her anguished father Randolph A. Hearst exclaimed: "It's terrible! Sixty days ago, she was a lovely child. Now there's a picture of her in a bank with a gun in her hand."

RELIGION

Moon in Manhattan

How does a preacher with murky credentials draw a crowd in jaded New York City? Simple. You field a corps of 2,000 tireless, polite young buttonholers who spend weeks offering people free tickets. Invest $300,000 on publicity for the one-night stand—far more than Billy Graham has ever spent for an eight-day crusade.

It all worked for the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, 54, South Korea's crypto-Messiah, who packed Madison Square Garden to overflowing last week. The happening, complete with numbers by the Korean Folk Ballet, kicked off an eight-city tour that climaxes his drive to build a base in the U.S. just seven years before the Messianic Age is to begin. Moon, through an interpreter, told the Garden-goers in guttural shouts, "The time of the Second Coming of Christ is near, and America is the landing site!"

TELEVISION

Viewpoints

UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS. PBS Masterpiece Theater, Sunday, 9 p.m. E.D.T. If the family ever dies, as radical social psychologists keep predicting, Public Broadcasting may go out of business as well. Among its best and most popular offerings have been series that examine that institution. First there were the Forsytes, then the Louds. Now there are the Bellamys, masters of an Edwardian town house in London and, to their way of thinking, masters of the world as well.

Originally created by British commercial television, the series brings the household serving staff in from the cold periphery of drama to its center. All the episodes are self-contained, but there is a solid cotton thread tying them together, namely Rose, the head houseparlormaid, played by Jean Marsh—who is also one of the show's co-creators.

The scripts are expertly crafted and wittily written ("Not many valets become prime ministers," the poet sniffs to his manservant. "Not many poets do either," is the retort). The shows are acted with the entertaining slickness that one relishes in Masterpiece Theater imports.

BUSINESS

INDUSTRY

Space-Age Pinball

In the make-believe world of the penny arcade, pinball was once a game without peer. But pinball, alas, lost some of its cachet in high-speed modern life—until 18 months ago when there appeared a new breed of coin-operated games that use sophisticated electronic technology to simulate everything from playing table tennis to driving a race car. Besides giving birth to a nationwide fad, the games have also revived the sagging coin-game industry, boosting its revenues and ushering in a new era of cutthroat competition.

Typical of the new games is Pong, a popular version of electronic table tennis manufactured by two-year-old Atari, Inc. (estimated fiscal 1974 revenue: $14 million) of Los Gatos, Calif. Atari sold some 8,500 games to U.S. amusement parlors and other businesses last year.

MODERN LIVING

Streaking, Streaking

Clad only in surgical masks, two men dashed through a packed amphitheater where Harvard students were taking a first-year anatomy exam. Watching from his front porch, the president of Virginia's elegant Sweet Briar College gallantly applauded as 50 of his coeds sprinted by adorned only in their class years, lipsticked on in an approximate license-plate position. On busy U.S. Route 1, traffic was brought to a cheerful standstill by 533 University of Maryland students chain-dancing *au naturel*. With astonishing swiftness, streaking, the art of the point-to-point dash in the buff, has burgeoned into an unabashed, pandemic American fad.

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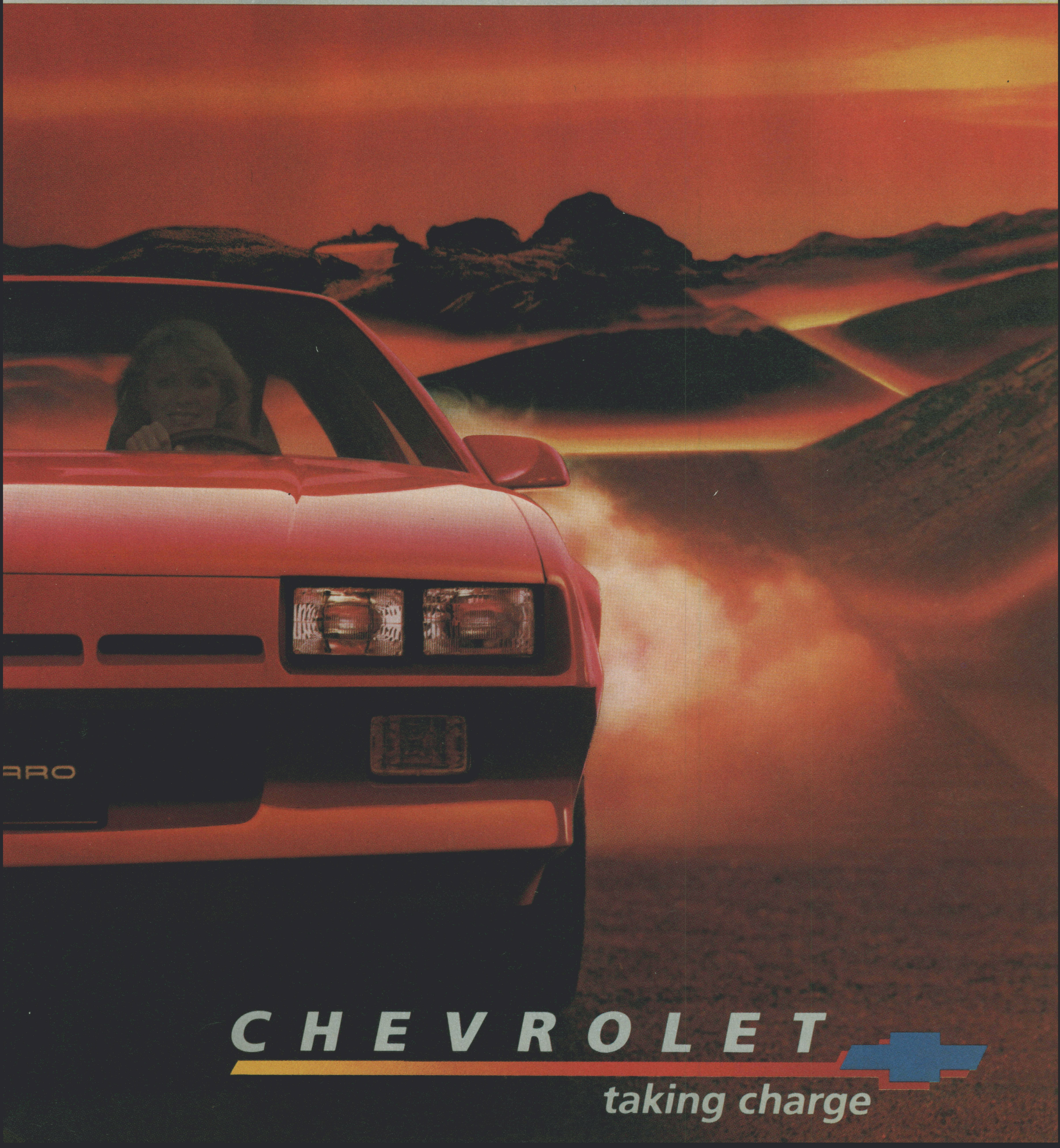
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CHEVROLET
taking charge

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Triumphs of the Spirit

How history responds to ideas and yearnings

So, little by little, time brings out each several thing into view, and reason raises it up into the shores of light.
—Lucretius

News, almost by definition, tends in the other direction. Events may be merely busy, of course—a sort of itch of the unusual, a restlessness in the world. But when the news is momentous, it may run toward darker, murkier regions, toward war and catastrophe.

Yet, sometimes, the news does rise toward the shores of light. Sometimes history responds not merely to the promptings of blind accident or economic tides but to the pressure of ideas or to a kind of coalescence of yearnings. "I have a dream," Martin Luther King Jr. cried at the Lincoln Memorial one August day in 1963. His dream and others made the news, made history, as completely as any bombs or earthquakes did.

ROBERT W. KELLEY

1963 civil rights march seen from the Lincoln Memorial

There are individual dreams and collective dreams. Charles Lindbergh's trajectory across the Atlantic in 1927 was a vivid feat of individualism. He became one of the last romantic heroes. He brilliantly employed the technology of flight in its primitive stage, before technology seemed to overwhelm the individual. If the American space program produced a triumph of teamwork in an age when hundreds of human brains were needed to collaborate, like microchips, in the mastery of so much detail, Lindbergh's flight represented a peculiarly, almost wistfully, American way of doing things. It was a lonely achievement of the American character, self-contained, self-confident, in motion across great distances. Lindbergh perfectly embodies a contradiction in the older American soul. He was a kind of mystic mechanic. He arced up into another element. He took human possibility into another atmosphere. He made American materialism soar—the first great American export of the technological age.

The birth of Israel was an utterly different sort of achievement. If Lindbergh was the individualist outrider of a new age, the idea of Israel was a collective vision. It arose from an ancient tribal aspiration, the hope of an ingathering after the long centuries of the Diaspora.

The object was to create something where nothing had been before, or at least not for many centuries. After the terrible revelations of the Nazi Holocaust, the impulse was to create, to will a Jewish state into being in the desert. The Zionist ideal, unfortunately, did not sufficiently reckon with the complexities of Middle Eastern life and politics. The European Jews arrived in Palestine, one writer said, as if they had come to colonize the moon. But the place was not untenanted, and all the history of Israel since its birth has been troubled by a 35-year war that, quite apart from the usual territorial disputes and ethnic antagonisms, has been one of conflicting visions, of Israeli hopes and Palestinian hopes.

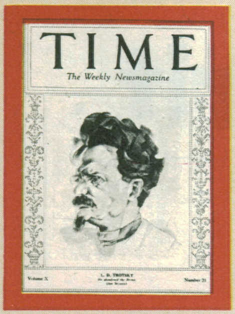
Martin Luther King's dream was also a collective dream, and the March on Washington in 1963 was also an ingathering. It was not a literal settlement, like Israel, but a moral encampment, the first mass demonstration of an age in which politics streamed into the streets. The mass outpourings of the '60s, the antiwar marches and the racial uprisings in Watts and Detroit and Newark and the rest, all became in some sense imitations of the March on Washington, efforts to recapture its essential sweetness and energy and its unassailable moral force. The subsequent demonstrations—riots, moratoriums, May Days—had a fallen and mitigated and sometimes violent character. They never regained that quality of urgent dignity and imposing rhetoric that King embodied.

These events of the spirit always seemed to involve motion, a kind of moral migration. Vatican II was a force that seized the mind of the Roman Catholic Church and carried it across centuries, from the 13th to the 20th. The church in many ways had been fixed immovably, held in a kind of wrought-iron vision of its own immutability. Vatican II opened the institution to change—some thought too much change. The vocabularies and trappings of eternity dropped away; the Mass, celebrated before in the sometimes mysterious universality of Latin, was now simplified, domesticated into vernaculars. The church became both more accessible and less imposing. The church threw itself open to risk.

The 1977 National Women's Conference in Houston was another convocation that changed the historical situation of people, or at least the appearance of it. The meeting in any case ratified and symbolized the change in the minds of women. Mass demonstrations, of course, are held to put fire into the participants as well as to impress bystanders. They bring all the individuals together, often individuals who regard themselves as victims, and show them that they are not alone, give them a sense of their power and possibilities.

Houston did all of that for the women's movement in America. It melded individuals into a solidarity that they had never known before, a union that cut across lines of class and race. If Lindbergh explored individual possibility, the women in Houston sought to join themselves to a truer theme of the 20th century—mass power.

—By Lance Morrow



■ Charles Lindbergh's solo flight across the Atlantic makes him a world hero. ■ Former Red Army Chief Trotsky is expelled from Communist Party in Moscow power struggle. ■ Chiang Kai-shek breaks alliance with Chinese Communists. ■ Sacco and Vanzetti executed for payroll robbery. ■ Hollywood makes its first sound film, *The Jazz Singer*. ■ Babe Ruth hits 60 home runs. ■ (Cover: Ousted Trotsky.)

President Coolidge reviews U.S. fleet

John L. Lewis leads miners on a strike

Mme. Schumann-Heink condemns cigarettes

AERONAUTICS

Flight

The Atlantic in its immense indifference was not aware that man-made cables on its slimy bottom contained news, that the silent heavens above pulsed with news—news that would set thousands of printing presses in motion, news that would make sirens scream in every U. S. city, news that would cause housewives to run out into backyards and shout to their children: *"Lindbergh is in Paris!"*

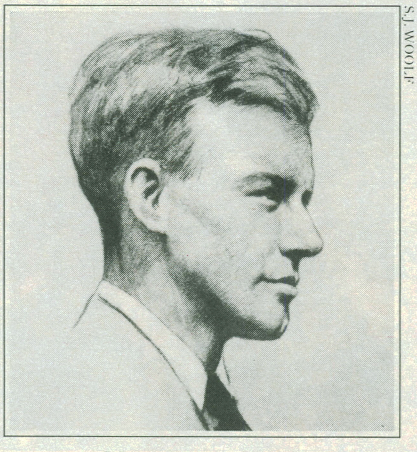
Late one evening last week Capt. Charles A. Lindbergh studied weather reports and decided that the elements were propitious for a flight from New York to Paris. He took a two-hour sleep, then busied himself with final preparations at Roosevelt Field, L. I. Four sandwiches, two canteens of water and emergency army rations, along with 451 gallons of gasoline were put into his monoplane, *Spirit of St. Louis.* "When I enter the cockpit," said he, "it's like going into the death chamber. When I step out at Paris it will be like getting a pardon from the governor."

He entered the cockpit. At 7:52 a.m. he was roaring down the runway, his plane lurching on the soft spots of the wet ground. Out of the safety zone, he hit a bump, bounced into the air, quickly returned to earth. Disaster seemed imminent; a tractor and a gully were ahead. Then his plane took the air, cleared the tractor, the gully; cleared some telephone wires. Five hundred onlookers believed they had witnessed a miracle. It was a miracle of skill.

Captain Lindbergh took the shortest route to Paris—the great circle—cutting across Long Island Sound, Cape Cod, Nova Scotia, skirting the coast of Newfoundland. He later told some of his sky adventures to the aeronautically alert New York *Times* for syndication: "Shortly after leaving Newfoundland, I began to see icebergs. . . . Within an hour it became dark. Then I struck clouds and decided to try to get over them. For a while I succeeded at a height of 10,000 feet. I flew at this height until early morning. The engine was working beautifully and I was not sleepy at all. I felt just as if I was driving a motor car over a smooth road, only it was easier. Then it began to get light and the clouds got higher. . . . Sleet began to cling to the plane. That worried me a great deal and I debated whether I should keep on or go back. I decided I must not think any more about going back. . . .

"Fairly early in the afternoon I saw a fleet of fishing boats. . . . On one of them I saw some men and flew down almost touching the craft and yelled at them, asking if I was on the right road to Ireland. They just stared. Maybe they didn't hear me. Maybe I didn't hear them. Or maybe they thought I was just a crazy fool.

"An hour later I saw land. . . . I flew quite low enough over Ireland to be seen, but apparently no great attention was paid to me."



S.J.WOOLF

MAN OF THE YEAR
"Well, here we are."

Captain Lindbergh then told how he crossed southwestern England and the Channel, followed the Seine to Paris, where he circled the city before recognizing the flying field at Le Bourget. Said he: "I had intended taxiing up to the front of the hangars, but no sooner had my plane touched the ground than a human sea swept toward it. I saw there was danger of killing people with my propeller and I quickly came to a stop."

He had completed his 3,600-mile conquest of the Atlantic in 33 hours, 29 minutes, at an average speed of 107½ miles per hour. His first words were, "Well, here we are. I am very happy."

Some of the crowd of 25,000 attempted to strip souvenirs from the *Spirit of St. Louis,* while the majority escorted Captain Lindbergh, on somebody's shoulders, to a nearby clubhouse. Then, there were congratulations from U. S. Ambassador Myron Timothy Herrick and French officials, a massage and some coffee (he had refused to take coffee on the flight), a motor trip through dense traffic to Paris and ten hours' sleep in the U. S. Embassy.

He is 25, more than six feet tall, rangy, handsome, blond. He knows flying as the barnstormer with a $250 plane and as the chief pilot for the St. Louis-Chicago air mail route. He is a prominent member of the Caterpillar Club, having four times become a butterfly and descended to earth in a parachute.

Not only did Captain Lindbergh win the $25,000 prize offered by Raymond Orteig, Manhattan hotelman, for the first New York-Paris non-stop flight, but he established for himself the immemorial right of extracting dollars from the hero-gaping U. S. public by appearing on the vaudeville stage, in the cinema, etc.

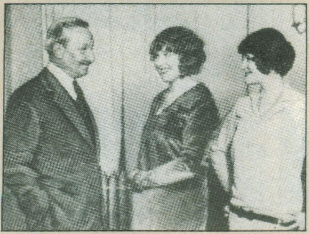
HEROES

Fadeout

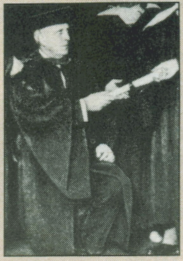
As one title on a cinema screen slowly fades out and another title slowly takes its place, so with the beginning of this week the name *Lindbergh* was gradually vanishing from the black, multi-column newspaper headlines. With the Lindbergh episode almost over, cynics may rise to call his ovations "hysteria," his receptions "sensationalism run riot." But back of the torn paper and the screeching headlines lay a very sincere and very spontaneous outburst of popular emotion.

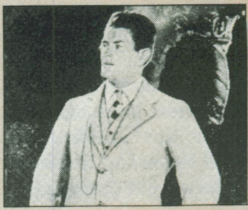
There has been so much commercialism in everything of late—crimes of passion are accompanied by insurance policies and lithe-limbed athletes hold grandstand conferences. Here was one man who did something for motives other than there being "money in it," for it is hardly sentimentalism to feel that Colonel Lindbergh did not cross the Atlantic with his mind focused on Mr. Orteig's $25,000. It was one instance in which the Dollar was not quite Almighty, of the Golden Age v. the Age of Gold.

Thomas Mann's novel *The Magic Mountain* is subtle, profound


Flo Ziegfeld, famed for Follies, stages Kern's hit, *Show Boat*

Virginia Woolf


Tycoon William Randolph Hearst


Gene Tunney, who beat Dempsey for the crown

Ring Lardner writes the wacky *Story of a Wonder Man*

National Affairs

RADICALS

In Charlestown

After seven years of premeditation, blood was shed beside a so-called cradle of American liberty, Boston.

Guilty or not, justly or not, Nicola Sacco, clean-shaven factory worker, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, mustachioed fish-peddler, were informed last Monday evening that they must die that midnight for the murders—which to the end they denied committing—of a paymaster and guard at South Braintree, Mass., in 1920.

Prisoners Sacco and Vanzetti refused last rites from the prison priest. They would die as they had lived, they said. Faith in a communistic order of mankind was enough for them.

Five guards took their posts in the death house, two to adjust electrodes, one at the blue lethal door, two to call at the cells. One newsgatherer, W. E. Playfair of the Associated Press, was included among the seven official witnesses of man killing man.

Prisoners Sacco and Vanzetti died in the order that their names had long been coupled, seven minutes apart.

SCIENCE

Photomaton

"The average inventor has a hard life and it is a rare instance for him to reap the rewards of his invention as I have done." So said one Anatol Josepho of New York last week, a few moments after pocketing a slip of paper upon which were written the idyllic figures $1,000,000. His invention was a "quarter-in-the-slot" machine. Out of it comes, not gum or hairpins, but a strip of eight sepia photographs, each 2 in. x 1½ in., showing the quarter-dropper in whatever eight poses it has pleased him to strike. The pictures are photographed direct upon sensitized paper. To make a strip of eight pictures requires only eight minutes. A syndicate of men successful enough to know a real gold brick when they see one—including onetime Ambassador to Turkey Henry Morgenthau—had bought Inventor Josepho's device.

Inventor Josepho, who is a Socialist only three years removed from penniless Russian immigrancy, will act consistently. Half of his million he will devote to general charity; half "to helping my brother inventors to similar success."

SPORT

Swat

Cheering, screaming frantic fanatics flooded George Herman ("Babe") Ruth with the wildest ovation ever accorded a baseball player. In the eighth inning of a New York game against Washington, Ruth hit a ball pitched by left-handed Thomas Zachary into the right field bleachers. The home run was Ruth's 60th of the season.

Said Frederick G. Lieb, sage baseball writer: "It is doubtful if anyone in that crowd will ever live to see another baseball player hit his 60th home run in a 154-game season. I saw Ruth hit his 59th in 1921 and never thought I would score the game in which that record would be broken."*

Ruth's record this year is chiefly owed to Louis Gehrig. He too is a home-run hitter (47 for 1927). With Gehrig next at bat, pitchers dare not give Ruth a complimentary base on balls, hoping to dispose of his successor easily.

BOOKS

FICTION

Bible Boar

Author Sinclair Lewis, whose position as National Champion Castigator is challenged only by his fellow idealist, Critic Henry Louis Mencken, has made another large round-up of grunting, whining, roaring, mewing, driveling, snouting creatures—of fiction—which, like an infuriated swineherd, he can beat, goad, tweak, tail-twist, eye-jab, belly-thwack, spatter with sty-filth and consign to perdition. The new collection closely resembles the herd obtained on the Castigator's last foray, against the medical profession (*Arrowsmith,* 1925) and a parallel course is run, from upcreek tabernacles, through a hayseed college and seminary to a big-city edifice with a revolving electric cross. This time the Castigator singles out the biggest boar in sight and hounds him into a gratifyingly slimy slough. The tale has an obscure hero, another Lewisian lie-hunter who, to purge the last bitter dregs of pity and fear, gets his gentle eyes and mouth whipped to a black pulp by the K. K. K. before he is released. But the boar is the chief sacrifice and its name has the inimitable Lewis smack, Elmer Gantry.*

• • •

Mrs. Woolf's Way

The significance of Virginia Woolf's† last novel, *Mrs. Dalloway,* was that her "stream of consciousness" method was not only startlingly original but startlingly successful as well. In *To the Lighthouse* the stream-of-consciousness technique is present as before but its presence is subtler, more diffused. Weaving, stalking, spying from thickets, she discovers the nature of her prey. The actual capture she leaves to those who, reading her book, are her companions in the chase.

• • •

Mortal Fairyland

The Magic Mountain—Thomas Mann—*Knopf* (2 vol. $6). "An unassuming young man was traveling, in midsummer, from his native city of Hamburg to Davos-Platz in the Canton of the Grisons, on a three weeks' visit." Soon after his arrival, he perceives that his cigars have a flat taste. Before his three weeks are over, he has a bad cold. Before his return to Hamburg, to a world at war, he has spent seven years in a mortal fairyland.

The author displays an intellect profound, searching, inclusive, an artistry profound and subtle in all his works. [He is] as important a writer as Germany possesses.

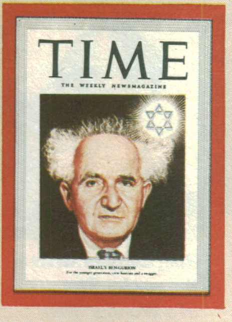
---

*Anthony Lazzeri, present second baseman for the New York Yankees, hit 60 home runs in the Pacific Coast League in 1925; but the League plays a 200-game season.

*ELMER GANTRY—Sinclair Lewis—*Harcourt, Brace* ($2.50).

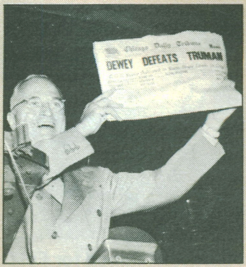
†TO THE LIGHTHOUSE—Virginia Woolf—*Harcourt, Brace* ($2.50).

1948



■ The British mandate in Palestine expires and, as Jewish leaders proclaim the new nation of Israel, five Arab states attack. ■ The Soviets blockade Berlin, and the West supplies the city by airlift. ■ Underdog Truman defeats Dewey. ■ Communists seize Czechoslovakia. ■ U.S. athletes dominate London Olympic Games, the first to be held since 1936. ■ (Cover: Israeli Leader Ben-Gurion.)

Young Berliners watch as Allied planes roar in with blockade-busting supplies



Truman gloats at false report of Dewey victory

Whittaker Chambers testifies against Hiss

FOREIGN NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

Birth of a Nation

Boast not thyself of to morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.
—Proverbs 27:1

Between one pink dawn and another over the Moabite hills last week came The Day. It brought forth events sufficient to crowd aside the worries of tomorrow. To the Jews of Palestine this day brought a state of their own, the first in 1,878 years. To the British it brought the loss of a 10,460-square-mile base in the Mediterranean—and relief from a burden they had snatched up with imperial optimism 31 years ago. To the Arabs, it brought a tautening of determination and a more sober assessing of their chances for victory.

Shortly after sunrise on May 14, the Union Jack flapped down from its staff over Government House, on Jerusalem's Hill of Evil Counsel. Without farewells from Jew or Arab, the British Governor General, tired-looking General Sir Alan Gordon Cunningham, flew to Haifa in an R.A.F. plane. There, at 10:05 a.m., he stepped into a naval launch and was sped out to the light cruiser *Euryalus*. On the dock, a bagpiper skirled the melancholy tune of *The Minstrel Boy*. Precisely at midnight, the *Euryalus* passed the three-mile limit of Palestine's territorial waters. From Royal Navy headquarters atop Mount Carmel a flare shot up, arched slowly, and fell flaming among the tall dark cypresses on the mountain slope. The British mandate had ended.

A few hours after Cunningham left the docks at Haifa, 400 Jews gathered at the Tel Aviv Museum under the watchful eyes of *Haganah* Bren-gunners. The 13 men who would rule the new Jewish state sat down at a long table on a raised dais. Over their heads were white Zionist flags bearing two pale blue stripes and a blue Star of David. The assemblage rose to sing the Zionist anthem *Hatikvah*—"The ancient longing will be fulfilled, to return to the land . . . of our fathers . . ."

A stocky man with a halo of electric white hair, dressed in a light blue suit and tie and white shirt, fiddled nervously with his glasses and papers, looked frequently at his watch. On the dot of 4 p.m., David Ben-Gurion, first Prime Minister of the Jewish state, banged the table with his fist and began to read. As he reached the words proclaiming "the establishment of the Jewish State in Palestine, to be called Israel,"* the audience cheered and wept.

In the two hours that remained before sundown, when the Jewish Sabbath would begin, Tel Aviv's jubilant people danced in the streets, paraded with blue-&-white streamers and Star of David flags, prayed in their synagogues, with tears and cheers waved off truckloads of *Haganah* youths headed for the frontiers.

AP

RIOTING IN JERUSALEM
And ancient longing fulfilled.

Unhindered now by the British, the refugee ship *Andria* brought 360 immigrants into Haifa. Other ships brought war supplies to Tel Aviv. The new government announced its adherence to the principles of the U.N. Charter. At 21 minutes past midnight, Palestine time, President Truman announced: "The U.S. Government recognizes the provisional government as the *de facto* authority of the new state of Israel."

The long-awaited deadline was not greeted by everyone with cheers. Abdullah Ibn-Hussein, King of the Hashimite Kingdom of Transjordan, watched his Arab Legion assemble. With the first glimmer of dawn, the troops began to wind down the road to the Jordan Valley in tanks, armored cars and trucks. Their first operations were to occupy villages north and south of Jerusalem.

Still other Arab contingents were on the move. In southern Palestine, Egyptian troops crossed the border into the sandy wastes of the Negeb Desert to seize Jewish settlements on the road to Gaza. In northern Palestine, where *Haganah* was trying to secure the Galilee region, Syrian and Lebanese detachments attacked Jewish settlements. Egyptian air force planes swooped over Tel Aviv in the first strafing and bombing raids of the war. Palestine's native Arabs were panicky, almost leaderless.

Moderate Zionists wanted to make a settlement which would let them go back to the job of building Israel, free of Arab attacks. Already, however, some extremists have been advising the Jews to grab what they could. Last week, *Irgun* Commander Menachim Beigin said that he would stop underground activities in Israel, but he warned that his soldiers would fight for "all" of Palestine, including Transjordan, "until the Jewish flag will fly over the Tower of David in Jerusalem and Jewish peasants will work in the fields of Gilead [in Transjordan]." He warned the Israelite government not to make "further concessions" to the Arabs. Arab leaders, for their part, have not yet shown any willingness to live with the accomplished fact of a Jewish nation. Said Egypt's King Farouk last week: "I cannot and will not tolerate a Zionist state in the Middle East."

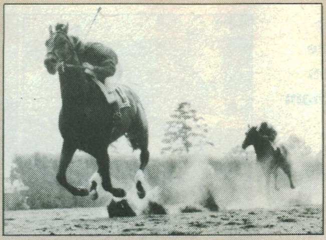
Both sides last week contained men who felt compelled to boast of tomorrow. Whatever hope there was of an understanding between Israel and the Arab states, short of years of debilitating conflict, lay in the fact that there were some who were boasting as little as possible.

---

*After Jacob, grandson of Abraham, had wrestled all night with the angel at the brook Jabbok, the angel dubbed him Israel ("Prince of God"), "for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

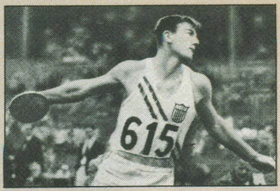
Charles christened

Kinsey issues report on male sexuality



Arcaro rides Citation to victory at Belmont and a Triple Crown

Bell Labs' marvelous midget, the transistor



Bob Mathias, 17, heaves the discus and goes on to win a gold medal in the decathlon at London Olympic Games

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Independence Day

The little old voter fooled everybody. The experts thought they had him analyzed, charted, taped and ready for delivery. But the independent voter apparently wasn't telling anybody anything. This week he went to the polls and cast his secret ballot. In Illinois, a victorious Democratic candidate for the Senate, Paul Douglas, declared: "This is a people's victory." He was right.

Why had the voters chosen Harry Truman and given the Democrats sweeping control of both Senate and House? For a number of reasons, not the least of which was little old Harry Truman.

The President had fought a single-handed fight without parallel in U.S. history. He did it all himself, after Democratic liberal and labor leaders had tried their best to depose him. He had plugged and pounded his way across the country. He had a kind of self-induced fervor which roused the admiring cry of "Pour it on, Harry!"

Harry Truman was now the absolute boss of a resurgent Democratic Party. Republicans might not be able to stand it. But the Republic could.

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

The Siege

The incessant roar of the planes—that typical and terrible 20th Century sound, a voice of cold mechanized anger—filled every ear in the city. It reverberated in the bizarre stone ears of the hollow, broken houses; it throbbed in the weary ears of Berlin's people who were bitter, afraid, but far from broken; it echoed in the intently listening ear of history. The sound meant one thing: the West was standing its ground and fighting back.

The crucial battle for Berlin was being fought in the hearts and minds of Berliners—but first & foremost in their bellies. The Russians were attempting to starve into submission 2½ million people in the city's Western sectors. They had been driven to employ a weapon which disgraced them before the civilized world. The Americans and the British were trying to feed the Berliners—by air.

At Tempelhof Airport the occasional shiny C-54s and many battered C-47s landed at the daylight rate of one every three minutes. Scores of ten-ton trucks rolled out to meet them. One hundred and fifty G.I.s and German workers labored 24 hours a day to get them unloaded. In the orange and white control tower, 13 G.I.s worked around the clock, surrounded by Coke bottles, cigarette smoke, and the brassy chattering of radios. The chaotic chorus of American voices was tense but happy; America was in its element. "Give me an ETA on EC 84 . . . That's flour coming in on EC 72 . . . Roger . . . Ease her down . . . Where the hell has 85 gone? Oh yeah, overhead . . ."

With these voices in the battle of Berlin mingled many others. In Washington, U.S. Secretary of State George Marshall said: "We intend to stay."

The man who, along with his G.I.s, had to do most of the staying was a general from Georgia with sad brown eyes, courtly manners and a steel-trap will. He was General Lucius DuBignon Clay, Commander of U.S. Forces in Europe, and he had already made his voice heard. When the Russian squeeze on Berlin first began, he said: "The American troops under my command will use force of arms if necessary. I have firmly made up my mind that I will not be bluffed."

Overhead, the roar of the planes continued day & night.

SAINTS & HEROES

Of Truth and Shame

A stocky young man in grey slacks, a blue pullover and khaki bush jacket stepped forward and knelt at Gandhi's feet. He was Nathu Ram Vinayak Godse, editor of the extremist newspaper *Hindu Rashtra,* which had denounced Gandhi as an appeaser of Moslems. "You are late today for the prayer," said the murderer

"Yes, I am," said Gandhi. Godse suddenly pulled out a tiny Beretta automatic pistol. He fired three times. One bullet ripped into Gandhi's chest, two into his belly. With hands folded, as if welcoming the blow, in the gesture that is both the Hindu greeting and the Christian attitude of prayer, Gandhi fell backward. He murmured, "*Ai Ram, Ai Ram*" (O Rama, O Rama), in invocation to the gentle hero of the Hindu pantheon, Gandhi's favorite.

SCIENCE

Little Brain Cell

Vacuum tubes are the brain cells of modern technology. Each year, as machines take on more complex jobs, more & more vacuum tubes are needed. But they are tricky to manufacture: they are usually both bulky and fragile.

Last week Bell Telephone Laboratories demonstrated a small, simple device that can do many of the jobs now done by vacuum tubes. Called a "Transistor," it is a slim metal cylinder about an inch long. Inside are two hair-thin wires whose points press, two-thousandths of an inch apart, on a pinhead of germanium.

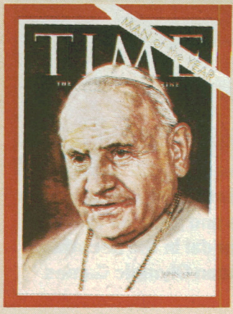
BOOKS

War & No Peace

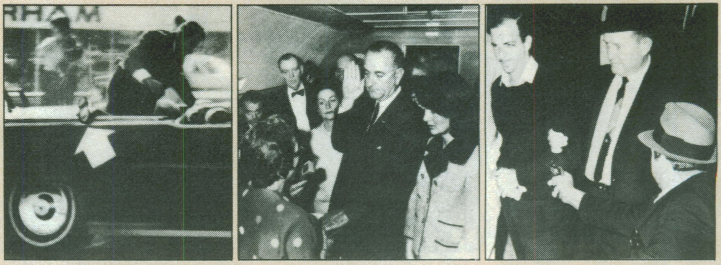
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD (721 pp.)—*Norman Mailer—Rinehart* ($4).

A 25-year-old Harvard graduate who fought at Leyte has written perhaps the best novel yet about World War II.

It is distinguished primarily for simple realism, a forthright, almost childlike honesty, a command of ordinary speech, a cool and effortless narrative style. The battle scenes are so vivid as to suggest *War and Peace,* the common soldiers as clearly visualized as Tolstoy's peasants. Unlike Tolstoy's masterpiece, it is all war, not only in the sense that there are no scenes of peaceful life poised against the scenes of war, but in the sense that a knowledge of the meaning of peace is absent from the characters. They seem never to have known anything else.



■ President Kennedy is shot to death in Dallas by a sniper, Lee Harvey Oswald. ■ Racial clashes roil the South: police in Birmingham use dogs and fire hoses on civil rights demonstrators; four girls die in church bombing; Medgar Evers murdered; sit-ins are held in stores and restaurants. Finally, a mass march through the nation's capital. ■ (Cover: Pope John XXIII, Man of the Year.)



Kennedy, his wife beside him, is mortally wounded by rifle shots in Dallas. Lyndon Johnson takes presidential oath aboard plane bearing Kennedy's body and widow. Assassin Oswald slain in police station by Jack Ruby

THE NATION

CIVIL RIGHTS

The March's Meaning

The march on Washington was a triumph. But after everybody agreed on that, the question was: Why?

Hardly in terms of immediate results, since there were none. The battle cry of the march was "Now!" Seas of placards demanded Negro equality—Now! Speakers demanded action—Now! Cried John Lewis, 25, leader of the militant young Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNICK): "We want our freedom—and we want it NOW!"

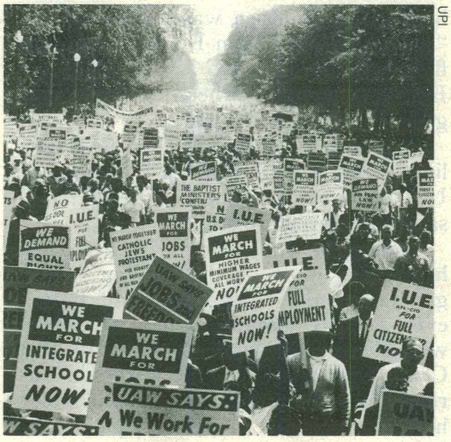
But Now! remained a long way off. It would not come today, tomorrow, next month or next year. This was made starkly clear as the leaders of civil rights organizations paid morning calls on Capitol Hill's most powerful citizens. It was made just as starkly clear after the march, when the civil rights leaders went to the White House to see President Kennedy.

To all, the civil rights leaders made specific requests: they demanded passage of the Kennedy Administration's entire civil rights package, including its controversial section banning discrimination in public accommodations. But even the Kennedy package was inadequate: the Negro leaders wanted to add to it sections that would 1) set up a federal fair employment practices commission, and 2) give the Justice Department vast power to intervene in almost all civil rights disputes. From the Capitol Hill leaders, and from the President, the visitors got polite words—and polite refusals.

Wherein, then, lay the triumph of the march? Civil rights leaders themselves had a hard time putting it into words. "We subpoenaed the conscience of the nation," said Martin Luther King Jr. The march was informal, often formless—yet it somehow had great dignity. It had little of the sustained suspense of an astronaut shoot or a national political convention—but it built, despite moments of boredom and restlessness—to an emotion-draining cli*max*. It was in the probable effects on the conscience of millions of previously indifferent Americans that the march might find its true meaning.

Beginning of a Dream

The march from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial, a distance of about eight-tenths of a mile, had been scheduled to start at 11:30 a.m. But at least 20 minutes before then, a group of Negroes started strolling away from the Monument grounds on the way to the Memorial. Hundreds, then thousands and tens of thousands, followed. Constitution and Independence Avenues were transformed into oceans of bobbing placards. Some marchers wept as they walked; the faces of many more gleamed with happiness. There were no brass bands. There was little shouting or singing. Instead, for over an hour and a half, there was the sound of thousands of feet shuffling toward the temple erected in the name of Abraham Lincoln.



UPI

MARCHERS IN WASHINGTON
"I have a dream."

At the Memorial, the first order of business was a program of professional entertainment. Folk Singers Joan Baez, Josh White, Odetta, Bob Dylan, Peter-Paul-and-Mary rendered hymns and civil rights songs.

Now to the platform came Singer Mahalia Jackson. First she sang a slow, sorrowful Gospel song titled *I've Been Buked and I've Been Scorned.* Her voice was marvelous, but her impact was more in her manner. Near tears, she moved her huge audience to tears. But in the very next breath, she would break into an expression of expectant happiness. When that happened, people who had been sobbing a second before began laughing, sharing in her expectancy.

Mahalia was hard to follow—and there probably was only one person in the civil rights world who could have done it quite so successfully. His introduction was drowned out by the roaring cheers of those who saw him heading toward the speakers' platform. He was Atlanta's Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

"The Negro," he said, "lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity and finds himself an exile in his own land." King continued stolidly: "It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment and to underestimate the determination of the Negro. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality."

Already, King's particular magic had enslaved his audience, which roared "Yes, yes!" to almost everything he said. But then, King came to the end of his prepared text—and he swept right on in an exhibition of impromptu oratory that was catching, dramatic, inspirational.

"I have a dream," King cried. The crowd began cheering, but King, never pausing, brought silence as he continued. "I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood."

"I have a dream," King went on, relentlessly shouting down the thunderous swell of the crowd's applause, "that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character."

Even after King finished, there were some final ceremonies. But to all effective intents and purposes, the day was over. Obeying their leaders' injunctions to leave town as soon as the official ceremonies had ended, the demonstrators made their way back toward their trains, buses, planes and cars. It was a quiet night in Washington—after a day that would never be forgotten.

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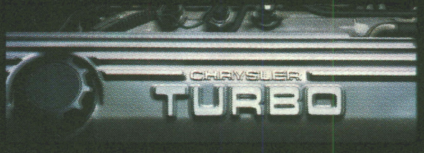
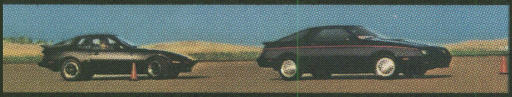


We turbocharged it. From 0-50, Laser XE leaves Camaro Z28 with its shadow. Z28 is a powerhouse—but Laser XE is the sophisticated new wave. Its multi-point injection system "spritzes" fuel in at four points. Its water-cooled bearing reduces a critical turbo temperature by 500° F. Its turbo engine boosts h.p. 45% and moves Laser like light. With 5-speed your time to 50 mph is 5.8 seconds. Z28, Trans Am, Supra and RX-7 are in your remote-controlled side-view mirrors.

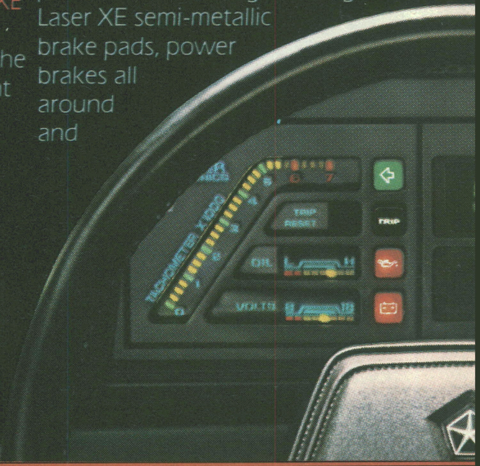
We gave it high-performance braking. Laser XE stops where Trans Am doesn't. We think total performance calls for performance braking. So we gave Laser XE semi-metallic brake pads, power brakes all around and

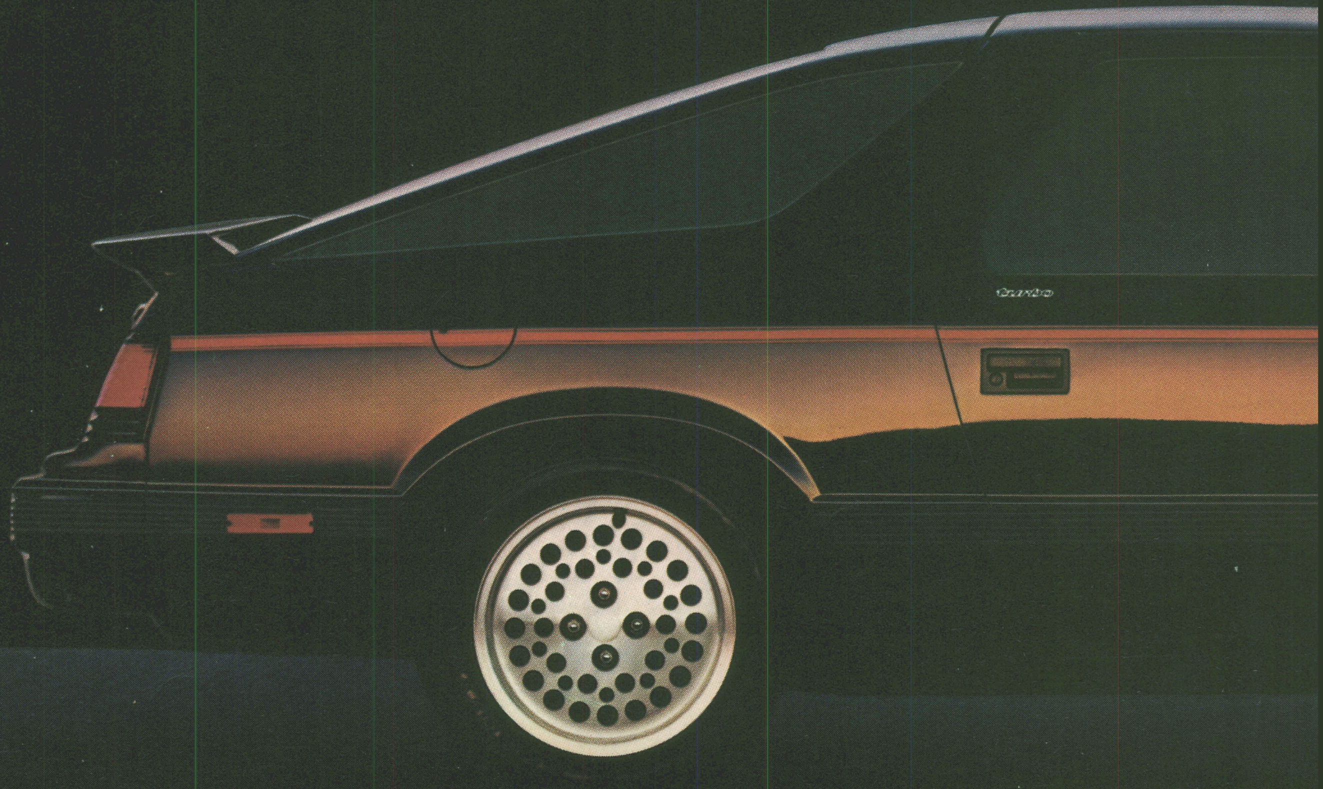


Laser beats Porsche in the slalom.

Laser outperforms Trans Am in braking.

Laser is faster than Camaro Z28 from 0-50 mph.





that had to outperform the competition.

optional wide 15" alloy wheels with Goodyear Eagle GT radials. Result: Laser stops quicker than Z28, Trans Am, Mustang GT, Supra, RX-7. Even Porsche 944 can't beat our world class braking.

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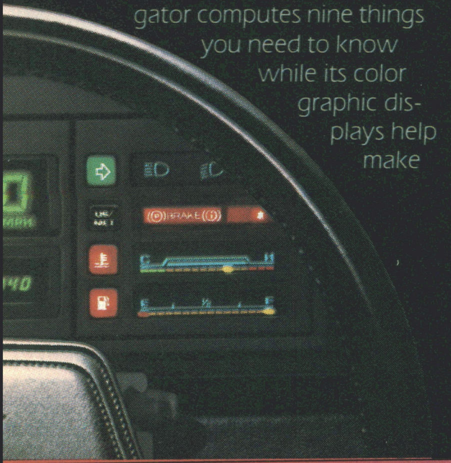

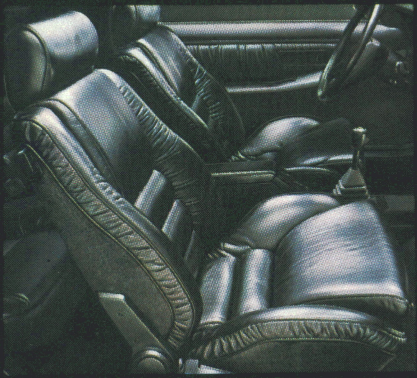

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° Laser XE equipped with optional handling suspension, Turbo package and 15 inch road wheels/tires.

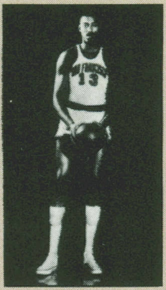
Viet Nam's Diem slain in coup

Buddhist monk sets self ablaze; such protests help cause Diem's fall

Bob Dylan singing *Blowin' in the Wind*

Police attack a rights march in Birmingham

Barbra Streisand sings *Happy Days Are Here Again*



Wilt (the Stilt) Chamberlain

THE PRESIDENCY

"The Government Still Lives"

Over Nob Hill and the Harvard Yard, across Washington's broad avenues and Pittsburgh's thrusting chimneys, in a thousand towns and villages the bells began to toll. At U.S. bases from Korea to Germany, artillery pieces boomed out every half hour from dawn to dusk in a stately, protracted tattoo of grief.

It was the kind of feeling that words could hardly frame. At Boston's Symphony Hall, Conductor Erich Leinsdorf laid down his baton, raised it again for the funeral march from the *Eroica*. On a Washington street corner, a blind Negro woman plucked at the strings of her guitar, half-singing, half-weeping a dirge: "He promised never to leave me . . ."

Later the words came, torrents of them. But only two were really needed. A Greek-born barber said them in his Times Square shop: "I cry." A woman said them in another way on London's Strand: "My God!" Jacqueline Kennedy said them as her husband pitched forward, dying: "Oh no!" A Roman Catholic priest said them with irrevocable finality outside the Dallas hospital where he had just administered the last rites to John Fitzgerald Kennedy: "He's dead."

In the U.S. Senate, Chaplain Frederick Brown Harris mounted the rostrum and placed a single sheet of scrawled notes before him. "We gaze at a vacant place against the sky," he said, "as the President of the Republic goes down like a giant cedar." Then he recalled the words that Ohio Representative James A. Garfield spoke on the morning that Abraham Lincoln died in 1865. "Fellow citizens," said Garfield, who was to die by assassination himself 16 years later, "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

So it does. In such circumstances the change of power is cruel but necessary. Ninety-eight minutes after Kennedy was pronounced dead, Lyndon Baines Johnson, 55, was sworn in as 36th President of the United States. And even as Air Force One winged over the sere plains of Texas and the jagged peaks of the Ozarks, bearing not only the new President but the body of the one just past, the machinery of government was still working.

BOOKS

Jabberwock

Joseph Heller's *Catch-22,* the first novel by this 39-year-old escapee from *McCall's* promotion department, is powerful, clumsy, angry and comical, somewhat in the manner one would expect of a half-grown rhinoceros. The author seems only occasionally and precariously in control of this jabberwock of a book, but since *Catch-22* is a wild war satire, it does not much matter that the book tramples what scenery it does not chew. The novel's hero is Yossarian, an Air Force captain whose maladjustment is that he is sane. He is stationed in Italy and has flown 40 or 50 missions, and he tries to explain to a friend what troubles him about this: "They're trying to kill me." No one is trying to kill you, the friend says. "Then why are they shooting at me?" Yossarian asks.

SHOW BUSINESS

NEW FACES

She Knows What She Means

When Barbra Streisand talks, she gets lost in the trackless deserts of her burgeoning vocabulary. "Creativity is like a part of perversion," she will begin, "like a thing that goes inward for emotion, not responsively, because intellect is bad for what I do." Such thoughts always bring her to a helpless "Know what I mean?" And no one ever does. But when she sings, everyone knows exactly what she means; even with a banal song, she can hush a room as if she really had something worth saying.

Last week at Manhattan's Blue Angel, she squirmed onto a stool and let her coltish legs dangle, ankles flapping. She twisted bony fingers through her hair and blessed her audience with a tired smile. Then she sang—and at the first note, her voice erased all the gawkiness.

Only 20 and a singer for barely three years, Barbra seldom hits a note on pitch, but she slides into tune with such grace that her quavers often sound intended. She closes her show with a slow version of *Happy Days Are Here Again* that lends the song an ambivalent sorrow only a very wise girl could dream up.

COMEDIANS

His Own Boswell

Woody Allen is a new, 27-year-old comedian whose monologues tumble with wild improbabilities.

He talks about people who perspire audibly; and he knows others who make opium out of the poppies sold by veterans. He calls himself a "latent heterosexual" and says he has an intense desire to return to the womb—"anybody's." His father, he remembers, once worked in a factory but was replaced by a small gadget. His mother, he says, bought one.

These jokes come out as segments of nervous, elliptical stories. The man who tells them is a flat-headed, redheaded lemur with closely bitten fingernails and a sports jacket.

MEDICINE

PSYCHIC RESEARCH

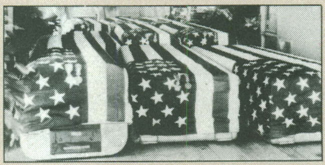
LSD—And All That

For a couple of freewheeling years, two young Harvard psychologists have carried on wide-ranging experiments with mind-altering drugs. At the university's Center for Research in Personality, they sent their graduate-student subjects floating off into other-worldly visions of new and fantastic forms of "reality" and a new meaning of life. Now the cosmic ball is over. Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, both Ph.D.s, are being dropped from the Harvard faculty because university authorities agree with the medical profession that the drugs they used are too dangerous for campus experiments.

In Boston's newest medical building on Emerson Place last week, they were settling into plush offices with the name "International Federation for Internal Freedom." They sounded as euphoric as any of their subjects under the influence of psilocybin, their favorite "consciousness-expanding" drug. Said Leary: "This is much more important than Harvard."

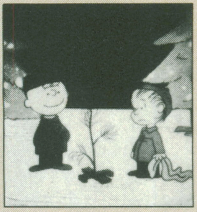
1965

■ The Vatican Council, called to modernize the Roman Catholic Church, comes to triumphant end. ■ Martin Luther King leads mass march for voting rights from Selma to Montgomery, Ala. ■ Racial riots in Watts section of Los Angeles. ■ President Johnson increases troop shipments to Viet Nam to 125,000. ■ Churchill dies at 90. ■ (Cover: Johnson ponders the growing U.S. role in Viet Nam.)



More and more American coffins return home from the widening conflict in Viet Nam. U.S. planes start bombing raids on the North

Malcolm X slain



Charlie Brown and Linus of *Peanuts*

TIME ESSAY

VATICAN II: TURNING THE CHURCH TOWARD THE WORLD

"THE whole world expects a step forward," said John XXIII as he opened the Second Vatican Council in October 1962. When Pope Paul VI formally closed it last week, he heralded it as "among the greatest events of the church." Whatever the future's judgment, there can be little doubt that the council indeed represents a momentous step forward in carrying Christendom's oldest, largest body into modern times and bringing it into closer contact with all men—religious or not.

Vatican II was strikingly different from the 20 other ecclesiastical assemblies that Roman Catholicism ranks as ecumenical. It is the first council that did not face, or leave in its wake, heresy or schism. Councils have always been the church's last-resort response to crisis—from the First Council of Nicaea, summoned by Emperor Constantine in 325 to combat the Arian heresy, to the abortive Vatican I (1869-70), which faced the bewildering effects of the ever-widening industrial revolution.

At the time Vatican II convened, there were few obvious threats, few violent complaints among its 560 million members. Yet the church was scarcely facing up to the growing secularization of life, the explosion of science, the bitter claims to social justice in old nations and new. Catholic theology, dominated by a textbook scholasticism, appeared to have stopped in the 13th century. Except by a few pioneer ecumenists, Protestants were unhesitatingly regarded as heretics.

Today this sort of thinking seems almost as remote in the church as the sale of indulgences—and this is perhaps the strongest single measure of the council's achievements. The essentials of Catholic dogma stand, of course, as does Rome's claim of universality. What has changed drastically is atmosphere and attitudes. "Before, the church looked like an immense and immovable colossus, the city set on a hill, the stable bulwark against the revolutionary change," says the English Benedictine abbot, Dom Christopher Butler. "Now it has become a people on the march—or at least a people which is packing its bags for a pilgrimage."

In all, more than 2,400 patriarchs, cardinals, bishops and religious superiors took part in the council's deliberations. For the first time in history, observers from Protestant and Orthodox churches not only sat in attendance at the debates, but were also consulted.

The 16 promulgated decrees, constitutions and declarations that are the council's legacy divide roughly into two categories. The majority are aimed at the internal renewal and reform of Catholicism, but at least four may profoundly affect the relationship between the church and the non-Catholic world.

ITALIA

POPE PAUL CELEBRATES MASS
"Packing bags for a pilgrimage."

One document that has already changed the spiritual life of the church is the constitution *On the Liturgy,* which led to widespread introduction of vernacular languages in the Mass. Another constitution, *On the Church,* asserting that bishops collectively share ruling power over the church with the Pope, is the charter for what many theologians feel will be a slow but unstoppable democratization.

Of more concern to non-Catholics are the documents that clearly define the end of the church's Counter Reformation hostility to other faiths. One is the much rewritten constitution *On the Church in the Modern World,* which attempts to express the mind of Catholicism on such matters of common concern as peace and war, world poverty, industrialism, social and economic justice. A decree *On Ecumenism,* committing Catholicism to work for Christian unity, for the first time acknowledges Protestant bodies as churches that share God's grace and favor. The declaration *On Religious Liberty* states the right of all men to freedom of conscience in worship. Another declaration, *On Non-Christian Religions,* condemns anti-Semitism and asserts that the Jewish people as a whole cannot be accounted guilty of Christ's death.

Many bishops readily admit that these and other documents of Vatican II show some omissions and outright failures. The ecclesiastical legislation had to be shaped and sometimes compromised to gain the approval of disparate men—Italian country bishops who have seldom seen Protestants, and Dutch prelates who pray with them almost daily; U.S. cardinals whose most pressing concern is a multimillion-dollar building fund, and Asian missionaries whose church is a Quonset hut. Methodist Observer Albert C. Outler of Texas says that "several of the declarations are substandard; several are no better than mediocre."

The success or failure of Vatican II cannot be judged merely by the bulk of written documents. More important is the spirit that brought the council together and inspired its discussions. In general, the council indicates a new attitude toward a complex, pluralistic world. Without denying its own belief that it has a special divine mission, Catholicism now acknowledges that it is but one of many spiritual voices with something to tell perplexed modern man. The more the church returns in spirit to the unfettered simplicity of the Gospel from which it sprang, the more likely it is that its voice will be heeded again by the world.

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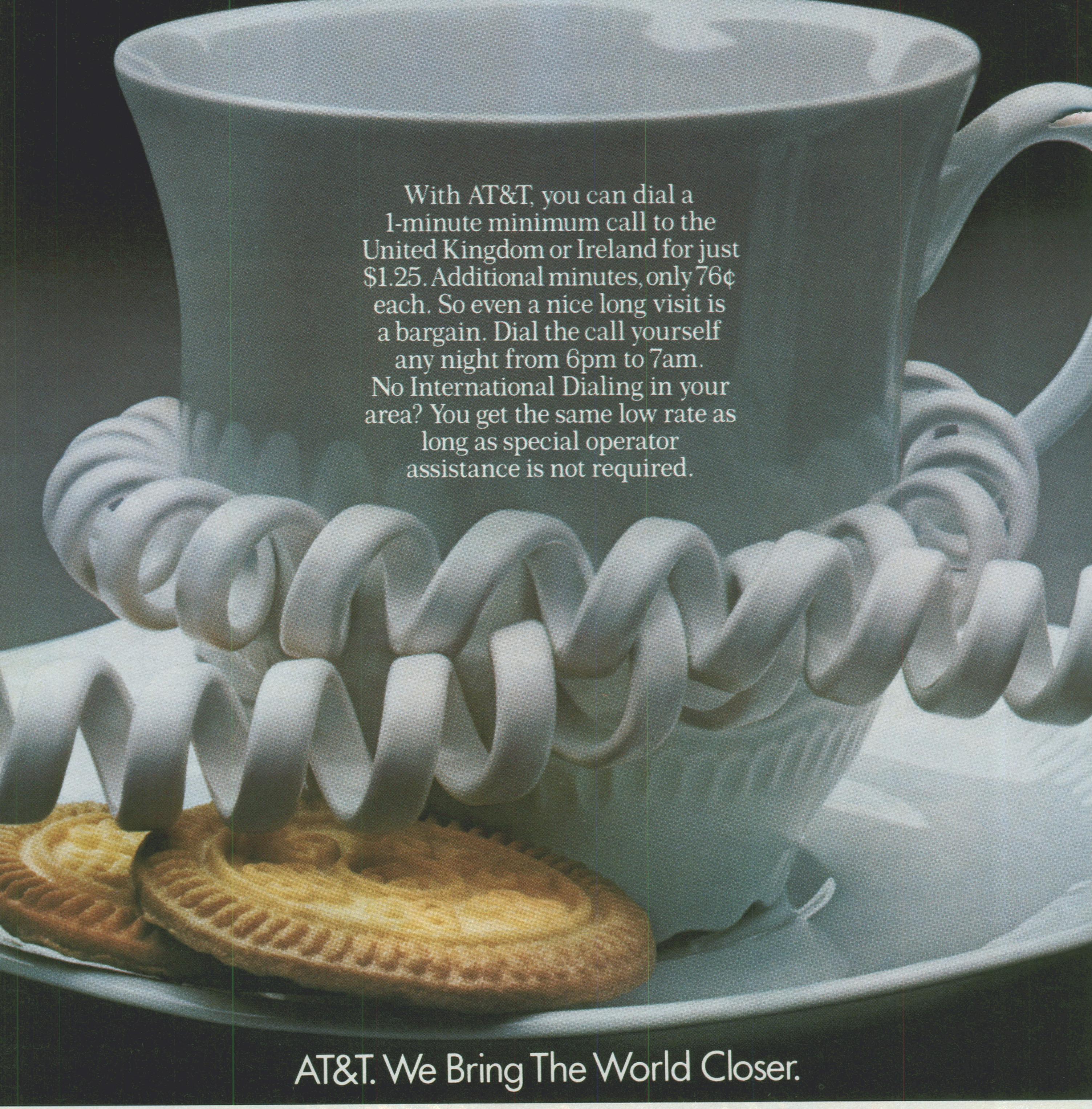
FIRST MINUTE



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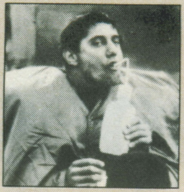
Wild chases mark the Beatles' new film *Help!*

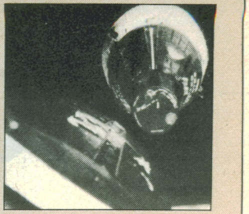


QB Joe Namath gets $400,000

Che Guevara disappears

Judy Garland hugs Daughter Liza Minnelli at Liza's opening

Captured looters are held under guard in wrecked store during Watts riots



Two spaceships, Gemini 6 and 7, maneuver just a few feet apart

THE NATION

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Central Point

Selma is a city of 29,500 people—14,400 whites, 15,100 Negroes. Its voting rolls are 99% white, 1% Negro. More than a city, Selma is a state of mind. "Selma," says a guidebook on Alabama, "is like an old-fashioned gentlewoman, proud and patrician, but never unfriendly." But the symbol of Selma is Sheriff James Clark, 43, a bullyboy segregationist who leads a club-swinging, mounted posse of deputy volunteers, many of them Ku Klux Klansmen. It was in Selma, four years ago, that the Federal Government filed its first voting-rights suit, but court processes are slow, and Selma Negroes remain unregistered.

Selma seemed a natural target to Martin Luther King. He rounded up hundreds of Negroes at a time, led them on marches to the county courthouse to register to vote. Always, Clark awaited them, either turning them away or arresting them for contempt of court, truancy, juvenile delinquency and parading without a permit. In seven weeks, Clark jailed no fewer than 2,000 men, women and children, including King, who dramatized the situation by refusing to make bond for four days. Still the Negroes came, singing "We shall overcome." In reply, Sheriff Clark pinned a button on his shirt reading "Never!" The city's mood grew ever uglier.

King called for a march from Selma to the state capitol at Montgomery, 50 miles away. King planned to lead the march himself, but at the last minute was persuaded by aides to stay at his Atlanta headquarters for his safety's sake.

Ignoring an order from Governor Wallace forbidding the march, 650 Negroes and a few whites filed through the back streets of Selma, and headed for the Edmund Pettus Bridge, which crosses the Alabama River.

On U.S. Highway 80, 400 yards beyond the bridge, was a phalanx of 60 state cops. Suddenly the clubs started swinging. From the sidelines, white townspeople raised their voices in cheers and whoops. Joined by possemen and deputies, the patrolmen waded into the screaming mob. Now came the sound of canisters being fired. A Negro screamed: "Tear gas!" Within seconds the highway was swirling with white and yellow clouds of smoke, raging with the cries of men. Choking, bleeding, the Negroes fled in all directions while the whites pursued them. The mounted men uncoiled bull whips and lashed out viciously as the horses' hoofs trampled the fallen. "O.K., nigger!" snarled a posseman, flailing away at a running Negro woman. "You wanted to march—now march!"

"Please! No!" begged a Negro as a cop flailed away with his club. "My God, we're being killed!" cried another. The Negroes staggered across the bridge and made for the church, chased by the sheriff's deputies and the horsemen. All told, 78 Negroes required hospital treatment for injuries.

Rarely has public opinion reacted so spontaneously and with such fury. In Detroit, Mayor Jerome Cavanaugh and Michigan's Governor George Romney led a protest parade of 10,000 people. President Johnson publicly declared that he "deplored the brutality." And in Atlanta, Martin Luther King announced that as a "matter of conscience and in an attempt to arouse the deepest concern of the nation," he was "compelled" to lead another march from Selma to Montgomery.

CINEMA

R-H Positive

The Sound of Music, based on the Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein musical comedy, satisfies nearly all the requirements for what moviemakers tout as wholesome family entertainment. It is tuneful, cheerful and colorful—exquisitely filmed in the Tyrolean Alps of Austria. It celebrates courage—the real-life daring of the Trapp Family Singers, who fled the Nazis in 1938. Though Director Robert Wise has made capital of the show's virtues, he can do little to disguise its faults. In dialogue, song and story, *Music* still contains too much sugar, too little spice.

Asked why she has played hooky from the convent to go singing through mountain meadows, the bob-haired young novice Maria (Julie Andrews) explains: "The sky was so blue, and the day was so green and fragrant. I just had to be a part of it!"

SPORTS

PRO FOOTBALL

The Collectors

Some people collect rare stamps or coins. Sonny Werblin, president of the American Football League's New York Jets, collects quarterbacks. He had three last season, and they cost him $48,000. Now he has six. He picked up Virginia Tech's Bob Schweickert for a song, but he had to shell out $200,000 for Notre Dame's Heisman Trophy winner, John Huarte. And to land Alabama's Joe Namath, he went all the way to $400,000—the highest price ever paid for a rookie in the history of pro football.

MODERN LIVING

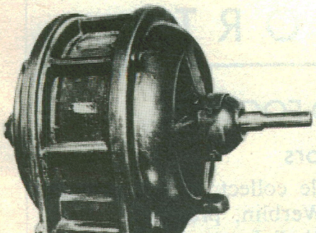
FASHION

The Courage of Courrèges

Tugging at hems has been a feminine wile ever since skirts got off the floor, but more and more U.S. girls are now looking for a new parlor trick. Their skirts are soaring so high that no amount of hemming and hauling could help them hide those inches above the knee. Recently imported from Paris, the short, short skirt has been gleefully adopted by the avant-garde among U.S. teen-agers and coeds as the perfect complement to patterned stockings and leather boots—usually white. From San Francisco coffeehouses to Manhattan *discothèques,* girls are beginning to reveal more thigh than they have stocking to cover.

The man who did most to open up the vistas of *vastus lateralis* is André Courrèges, 41, the brightest new star in the Paris firmament. Courrèges set up his shop in 1961, soon became known as the trouser king for his slim, slit-at-the-bottom slacks and his formal trouser suits. This February his pencil-thin mannequins popped out in white dresses cut three inches above the knee and mid-calf boots open at the toe. The high-flying hem was born.

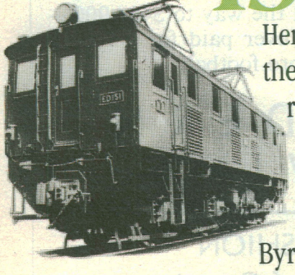
Creativity Shapes the Fa



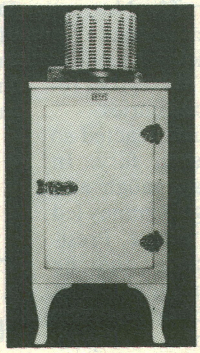
1910

The Panama Canal opens. Neon lighting and X-ray tubes are developed. Albert Einstein works out his theory of relativity. This decade of Hitachi's founding is full of invention. A handful of young Japanese engineers develop a 5 HP electric motor using the company's own original technology, first in a long line of innovative products that will parallel human creativity in a wide variety of fields.

1924



Heroes make the twenties roar: Lindbergh flying the Atlantic, Byrd charting the South Pole, the Great Gatsby making its literary debut, and Babe Ruth swatting a record 60 homers in a single season. Hitachi's homegrown hero: A 59-ton electric locomotive, the company's first.



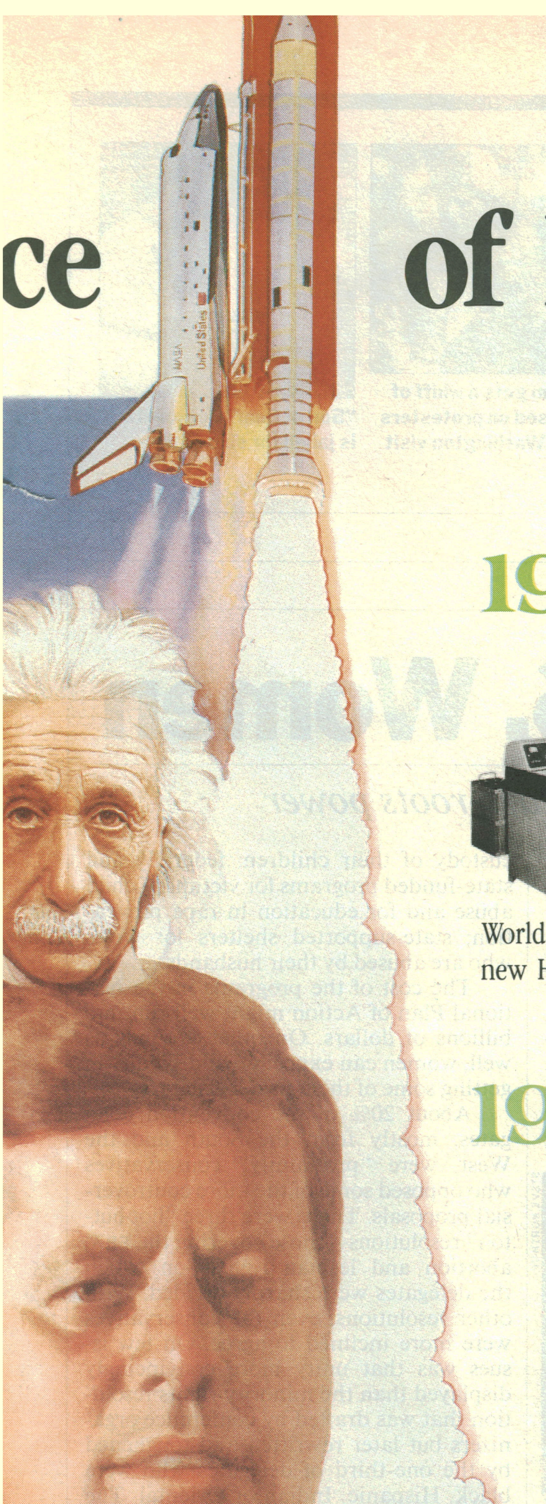
1932

Depression fuels rather than cools the creative fever. Atlanta burns and Clark Gable sizzles in *Gone with the Wind.* Karloff and Lugosi fire imaginations in *Frankenstein* and *Dracula.* Hemingway makes hot property out of Spanish bullfights and African snows. Meanwhile, Hitachi helps keep things cool by introducing its first fully electric refrigerator for home use.

1949

Even in a decade of conflict, creativity finds its voice. Bandmaster Glenn Miller puts the world in the mood for swing, *Oklahoma!* opens on Broadway, and Louis Armstrong shows there's plenty to sing about. Hitachi gives ears of the late forties yet another treat, launching production of mass-market No. 4 type telephones.

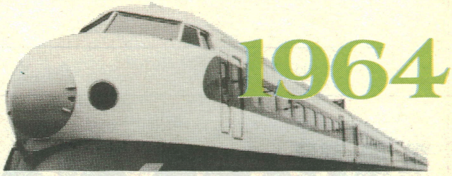
ce of Each Decade



1958

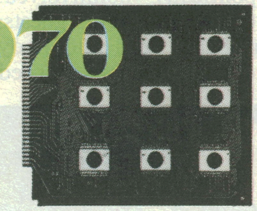
The ladies can't take their eyes off Elvis, except those who are all eyes for Sinatra. Gentlemen prefer blondes and the alluring charms of Marilyn Monroe. But Hitachi is catching the eyes of judges at Brussel's World Exposition and a Grand Prix for the new HS-6 electron microscope.

1964



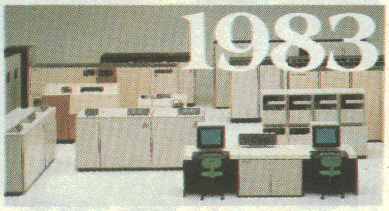
Youth comes of age, putting John F. Kennedy in the White House and the Beatles on the stereo and the color TV. On the eastern horizon, Hitachi is pioneering its own new frontier, completing and delivering the world's first "bullet train," capable of speeds in excess of 210 km/h (130 mph).

1970



Moon walks and skylabs, star wars and shuttles… everyone is gazing skyward, confident that scientific creativity will lead to close encounters of the outer space kind. Down on earth, Hitachi develops its first metal-oxide semiconductor LSI for desk-top calculators, portending computers and video products to come.

1983



There seems to be no limit to human creativity. Already, Hitachi has started off a new decade of innovation with a super-large-scale M-280H computer system, sub-micron order observation of magnetic fields via electron-beam holography, and an ultra-small, high-power semiconductor laser. Whether the need is sophisticated consumer appliances, advanced business machines or industrial equipment, you can count on the R&D capabilities, originality and foresight that have made Hitachi "A World Leader in Technology," with some 150,000 employees, 80 overseas offices, subsidiaries and affiliates, and annual sales exceeding $16,400 million.

HITACHI

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TIME
MIDDLE EAST
AFTER HOUSTON: What Next For Women
ON THE MOVE

■ After growing for 15 years in size and strength, the women's rights movement stages its first mass meeting in Houston to draft a charter for reform. ■ In a historic meeting of enemies, Egypt's Anwar Sadat flies to Israel to seek peace. ■ Jimmy Carter enters the White House and signs a treaty turning the Panama Canal over to Panama. ■ The death penalty returns. ■ (Cover: Delegate at Houston.)

The first couple

Shah of Iran gets a whiff of tear gas used on protesters during his Washington visit

"Son of Sam" Berkowitz is jailed for six murders

Nation

What Next for U.S. Women

Houston produces new alliances and a drive for grass-roots power

The battle was over—and to the curators went the spoils. The blue-and-white lectern emblem proclaiming NATIONAL WOMEN'S CONFERENCE 1977, which had hung for three hectic, fractious, exhilarating days in Houston, last week was headed for Washington's Smithsonian Institution. It will repose with such other memorabilia as the star-spangled banner that flew over Fort McHenry and Charles Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*. And well it might. Over a weekend, American women had reached some kind of watershed in their own history, and in that of the nation.

Declared Eleanor Smeal of Pittsburgh, housewife and president of the 65,000-member National Organization for Women: "Houston was a rite of passage." Ruth Clusen of Green Bay, Wis., president of the League of Women Voters, struck the same theme: "Even for women who are outside organizational life, who don't see themselves as part of the women's movement, something has happened in their lives as a result of this meeting, whether they realize it or not."

What happened, particularly for the 14,000 who attended the Houston meeting, was an end to the psychological isolation that had constrained their activities and ambitions. They learned that many other middle-of-the-road, American-as-Mom's-apple-pie women shared with them a sense of second-class citizenship and a craving for greater social and economic equality. Said Ida Castro, an alternate delegate from New Jersey: "It was a total high to get together and discover so many people who agree on so many issues, and finding that I am not alone."

Over and over, the convention was described as "a rainbow of women." No previous women's gathering could begin to match its diversity of age, income, race, occupation or opinion. There were 1,442 delegates who had been elected at 56 state and territorial meetings that were open to the public; 400 more had been appointed at large by an overseeing national commission. They were white, black, yellow, Hispanic and Indian—and four were Eskimo. They were rich, poor, radical, conservative, Democratic, Republican and politically noninvolved. Three Presidents' wives were guests: Rosalynn Carter, Betty Ford and Lady Bird Johnson. (Jackie Onassis turned down an invitation; Pat Nixon was ill.)

STEVE NORTHUP

Bella Abzug chairs Houston conference

"In the second stage, action and power."

By the end of the Houston conference, the women's movement had armed itself with a 25-point, revised National Plan of Action. By convincing majorities, the delegates called for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment; free choice on abortion, along with federal and state funds for those who cannot afford it; a national health insurance plan with special provisions for women; extension of Social Security benefits to housewives; elimination of job, housing and credit discrimination against lesbians, and their right to have custody of their children; federally and state-funded programs for victims of child abuse and for education in rape prevention; state-supported shelters for wives who are abused by their husbands.

The cost of the programs in the National Plan of Action might well run into billions of dollars. On other grounds as well, women can expect great difficulty in getting some of them past legislators.

About 20% of the convention delegates, mostly from the South and the West, were "pro-family" conservatives who opposed some of the more controversial proposals. There were three "hot button" resolutions—those covering the ERA, abortion and lesbian rights—on which the delegates were sharply divided. With other resolutions, even the conservatives were more inclined to agree. On few issues was that unity more convincingly displayed than the minority rights resolution that was drafted by conference organizers but later rewritten and toughened by the one-third of delegates who were black, Hispanic, Indian or Oriental. The revised version was carried with virtual unanimity by delegates who had split bitterly on other issues. Exulted Liz Carpenter, leader of ERAmerica, the group spearheading the amendment ratification drive: "We can no longer be accused of being a middle-class white women's cause."

Now the women's movement faces the much more complex, challenging and drawn-out task of turning at least some of its propositions into reality. Said Bella Abzug, presiding officer of the conference: "We are in the second stage, of action and political power." As delegates streamed home from the conference, they seemed to reinforce Abzug's message. Confirmed in their confidence, women vowed to place their interests on the political stage as never before. ■

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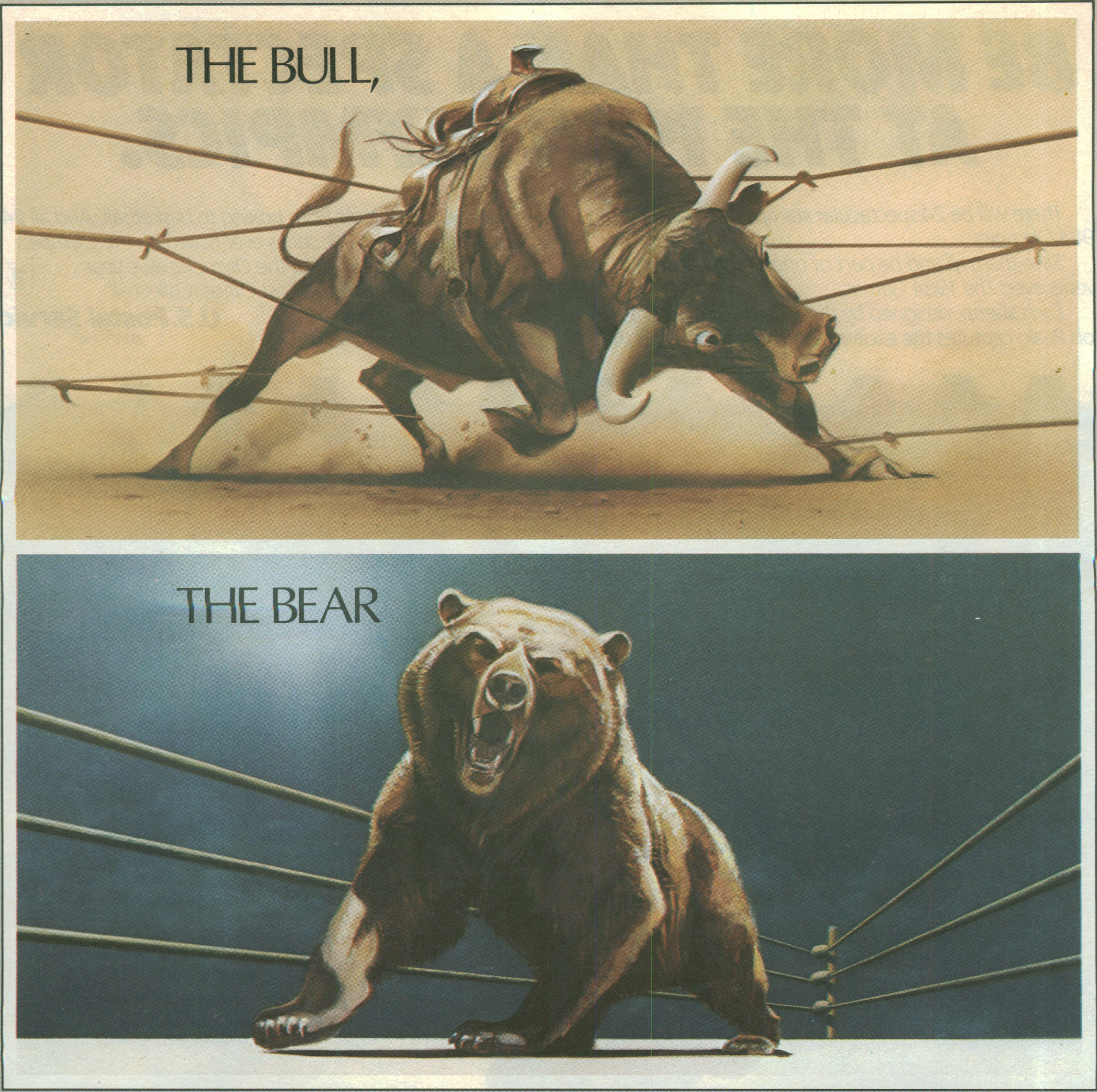

. . . OR THE BANKER?

Stock market investments *can* be very inviting. Everybody, it seems, knows "this guy" who knows "this other guy" who made a *real* killing in a big bull market. Of course, behind every Cinderella story there's another tale—of uncertainty and vulnerability.

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WITH NO IFS

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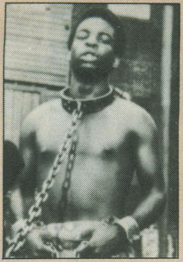
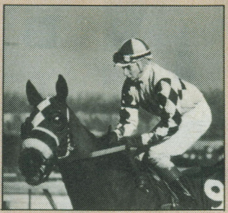


LeVar Burton in TV's *Roots*

Collision of two 747 jumbo jets kills record 582 people in Canary Islands



Only 17, Apprentice Jockey Steve Cauthen rides 524 winners

The late Elvis Presley

Brazil's Pelé leads N.Y. Cosmos to championship

THE INAUGURATION

Waltzing In

Jimmy Carter triumphant

For some, the high point was Jimmy Carter's unexpected thank you to Gerald Ford "for all he has done to heal our land." For others, it was Carter's unprecedented stroll down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the White House after he was sworn in. But for many, the most memorable—and symbolic—moment came when a black choir sang the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* in honor of a Southern President.

A century of Southern estrangement from the nation was over. A remarkable political journey—one that led in only two years from the red clay fields of south Georgia to America's highest office—was at an end. Jimmy Carter, at 52, was the 39th President of the United States.

Few seemed less awed by the transformation than Carter himself. With Rosalynn and nine-year-old Amy in tow, he strolled like a tourist up the driveway to his new home. "Where do I live?" he asked White House Chief Usher Rex Scouten. Scouten promptly led the family upstairs to the quarters that had only that morning been vacated by the Fords.

Someone had asked Carter the night before his swearing-in if he were nervous about becoming President. "No," he answered after a moment's reflection. "I'm sorry, but I'm not." He plunged immediately and vigorously into his work. Within a day he had issued his first Executive order, pardoning all Viet Nam–era draft evaders who were not involved in violent antiwar acts. He also issued a statement urging Americans to save energy by turning down their thermostats to 65° F. ■

RACES

Spectacular

Roots *portrays a heritage*

In Chicago, they were talking about "Haley's comet." To Atlanta TV Executive Neil Kuvin, it was "Super Bowl every night." In New York, Executive Director Vernon Jordan of the National Urban League called it "the single most spectacular educational experience in race relations in America."

What they were talking about was ABC's epic dramatization of Alex Haley's book *Roots*. For eight consecutive nights, tens of millions of Americans were riveted by Haley's story of his family's passage from an ancestral home in Africa to slavery in America and, finally, to freedom. Along the way, Americans of both races discovered that they share a common heritage, however brutal; that the ties that link them to their ancestors also bind them to each other. Thus, with the final episode, *Roots* was no longer just a best-selling book and a boffo TV production but a social phenomenon. ■

World

MIDDLE EAST

Enter Sadat

A "sacred mission" to Israel

At two minutes to 8 on Saturday night—the evening arrival was carefully chosen so as not to violate the Jewish Sabbath—the Egyptian white Boeing 707, its red trim glistening under klieg lights, rolled to a stop at Tel Aviv's Ben Gurion Airport. Israeli army trumpeters blared out a welcoming fanfare. As thousands of Israelis waved their newly purchased red-white-and-black Egyptian flags, out stepped President Anwar Sadat on a "sacred mission"—to speak directly to the people of Israel about peace.

Sadat was greeted warmly by President Ephraim Katzir and Premier Menachem Begin. "Thank you," said Sadat as he shook hands. Answered Begin: "You are welcome. Thank you for coming to visit us." Never before had the Middle East witnessed such a moment—the first visit ever of an Arab leader to the Jewish state—and Israelis could scarcely believe what they were seeing. Egypt has been an implacable enemy in four wars that have cost thousands of casualties on both sides, yet there was Anwar Sadat standing solemnly at attention as a military band played both the Egyptian national anthem and the Israeli *Hatikvah*. In the background, gunners fired off a 21-gun salute. ■

Law

Gilmore Dies

The death penalty revived

It was an old mahogany office chair with a black vinyl seat and back. There, in an old tannery known as the Slaughterhouse in the southwest corner of the Utah State Prison, sat Gary Mark Gilmore, 36, freshly shaven and wearing a black T shirt, crumpled white trousers and red, white and blue sneakers. His neck, waist, wrists and feet were loosely bound to the chair. Twenty-six feet away hung a sailcloth partition with five slits. Hidden behind the curtain stood five riflemen armed with .30-.30 rifles, four loaded with steel-jacketed shells, the fifth with a blank.

Warden Sam Smith read the court's sentence of death for the murder of a young motel manager. Gilmore peered around the cold, harshly lit room, stared at the warden for a moment and finally said, "Let's do it."

The warden made a slight motion with his left hand, and a rifle volley shattered the silence. Four bullets tore into Gilmore's heart, twisting his body, which then turned limp. Blood slowly poured out, staining the bullet-pocked chair. Two minutes later, at 8:07 a.m. on Jan. 17, Gary Gilmore was declared dead. He was the first prisoner to be executed in the U.S. since 1967. ■

Cinema

Star Wars

The Year's Best Movie

What can a punk kid, a has-been general and a comedy team of robots do against the dark, illimitable powers of the Galactic Empire? A universe of plenty—as audiences can discover beginning this week in *Star Wars*, a grand and glorious film that is the best movie of the year so far. *Star Wars* is a combination of *Flash Gordon, The Wizard of Oz,* the Errol Flynn swashbucklers of the '30s and almost every western ever screened. ■

THE CAR YOU C ONE THIR

If you're about to go shopping for a new car, get a grip on yourself. Prices are astronomical.

But if you buy a Volvo, you'll get more than your money's worth.

Studies show Volvo's life expectancy is now one third longer than the average of all other cars on the road.*

Besides getting more years for your money,

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*Analysis conducted by Ken Warwick & Associates, Inc. Based on a comparison of U.S. registration data for Volvo and for the automobile industry as a whole and not by individual make. This is not, however, an expressed or implied warranty, but it's comforting to know. © 1982 Volvo of America Corporation.

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AN HOLD ON TO
LONGER.

you get more car. All Volvos come with power assisted brakes and steering, fuel injection, radials, even reclining front bucket seats with adjustable lumbar supports.

So in addition to being the car you can hold on to longer, you'll find Volvo is also the car you won't want to let go of.

VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

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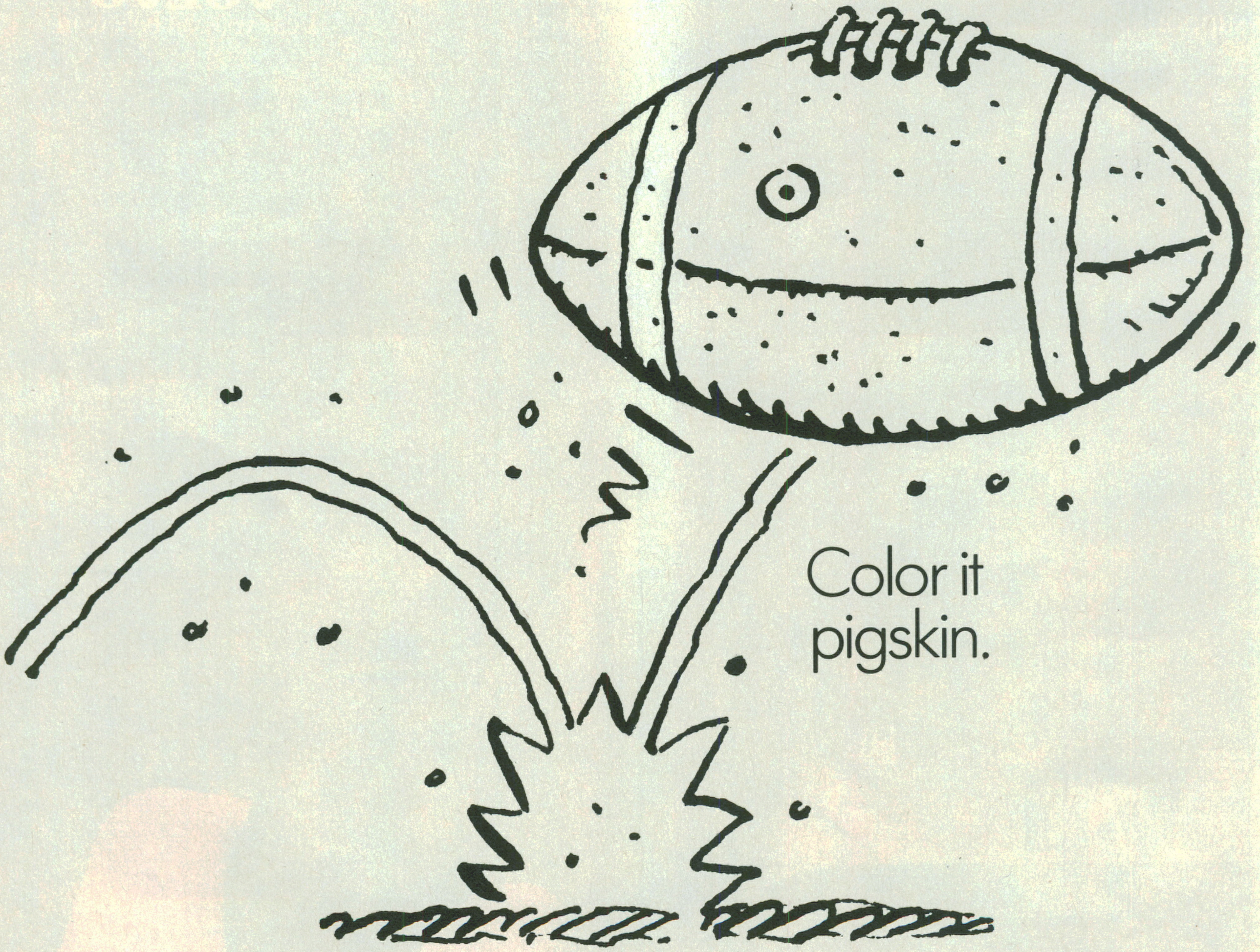
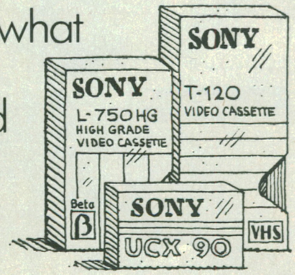
Sony Tape. The Perfect Blank.



Color it pigskin.

Bring home a Sony Audio or Video Tape and what do you get? The perfect blank.

Electronically designed to capture more sound than you can hear, more color than you can see.


SONY
T-120
VIDEO CASSETTE
SONY
L-750HG
HIGH GRADE
VIDEO CASSETTE
Beta
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SONY
UCX 90
VHS

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The Wealth of Nations

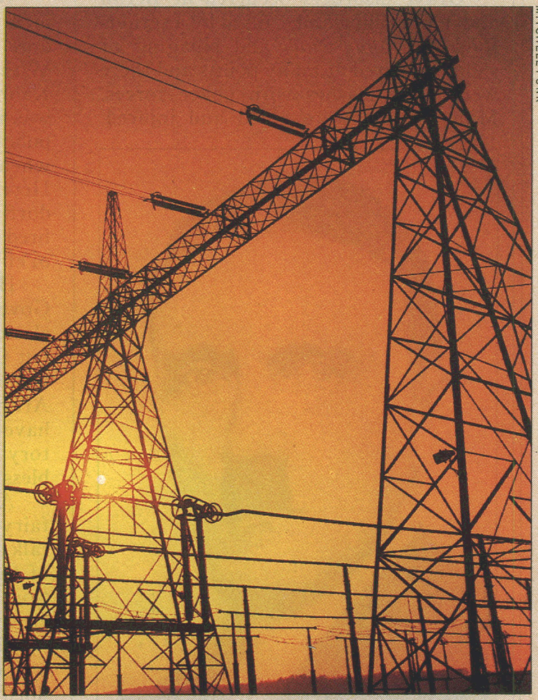
From boom to depression to prosperity to stagflation to—what?

Jobs, pay, prices, taxes—the heart of economic news—have been subjects of intense concern to ordinary citizens throughout history. Yet few trends in news coverage during the past 60 years have been more striking than the growth of business and economic reporting, in sheer volume, in sophistication and in influence on public opinion.

This shift mirrors a vast change in American and international perceptions. In the palmy days of the 1920s, the economy seemed to be a machine that ran automatically. It might develop rattles and knocks during wars and speculative panics, but most experts believed it should be left to follow its own self-correcting laws—*i.e.,* be ignored. That comfortable belief has been destroyed by three generations of dizzying swings from boom to shattering global depression to unexampled post–World War II prosperity to the "stagflation" of the 1970s. The monthly trends in the consumer price index and the unemployment rate may bring joy, gloom or, frequently, bewilderment, but they are anxiously surveyed nowadays by millions.

Growing concern, however, has not made the economy much easier to interpret. Indeed, one of the characteristics of economic news is that its great turning points are shrouded in ambiguity and retrospective debate. With the rarest exceptions, the beginnings and ends of inflations, depressions and booms do not announce themselves with any event so unmistakable as the exchange of gunfire that opens a war. Thus, more than in most areas of the news, the stories reprinted here must stand as surrogates for many, many others.

The insane German inflation of 1923 was in part a singular event, a product of such particular circumstances as military defeat, heavy reparations and the loss of major economic assets. But it wrought such psychological pandemonium and so thoroughly destroyed social as well as financial confidence that it still stands as the classic inflation of modern times. As such it remains a nightmarish symbol of a problem that has become perhaps the most persistent one haunting modern economies. Though the chronic inflations that bedevil the industrial West have never spiraled so totally out of control, the German mega-inflation nonetheless serves as a constant warning.



MITCHELL FUNK

Power surges from electric plant near Atlanta

Stringent currency reform helped to subdue the German inflation, however, and the next five years developed into a kind of rosy blur in economic history. Not so 1929: it is one of those years, like 1776 or 1914, that is synonymous with a single event, in this case the Great Crash. Politicians and businessmen might keep saying that prosperity was just around the corner, but they could not still the anguished question that TIME asked about one of the worst days in that debacle: "What then of 1930, or 1931, of even more distant times?"

The dismal answer came all too quickly. By 1933 the U.S. economy had spiraled down to a point so close to complete collapse that even those old enough to remember find it difficult to believe. One-fourth of the working force was unemployed, banks closed down, hungry men hunted for scraps of food in trash heaps. The Inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt marked a turning point perhaps most important for its assertion that economic recovery and revival could be achieved only with a substantial assist from the Government. While the Depression continued, it was softened by the New Deal's relief and reform measures. And with F.D.R.'s cry for "action, and action now," the Government assumed a commitment to alleviate suffering and restore economic health. That commitment has proved irreversible for all succeeding Administrations, conservative and liberal alike.

Real prosperity did not return until the end of World War II. But with the silencing of the guns and the conversion of wartime technology to peaceful uses, there began a generation of rising affluence throughout much of the world, of rapid growth in output and incomes that continued through the '50s and '60s. One of the early milestones of that era was the Marshall Plan of 1947, an act of imaginative statesmanship that started the rebuilding of the war-shattered economy of Western Europe into the mighty industrial engine of today. It also constituted formal recognition—fulfilling the promise of the monetary conference at Bretton Woods in 1944—that the U.S. and other economies share an interdependence, which has grown with almost every succeeding year.

Alas, the new economic Golden Age that seemed within reach in the Soaring Sixties failed to materialize. More than any other event, the Arab oil embargo and stunning price boosts of late 1973 signaled to the world that the long party was over. Those hammer blows did more than awaken the West from its unconscious assumption that cheap energy and other natural resources would always be amply available; the price increases acted as a kind of gigantic consumer tax that gave a mighty push to the overlapping forces of inflation and unemployment that have plagued the industrial nations ever since. It is too early to know precisely what story will one day symbolize the transition from that period to whatever comes next. It is safe to predict, though, that the story will rate front-page headlines in newspapers and cover billing in magazines.

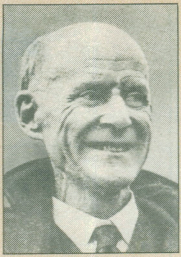
—By George J. Church

■ Germany, dunned by Allies for war reparations, is ravaged by inflation, mounting violence. ■ President Harding dies in midst of Teapot Dome investigation. Calvin Coolidge takes over White House. ■ Treasures found in King Tut's tomb. ■ Insulin: Will it prove to be a cure for diabetes? ■ A time for bathtub gin, the Charleston and dance marathons. ■ (Cover: TIME's first, retiring former Speaker Cannon.)

Economist J.M. Keynes offers reparations plan

Hitler's ally Ludendorff

Vice President Calvin Coolidge is already famed for taciturnity



Eugene Debs leads Socialist convention

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

Exit the Mark

The exact moment of death is as difficult to establish with currencies as it is with persons. The German mark has long since been pronounced incurably sick, and its fever has risen beyond the ability of existing thermometers to measure it. The events of the week tend to the conclusion that its definite decease can be dated at mid-September, 1923.

In a single week, the amazing output of 389,000,000,000,000 of marks—or more than all outstanding marks put together—was seen. The discount rate of the Reichsbank stood at the unparalleled rate of 90%. Individual German States like Dantzig are seeking to establish new currencies of their own, and the Berlin government is frantically at work trying to invent some new gold-convertible currency for the nation.

Germany's rate of currency depreciation and her State deficits now far exceed those of Soviet Russia. In foreign exchange, rates for the mark are so vastly depreciated that they can be expressed only in incalculably large figures. In both London and New York prominent banks have refused to quote, buy or sell the vanishing German currency any longer. It is likewise being stricken off the prominent European stock exchanges, where ordinarily foreign exchange is traded in actively.

The mark has been an extraordinary long time dying. Now, at last, it is apparently dead.

◆

Notes

Berlin police began a search for foreign currency, principally dollars and pounds. On the Friedrichstrasse and the Kurfürstendamm, 27 raids took place and vast quantities of real money were confiscated. All persons received the privilege of calling at the police station after two days to receive the value of their money in marks.

The postage stamp was abolished in Germany, owing to the cost of printing being greater than the face value of the stamps. Hereafter German letters will bear a cancellation indicating that postage has been paid. The lightest letter from Germany costs, at the present rate of exchange, 200,000 marks to deliver in the U.S.

· Grave disorders occurred at Berlin and in the Rhineland, caused by a serious food shortage. Riots and pillaging of shops occurred at many points and there were some clashes with police forces. Many people were killed and injured.

UPI

PUTSCHIST HITLER
A few shots in the ceiling.

The animals in the Berlin Zoo were stated to be so hungry that they keep Berlin awake at night. The roaring of lions and tigers admixed with the "laughs" of hyenas and the howling of the wolves was reputed to have turned residential Berlin into a veritable jungle.

"Beer Hall Revolt"

Under cover of darkness General Erich von Ludendorff, flagitious, inscrutable, unrelenting, sallied forth into the streets of Munich, capital of Bavaria, accompanied by his faithful Austrian, Herr Adolf Hitler, to make a coup for the Hohenzollerns by way of celebrating Nov. 9, the fifth anniversary of the abdication of the then Kaiser.

With unerring instinct they led their men to a beer-house, called the *Bürgerbrau Keller,* famed Bavarian cellar. Within was Bavarian Dictator von Kahr and some others. Dr. von Kahr was in the middle of outlining his state policy in which he denounced Marxism, when the door opened and in walked Herr Hitler and General von Ludendorff with some of their followers, who fired a few shots into the ceiling by way of effect.

Herr Hitler declared the Bavarian Government had been superseded and elected himself not only head of Bavaria but Chancellor of all Germany. General Ludendorff was given command of the Army, which he accepted, and said: "We have reached the turning point in the history of Germany and the world. God bless our work!"

After this distribution of gifts by fairy godfather Hitler, there was wild talk of a march on Berlin, the destruction of the Treaty of Versailles, the deposition of President Ebert and the Berlin Government.

Everything seemed to be "going" well enough. The people cheered Ludendorff when he swaggered in or out of anywhere. The Hitler storm troops were in possession of the city and the sun was shining brightly on the following day. "Chancellor" Hitler and "Commander-in-Chief" von Ludendorff were within the War Office when the loyal Bavarian Reichswehr stormed the building, and after a short battle the "beer hall revolt" was crushed.

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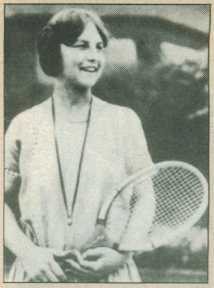
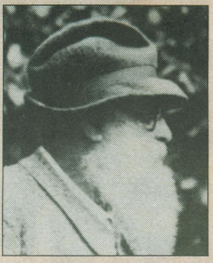
Notes

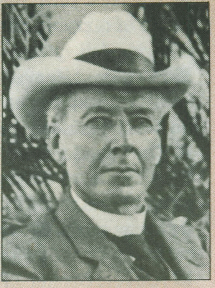
There was a mad rush in Berlin when the Government announced the first issue of 142,000,000 rentenmarks, which is to replace the worthless paper mark. The press, indignant, demanded that the Government take steps to prevent another disturbance when the next issue is given out.

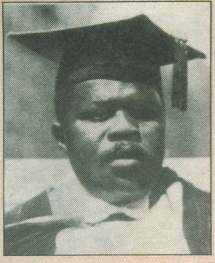

Helen Wills, 17, wins U.S. title

The dashing young Prince of Wales salutes fox hunting


Ailing Painter Monet

Jolson in blackface appears in *Bombo*


Horticulturist Luther Burbank


Black Nationalist Marcus Garvey is convicted of fraud

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The End

At the westernmost edge of the country, having completed something more than half of his great tour of the nation and having served something more than half of his term of office, President Harding died.

The ptomaine poisoning, which had compelled him suddenly to abandon his tour, was followed by a slight attack of pneumonia. For a day or two it did not seem as if he were throwing off the poison. Then gradual improvement followed. His temperature abated, his pulse approached normal. The bulletins of physicians in attendance had at first pronounced his condition "serious." Succeeding bulletins gave more and more encouragement to the hope that he would recover. Public apprehension was allayed.

On Thursday, Aug. 2, the President showed an active interest in his plans. He asked for some "old-fashioned blackberry juice." Towards evening the President seemed in good health. Mrs. Harding was reading aloud. Without warning a tremor shook his frame and he collapsed. Physicians announced that the President had died of cerebral apoplexy at 7:30 p.m., Pacific time.

Mr. Harding's final illness was undoubtedly brought on by his strenuous exertions on the last few days of his trip, especially his arduous day at Seattle after landing from his Alaskan journey. Indirectly his death at this time may undoubtedly be traced to excessive work. His death, following the severe illness of President Wilson produced by the same cause, has led to many suggestions that the duties of the Presidency be divided so that they should not fall with full heaviness upon one man.

WOMEN

"Get the Gander, Too"

The New York City Committee of the National Woman's Party passed a resolution of protest against unfair sex discrimination by the police in a recent raid on a dance hall in Manhattan. After the raid, the women dancers were arrested and imprisoned overnight "to protect their morals." The men were "shooed off" without having their names and addresses printed by the newspapers, as were the women's.

SPORT

A Fight

In the center of the Polo Grounds, Manhattan, Champion Dempsey forcibly induced "Bull" Firpo to lie immobile and unconscious for ten consecutive seconds. When the ten seconds were up, Dempsey walked over to Firpo, picked him up, told him he was a brave fellow.

Before being completely persuaded, Firpo was reduced eight times to squatting and sitting positions and he once rebelled so forcibly as to send Dempsey careening dizzily through the loose ropes into the laps of his friends.

ART

Claude Monet

Claude Monet, blind French painter and last of the great Impressionists, recovered his eyesight after a surgical operation at which his oldest friend, Georges Clemenceau, stood at his side to cheer him. Monet, 83, has been blind for several years. It is not likely that he will paint another of the remarkable "series" which made him famous. But he has recovered what he chiefly sought in art—the pageant of moving light and air.

SCIENCE

With the Diggers

Work in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor proceeded with painstaking slowness incomprehensible to the layman who would prefer to tear the secrets of the ages from Tut-ankh-Amen's breast in a day. Howard Carter and his staff have removed large quantities of highly decorated treasures, many of which are on exhibition in Cairo. Aided by 10,000 candle-power lights in the tomb, telephones and all the paraphernalia of civilization and modern archeological science, they are patiently removing and restoring the canopies and accessories surrounding the sarcophagus of the Pharaoh. But the casket itself will probably not be opened this year, nor will two other chambers crammed with rare objects. The chief problem of the investigators is to keep the material reasonably intact. The golden screen is in momentary danger of crumbling to dust.

MEDICINE

War on Diabetes

The campaign against diabetes mellitus continues unabated, and new light on its treatment is revealed with surprising frequency. The general tendency of diabetes mortality has been upward for fully 20 years. In New York State it now hovers around 22 per 100,000, which is higher than measles or diphtheria.

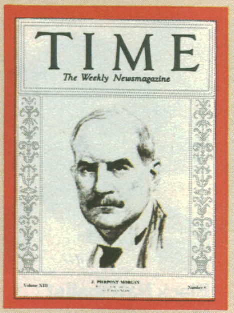
"Insulin," perhaps the most widely heralded medical discovery of the past year, continues to show promise, though its originators claim only that it has alleviated some cases and enabled patients to assimilate a more normal diet.

Insulin was evolved by Drs. J. J. R. Macleod and F. G. Banting, of the physiological department, University of Toronto. It is extracted from the pancreas glands of sheep or beeves.

MISCELLANY

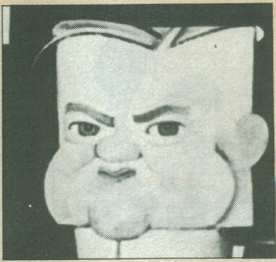
"TIME Brings All Things"

In Eshington, Northumberland, a new non-stop dancing record was established by Victor Hindmarch, who kept at it for 25 hours. His partner, Miss Della Dunn, retired after 22 hours and 21 minutes, but the untiring Hindmarch continued with a woman spectator.



■ The New York Stock Market, after years of dizzying climb, takes a dizzying fall, rallies, then falls again. ■ President Hoover, inaugurated in March, remains optimistic. So do most business leaders. ■ Commander Byrd flies over the South Pole. ■ Chicago's Al Capone gang blasts rivals in St. Valentine's Day massacre. ■ Johnny Weissmuller retires with 67 swimming records. ■ (Cover: Banker J.P. Morgan.)

For Amelia Earhart, the sky's the limit



Caricature of the new U.S. President, Herbert Hoover

Italy's Mussolini

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Bankers v. Panic

In Grand Central, Manhattan, Sydney Zollicoffer Mitchell dismounted from the *Twentieth Century* with a bad cold, went quickly to his office in the 2 Rector St. building. He telephoned a large Stock Exchange house, said he thought there would be trouble but "just call on me for anything you want." A few hours later stock of his gigantic Electric Bond & Share which had recently reached a high of 189 sold for 91. A few days later, it sold at 50.

Promptly at 10 a. m. on Thursday Oct. 24, sounded the gong of the New York Stock Exchange and 6,000 shares of Montgomery Ward changed hands at 83—its 1929 high having been 156.

For so many months so many people had saved money and borrowed money and borrowed on their borrowings to possess themselves of the little pieces of paper by virtue of which they became partners in U. S. Industry. Now they were trying to get rid of them even more frantically than they had tried to get them. Stocks bought without reference to their earnings were being sold without reference to their dividends. At around noon there came the no-bid menace. Even in a panic-market, someone must buy the "dumped" shares, but stocks were dropping from 2 to 10 points between sales—losing from 2 to 10 points before a buyer could be found for them. Sound stocks at shrunk prices—and nobody to buy them. It looked as if U. S. Industries' little partners were in a fair way to bankrupt the firm.

Then at 1:30 p. m., a popular broker and huntsman named Richard F. Whitney strode through the mob of desperate traders, made swiftly for Post No. 2 where the stock of the United States Steel Corp., most pivotal of all U. S. stocks, is traded in. Steel too, had been sinking fast. Having broken down through 200, it was now at 190. If it should sink further, Panic with its most awful leer, might surely take command. Loudly, confidently at Post No. 2, Broker Whitney made known that he offered $205 per share for 25,000 shares of Steel—an order for $5,000,000 worth of stock at 15 points above the market. Soon tickers were flashing the news: "Steel, 205 bid." More and more steel was bought, until 200,000 shares had been purchased against constantly rising quotations. Other buyers bought other pivotal stocks. In an hour General Electric was up 21 points, Montgomery Ward up 23, Radio up 16, A. T. & T. up 22. How far the market would have gone downward on its unchecked momentum is difficult to say. But brokers and traders alike agreed that the man who bid 205 for 25,000 shares of Steel had made himself a hero of a financially historic moment.

That hero, Richard Whitney, head of Richard Whitney & Co., was brother of George Whitney, Morgan Partner. Back of his action lay a noontime meeting held at No. 23 Wall St., Home of the House of Morgan. Head of the House John Pierpont Morgan was in Europe. It was Partner Thomas W. Lamont with whom conferred Charles E. Mitchell, National City Bank; William C. Potter, Guaranty Trust; Albert H. Wiggin, Chase National Bank; Seward Prosser, Bankers Trust. These men controlled resources of more than $6,000,000,000. They met briefly; they issued no formal statement. But to newsmen, Mr. Lamont remarked that brokerage houses were in excellent condition, that the liquidation appeared technical rather than fundamental. He also conveyed, without specifically committing himself, the impression that the banks were ready to support the market. And the meeting was hardly over before Hero Whitney had become Heroic.

BLANK-STOLLER, INC.

BROKER WHITNEY
Panic might leer.

Despite the rapid Thursday afternoon recovery, the low point of the swinging pendulum cut off many a speculative head. Roaring was the business done by downtown speakeasies. Wild were the rumors of ruin and suicide. In Manhattan, one Abraham Germansky, realtor, was last seen tearing ticker tape. In Seattle, one Arthur Bathstein, finance company secretary, shot himself. Estimates of the number of margineers closed out varies from 20% to 70%. During the first three hours of Thursday stock valuations shrank about $11,250,000,000, recovered all but $3,000,000,000 before trading closed. Brokers met at Hornblower & Weeks, counseled against witless selling, thought the decline had spent itself in a day's volume of trading far exceeding anything ever known. On the Stock Exchange 12,894,650 shares changed hands.

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Market "Lesson"

Why then, did a Market which had broken on Oct. 23 demonstrate with a continued crash on Oct. 24 that the end of the Great Bull Market had really arrived? Apt appeared the analogy between the break on the market and a run on a bank. The Bank was U. S. Industry. Assets of the bank were the real assets of U. S. Industry. Stocks were the paper money which the bank had issued. Now all banks, even the Federal Reserve System, issue more money in paper than they have gold in their vaults. Every bank would be broken if all its depositors simultaneously attempted to exchange paper for gold.

Why the crash came on Oct. 23, 1929, is as mysterious as why the World War chanced to begin on Aug. 4, 1914. Vital point is the undermining of popular confidence that ended in the crash. The September slump was of tremendous importance in its indication that a Market which could survive only by constant rises had reached the limits of its climb. Slowly the Market began to realize that 1929 might be an abnormal year, a high-water year instead of one more level in a still-rising tide. If this fear were well founded, what then of 1930, or 1931, of even more distant times?

Toscanini leads N.Y. Philharmonic

France's Maurice Chevalier, effervescent and charming, makes his debut in N.Y.

Clarence Darrow fights Prohibition

"It girl" Clara Bow makes her first talkie

Einstein propounds a baffling new theory

Chancellor Churchill

THE THEATRE

A Touch of Rowdiness

Maurice Chevalier. This keen, young, handsome French song-singer has long been a good reason for a trip to Paris. Now he has come to the U. S. Primarily he came to make motion pictures but, while the operator is changing the reels, Mr. Ziegfeld has captured him. Best songs: about Valentine, and M. et Mme. Elephant.

The U. S. has nothing of its own quite like Chevalier. He effervesces songs and, with fleeting pantomime, gives them the quality of fine etchings slightly caricatured. Having risen from the streets of Paris he has the wistfulness of their shadows. The Paris music-halls have given him a touch of rowdiness. The War, in which he was wounded and captured, left him with unbridled spontaneity.

The Chevalier costume—*un smoking* (dinner jacket) and straw hat—is a vestigial remnant of the days before the War when, as Guest Contributor William Bolitho of the New York *World* says: "Young men dressed like this in the evenings and had fun . . . Look at Chevalier's queer straw hat with the same shiver as you see the Cap of Liberty stuck up in Tammany Hall, or the Crown of England. There is human history in it."

SCIENCE

Einstein's Field Theory

As 24-cent copies of Albert Einstein's abstruse "Coherent Field Theory" reached the U. S. last week, the man himself, his wife and a daughter plodded about Wannsee, simply hunting rooms at that lake colony twelve miles from Berlin.

The man's face was yellowish. He looked haggard, nervous, irritable. He sounded querulous. An internal disease, which last summer he feared would kill him before he could complete his newest theory, has made him so. That disease—plus the harrying visitors who buzzed and scraped about him the past fortnight, and years of indoor, sedentary work. Dr. Einstein, like so many other scholars, takes no physical exercise at all.

He works in the attic of a five-story apartment house at Haberlandstrasse, 5, a quiet thoroughfare near Berlin's zoölogical garden. A large iron door, which clangs as it shuts, keeps him in solitude and silence. The room smells of tobacco. He smokes a long-stem briar pipe, into which he tamps tobacco with his thumb. His working tools are paper and pencils on a good-sized table and his books (cheaply bound in paper for the most part) on shelves around the wall. Ornaments are a four-foot telescope and a large terrestrial globe. The grand piano in the room is his diversion.

Albert Einstein's is a superb mind. In his world nothing stands still. All moves; all changes. There are no straight lines. Everything curves. The world has an end but no boundary. It is like an orange with the rind pared down to nothing and the pips taken out. Within and around that imaginary sphere which remains of the orange, intangible forces wave in every direction. Some waves bump and dampen each other's motion until they have no movement left. But their energy is not lost. It goes into other waves which may bump and merge and thereby strengthen each other. Electrons and protons form and attract each other. They create atoms of matter, the atoms molecules, the molecules earth, water, air.

The Einstein world is a great "field" which has height, breadth, depth and time as its elements. Measuring those four elements requires a new kind of geometry—fourth dimensional geometry, Einstein geometry.

Dr. Einstein in 1905 had shown that electricity and magnetism were different aspects of one world activity. In 1919 he showed that gravity was another world activity. It was impossible, he believed, that gravity and electro-magnetism were two distinct activities. So he was obliged to re-examine his world.

Working in his Berlin study, musing in his sailboat on Wannsee, lolling in his beach chair at Luebeck, Albert Einstein figured out a new metric. It lies between Euclid's and Riemann's conceptions. It shows that gravity, electricity, magnetism, everything is a logical, not chance, part of the world. It enabled him last week to phrase in mathematical terms a theory by which "everything in the world" can be explained. Albert Einstein's theories have altered human existence not at all. But they have revolutionized human *understanding* of existence.

◆

Rocketeering

So unobtrusively does Professor Robert Hutchings Goddard of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., work on his study of the air's upper miles by means of rockets that to many a Clark student he is only a tradition. They call him the moon man, in the inaccurate belief that he is trying to reach the moon with his missiles. Last week, Tradition Goddard detonated very loudly. From a 40-ft. steel tower he fired his latest rocket, a huge steel cylinder 9 ft. long by 2½ ft. diameter. A new propellant sent it whizzing from the ground. It rose straight up about a quarter-mile. There the fuel seemed to ignite all at once, instead of in a stream, as planned. The roar sent Worcester ambulances and police hunting for tragedy. They found Professor Goddard and assistants inquisitively studying his rocket shell, which had landed near the site of its propulsion.

◆

Over the Pole

Last week, in the two-year story of Commander Richard Byrd in Antarctica, came his successful flight to inspect some 10,000 square miles of Antarctica in a Fairchild monoplane with Pilot Bernt Balchen. They saw some mountain peaks no one had seen before and decided to name them for John D. Rockefeller Jr., one of the heavy contributors to the expedition's fund.

BOOKS

Obscene

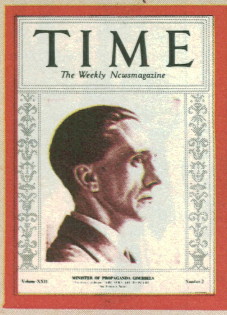
Manhattan Publisher Donald Friede, president of Covici-Friede Corp., was convicted in Boston last week for violation of the Massachusetts statute forbidding distribution of objectionable literature. The book: Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. Its theme: how U. S. conventions and his own limitations caused a young man to murder his sweetheart.

◆

Not Obscene

Publisher Friede (see above) rushed from Boston to Manhattan to appear before a Court of Special Sessions. There his company's novel, *The Well of Loneliness* by Authoress Radclyffe Hall of England, was being attacked by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Three judges decided this book was not obscene. The book's theme: Lesbianism.

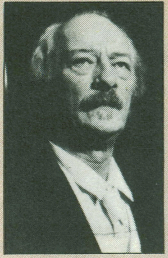
1933



■ Franklin Delano Roosevelt, newly elected to White House, launches his New Deal. ■ Congress races to pass reform legislation to aid recovery. ■ Adolf Hitler becomes Chancellor of Germany, takes emergency powers after Reichstag fire. ■ With Prohibition over just before New Year's Day, the U.S. goes on a binge. ■ Chicago World's Fair stars Fan Dancer Sally Rand. ■ (Cover: Nazi Propaganda Chief Goebbels.)

Hitler with Germany's President Hindenburg

In Scottsboro, Ala., nine Negro boys sentenced to death on fake rape charges



Paderewski on tour of the U.S.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

"We Must Act"

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, the high and mighty ruler of the Universe, Who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth; most heartily we beseech Thee, with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, Franklin, chosen to be the President of the United States. . . ."

His face cupped in his hands Franklin Delano Roosevelt began the biggest day of his life with that prayer ringing in his ears at Washington's St. John's Episcopal Church across Lafayette Park from the White House. For the 20-minute service in the plain white chapel he had gathered about him his family, his Cabinet, a few close friends. At the altar in cassock & surplice stood his old schoolmaster, Groton's Dr. Endicott ("Peabo") Peabody who had married him to Anna Eleanor Roosevelt. From his heart, from the hearts of his little band of worshippers, from the heart of a stricken nation rose a wordless appeal for divine strength to right great ills. . . . The President-elect stood up in his pew, squared back his shoulders. As he walked out of St. John's, a brief streak of sunlight shot down upon him through grey wintry clouds.

Before the White House portico Mr. Roosevelt kept his seat in the car, waited a few minutes for President Hoover to join him for the ride up Capitol Hill. A lift of silk hats, a quick handshake, a few formal words and their greeting was over. With the country's most precious cargo behind, Richard Jervis, silvery-haired chief of the White House Secret Service, slipped into the front seat of the car, kept its door cracked and one hand on his pocketed pistol.

Meanwhile ten times ten thousand men, women & children had gathered before the inaugural platform on the East Front of the Capitol. They blackened 40 acres of park and pavement. They sat on benches. They filled bare trees. They perched on roof tops. But for all the flags and music and ceremony, they were not a happy, carefree crowd. Their bank accounts were frozen by what amounted to a national moratorium. Many of them wondered how they could raise the cash to get home. Their mass spirits were as sombre as the grey sky above. Yet they remained doggedly hopeful that this new President with his New Deal would somehow solve their worries and send them away in brighter mood.

ROOSEVELT AT INAUGURATION
"The only thing we have to fear is fear."

Ta-ta-Ta-ta-aa sounded a bugle. Through the great bronze doors that tell the story of Columbus, appeared the President-elect leaning on the arm of his son James. From the door to the platform had been built a special ramp, carpeted in maroon. Down this he shuffled slowly while the crowd cheered and the Marine Band played "Hail to the Chief."

President Roosevelt, without hat or overcoat in the chill wind, swung around to the crowd before him, launched vigorously into his inaugural address. His easy smile was gone. His large chin was thrust out defiantly as if at some invisible, insidious foe. A challenge rang in his clear strong voice. For 20 vibrant minutes he held his audience, seen and unseen, under a strong spell.

"My Friends!" he began. "This is a day of national consecration. . . . The only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance.

"This nation asks for action, and action now. Our greatest primary task is to put people to work. It can be accomplished in part by direct recruiting by the Government itself, treating the task as we would treat the emergency of a war."

THE CONGRESS

Bank Bill

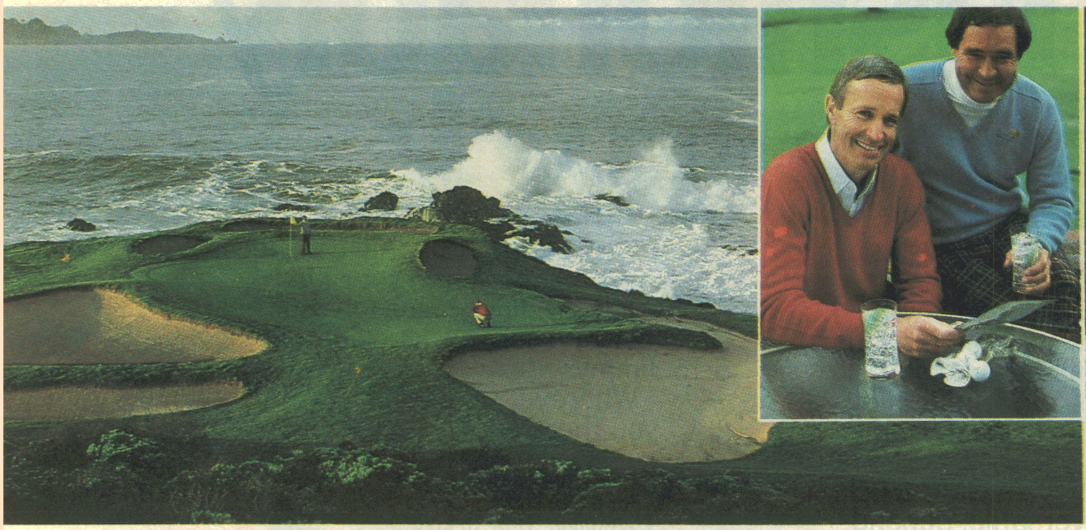
Called into special session on four days notice, the 73rd Congress, young and Democratic, sat momentously in the Capitol last week. President Roosevelt had summoned it to meet the banking crisis—Emergency Item No. 1 of the New Deal. Not since War days had the Congressional temper been so grave, so unanimously bent on speedy action. The State of the Union was so serious that the most opinionated Senators and Representatives submerged their convictions in worried silence and took orders from the White House. Other Congresses had gabbled away opportunities to rescue the country but the 73rd, with a record to make, gave a legislative performance which for dispatch, efficiency and good behavior during the first week's session, placed it high in public esteem.

After Speaker Rainey had sworn in the membership with one thunderous oath and the President's message had been read, the House plunged headlong into *H. R. 1491,* "an act to provide relief in the existing national emergency in banking." So hastily had the bill been drawn up that no printed copies of it were yet available for members. Their only knowledge of what they were being asked to approve came from a clerk's sing-song reading of the lone text which still bore last-minute corrections scribbled in pencil. Chairman Steagall of the yet unorganized Banking & Currency Committee arose to explain to his bewildered colleagues how *H. R. 1491* gave dictatorial banking power to the President, authorized impounding of all gold, and provided for a new currency issue. Members were told that only by voting this measure could the nation's banks open on the morrow.

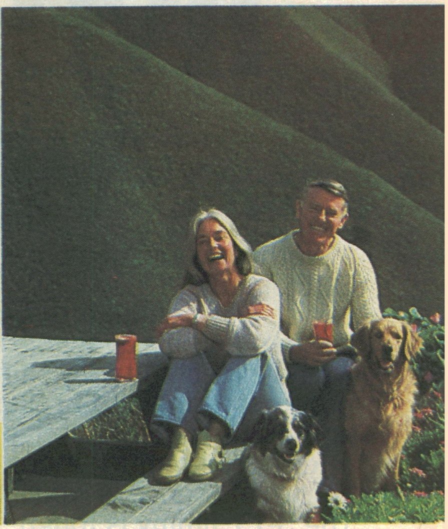
Precisely 38 minutes after it had taken up *H. R. 1491* the House passed it with a unanimous roar. Trusting their new President to do right, members voted it blind, without a single word's change. Under the Roosevelt spell the House's deliberative session became a ratification meeting.

Rum. It's What's Happening.

America is switching from vodka and gin to Puerto Rican white rum.
It's happening in Monterey and everywhere else.



After a round on the fabulous Pebble Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Jim Langley and Johnny Pott of Carmel Valley Ranch.



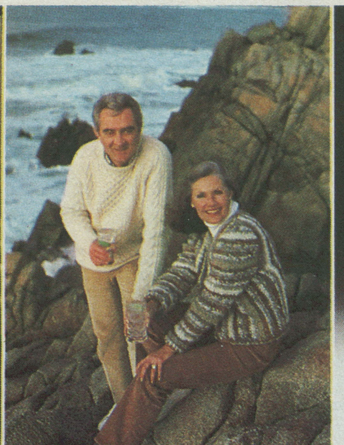
A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman.

Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Bartlett with smiles all around and rum on the rocks.

After a lively doubles match, Tricia Alliotti, Theresa Briant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Killen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant.

Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1923 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Estes.

A party at Carmel's Atelier Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.



Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.

Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.

Airline executive Norm Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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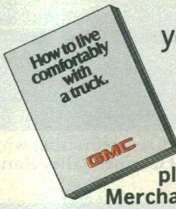
Wherever you go, GMC's Jimmy can get you there easily—and fashionably.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GMC

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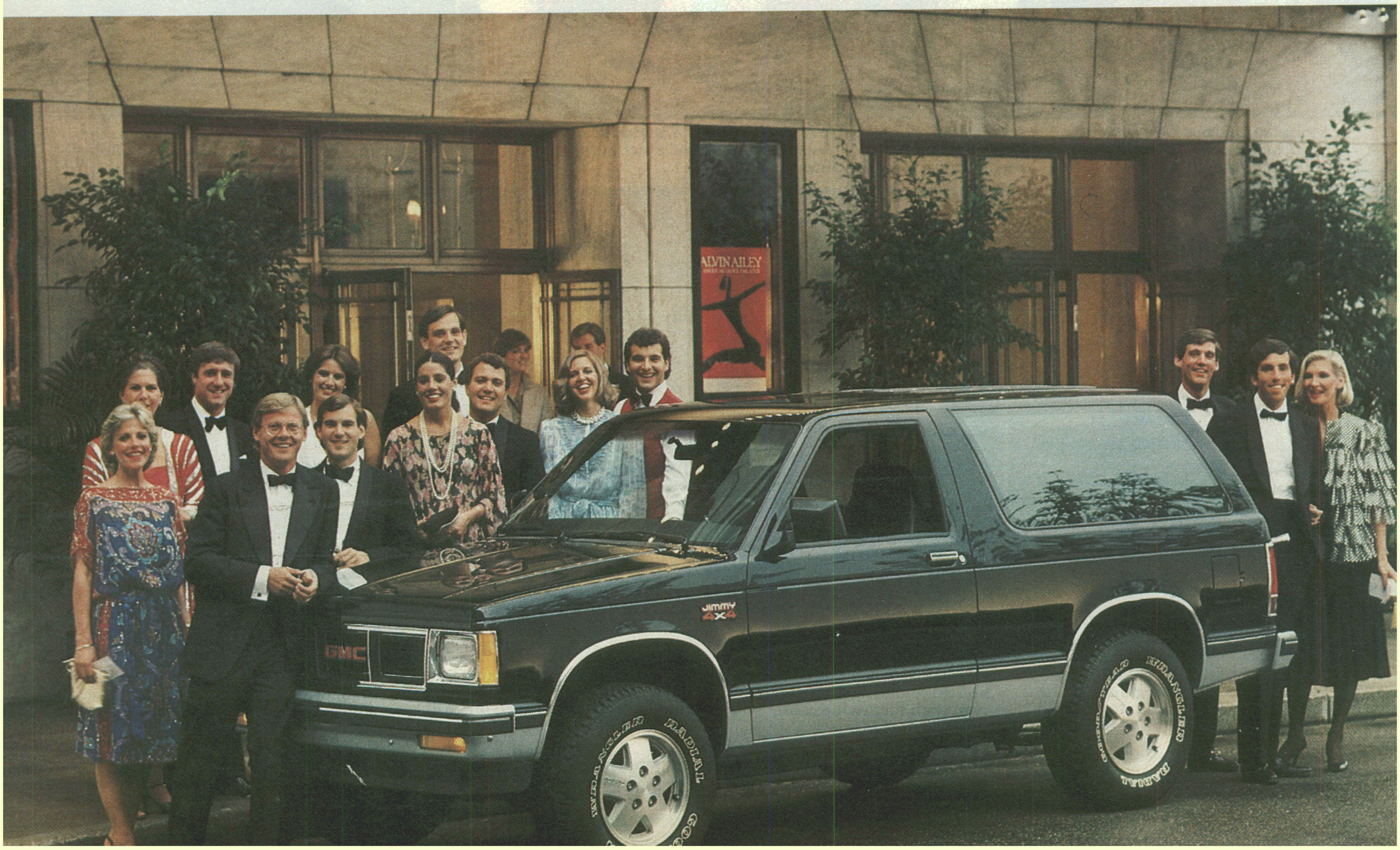
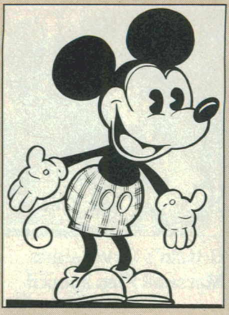




Mickey Mouse

Father Coughlin preaches bigotry on Detroit radio

Sally Rand

Booboisie Baiter H.L. Mencken quits *American Mercury*

J.P. Morgan befriends midget at hearings

King Kong, a "gigantic whatnot," roams jungle

Foreign News

GERMANY

Hitler Into Chancellor

Except for beer, which few Germans consider alcoholic, Adolf Hitler touches no alcoholic tipple. Neither does he smoke. Hot water he calls "effeminate." Last week, on the biggest morning of his life, this pudgy, stoop-shouldered, toothbrush-mustached but magnetic little man bounded out of bed after four hours sleep, soaped his soft flesh with cold water, shaved with cold water, put on his always neat but never smart clothes and braced himself for the third of his encounters with Paul von Beneckendorf und von Hindenburg, *Der Reichspräsident.*

When Hitler turned up at the President's Palace, he found Old Paul all smiles and spruce Colonel Franz von Papen ready to pop the question: "Will you, *Herr Reichspräsident,* entrust Herr Hitler with a mandate to form a Cabinet?"

"Yes, Yes," said President von Hindenburg, "Yes indeed."

Outside the Palace, thousands of Hitlerites roared guttural victory cheers.

"Heil Hitler! Deutschland erwache! Juda verrecke!" they bellowed as he emerged waving his black felt hat. "Hail Hitler! Germany awake! Perish Juda!"

Starting from scratch, but with confidence in his own spellbindery, Adolf Hitler slowly worked up the fantastic party he calls National Socialist, Nazi Fascist. Its program consists of stentorian appeals to every form of German prejudice. Essentially Nationalists and patrioteers, the Nazis insert "Socialist" into their party's name simply as a lure to discontented workers. In so far as it has a doctrine, National Socialism promises the bulk of the German people whatever they want.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Three Little Pigs (Walt Disney) is the latest Silly Symphony in color. It shows two disgraceful pink porkers lazily building themselves shacks out of straw. A wolf blows their houses down. The lazy pigs have a more industrious brother who has just completed a brick mansion, in which he allows them to take refuge. When the wolf attempts to huff & puff this house down, he fails ignominiously. He then tries to climb down the chimney. The lazy pigs are alarmed. The industrious pig builds a roaring fire, singes the wolf's tail.

• • •

Two young men who like horses better than hogs were especially pleased by *Three Little Pigs.* The process that made the porkers pink was Technicolor and the two pleased young men were the cousins John Hay ("Jock") Whitney and Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney, who last week announced that they had bought a substantial share of Technicolor Motion Picture Corp.

Color, a moot subject in Hollywood for the last 20 years, still engages the attention of cinema engineers though most major producers are skeptical about using it except on rare occasions.

King Kong (RKO). A cinema producer (Robert Armstrong), his leading lady (Fay Wray), his first mate (Bruce Cabot) and their entourage visit a remote Pacific island to make a nature picture. The natives seize Fay Wray, tie her up as a sacrifice to their god, King Kong. He is a gigantic what-not resembling an ape, 50 feet tall, equipped with large teeth and a thunderous snarl. He picks up Fay Wray in one hand as though she were a frog and shuffles off through the jungle, breaking trees and grunting.

It might seem that any creature answering the description of Kong would be despicable and terrifying. Such is not the case. Kong is an exaggeration *ad absurdum,* too vast to be plausible. This makes his actions wholly enjoyable.

THE THEATRE

Rothafeller Center

Focus of U.S. theatrical attention last week was a great grey pylon which strikes the earth where Manhattan's Sixth Avenue Elevated fences off 50th and 51st Streets—the Radio City Music Hall of Rockefeller Center. Wags had already dubbed the locale of the new theatre, whose 6,200 seats make it the world's largest, the "Rothafeller" Center, for celebrated Showman Samuel Lionel ("Roxy") Rothafel was to produce this week a monster variety bill twice daily.

The opening production had a Brobdingnagian minstrel show banked high on the mammoth stage, with scenery and costumes by Robert Edmond Jones, resident designer. Mr. Jones had also prepared a set for the battle of Fort McHenry where, 'mid Roxy's red glare, Francis Scott Key composed the national anthem.

From his seat in the middle of the orchestra, Roxy himself, surrounded by confusion, secretaries, yes-men, bus-boys with food, had spent six weeks directing great groups of choristers and dancers. There was a dancing chorus of 48 "Roxyettes;" a ballet of 80; a chorus of 100 voices.

THE PRESS

New Magazine

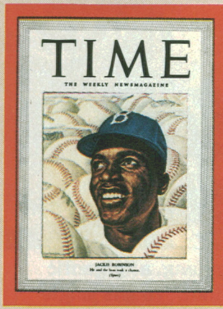
News-Week. Thomas John Cardell Martyn, 41, a spirited little Britisher whom the New York *Times* employed for six years in its editorial department, left the *Times* last year to write a prospectus, raise money, start a magazine. Samuel Thurston Williamson, 16 years with the *Times* and once its Washington correspondent, quit his job to join Publisher Martyn as editor. Last week they presented their product, *News-Week,* written & edited in Manhattan, printed in Dayton, Ohio. Their advertisements said: "It marshals facts against their background, throws revealing light into obscure situations—helps you understand the news ... NEWS-WEEK is today with enough of yesterday to fit it to your thinking for tomorrow." To advertisers an average circulation of 50,000 was guaranteed.

MILESTONE

Liquor

Having existed for 13 years, 10 months, 19 days, national Prohibition came to an end Dec. 5 at 5:32 p.m. E.S.T. at Salt Lake City when Utah became the 36th State to ratify the 21st Amendment.

1947



■ Secretary of State George Marshall proposes U.S. financial backing for a "Marshall Plan" to spur European postwar recovery. ■ Britain grants India independence, but split between Hindus and Moslems causes bloodbath. ■ Princess Elizabeth marries Prince Philip. ■ Christian Dior's "new look" sends hemlines plunging. ■ First UFO sighting. ■ (Cover: Robinson as first Negro big leaguer.)

President Truman engages in a round of calisthenics aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri*

Carnage in India

Britain's Bevin signs Marshall Plan accord

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Challenge & Response

An outrage!

The words were President Harry Truman's. He meant the Communist seizure of Hungary. It was no ill-considered, uncalculated outburst. The President had had a week to prepare his answer to Russia's challenge of the Truman Doctrine. Warned the President: the U.S. will not stand idly by.

Before the day was out, George Marshall struck at one of Russia's most sensitive nerves. At Harvard's commencement exercises, where he accepted an honorary doctorate of laws, the Secretary of State answered the Russian challenge by urging an economically integrated Europe. Europe must get together on its needs. Henceforth, U.S. help would be on a Europe-wide, not a nation-by-nation, basis.

Said Marshall: "Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation and chaos. Its purpose should be the revival of a working economy in the world. . . . Such assistance must not be on a piecemeal basis as various crises develop.

"Any government that is willing to assist in the task of recovery will find full cooperation on the part of the U.S."

"With Both Hands"

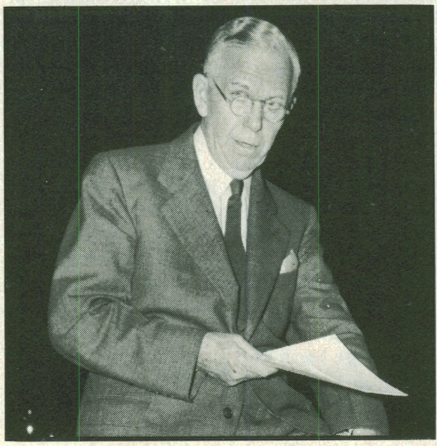
"When the Marshall proposals were announced," said Ernie Bevin in Britain last week, "I grabbed them with both hands."

So did Europe.

To the French, Marshall's intimation that the U.S. was at last going to seek "a cure rather than a . . . palliative" for Europe's troubles was the best news since the Allies landed in Normandy. It mattered little that *le plan Marshall* was vague. "Today there is something new in the lives of Frenchmen," breathed President of the Republic Vincent Auriol.

As for the Russians, they seemed to be in a box, for once. If they joined Britain, France, and the rest of Europe in really working for a continental recovery plan, they would be conforming to U.S. initiative; if they stalled and sabotaged, the responsibility for a divided and impoverished Europe would fall on the Kremlin.

For three hours last week Bevin and British Ambassador Duff-Cooper sat in low armchairs overlooking the British Embassy gardens in Paris, comparing notes. Then Premier Paul Ramadier and dapper, London-tailored Foreign Minister Georges Bidault arrived with their experts. Eleven French and eleven Britons got their heads together over the veal, adjourned to the garden veranda later for whiskey, brandy, and more happy talk.



Harris & Gifford

SECRETARY MARSHALL OFFERS HOPE
"Against hunger, poverty, chaos."

Bevin flew back to London two days later and [made] a memorable speech in the House of Commons. Pounding a dispatch box with his heavy hands, Bevin said: "The reply of the Soviet Government is awaited . . . [but] I shall not be a party to holding up the economic recovery of Europe by the finesse of procedure." The immediate problems of Europe were "food, coal, transport, houses, opportunities for a decent life."

All of these were brought into prospect by the Marshall suggestion. Europe had a chance to work out a blueprint of how the U.S. could save Europe whole—which would cost the U.S. much less than trying to save it piece by piece.

Pas de Pagaille!

The committees to study Europe's needs and resources under the "Marshall approach" got down to work this week in the Grand Palais, one of the few really ugly buildings in the center of Paris.

Coal was the central issue at Paris. And coal meant the Ruhr and Germany. Without Ruhr coal, and without the German industrial output which depends on Ruhr coal, the rest of Europe cannot recover. To help remedy that paralysis, the U.S. last week issued a new directive to Germany's occupation chief, General Lucius D. Clay, superseding Joint Chiefs of Staff Directive 1067 (which had directed the U.S. commander to take "no steps looking toward the economic rehabilitation of Germany"). The new directive said: "An orderly, prosperous Europe requires the economic contributions of a stable and productive Germany." The U.S. suggested that the permissible level of industry in Western Germany be raised by boosting steel production from 5.8 to 12 million tons a year.

When they heard that, the French promptly raised the roof, almost threatened to sabotage the Paris conference. The Communists hastened to aggravate these fears; *L'Humanité* cried: "Let French Mothers Again Tremble!" The British made difficulties too. They did not like a U.S. suggestion that their plans to socialize Ruhr mines be postponed.

Last week, it looked as though many Europeans were far ahead of their own leaders in understanding that it was more important to make the "Marshall approach" work than to keep Germany down. Said Henri-Albert Joinville, 46, a road repair man: "The Marshall plan was quite simple when it started and now the politicians are trying to make it complicated. It is still simple for me. We are in trouble. If we don't get help, there may be anarchy in France. Now let's get ahead. *Pour l'amour de Dieu, pas de pagaille!* [For God's sake, let's not mess around!]."

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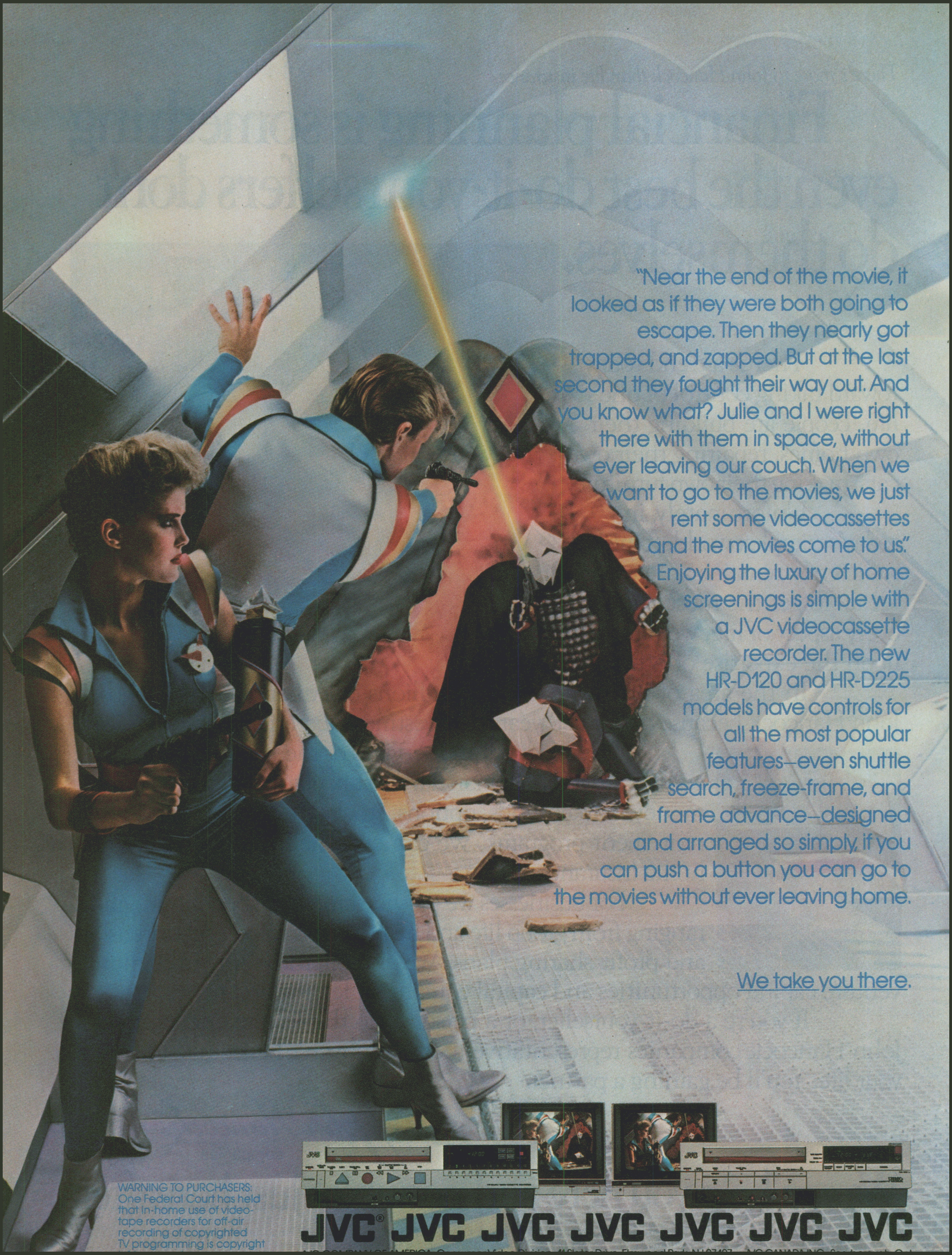

"Near the end of the movie, it looked as if they were both going to escape. Then they nearly got trapped, and zapped. But at the last second they fought their way out. And you know what? Julie and I were right there with them in space, without ever leaving our couch. When we want to go to the movies, we just rent some videocassettes and the movies come to us." Enjoying the luxury of home screenings is simple with a JVC videocassette recorder. The new HR-D120 and HR-D225 models have controls for all the most popular features—even shuttle search, freeze-frame, and frame advance—designed and arranged so simply, if you can push a button you can go to the movies without ever leaving home.

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Elizabeth celebrates wedding to Philip

Evita Perón on a European tour

Reagan testifies at HUAC hearing

M.G.M.'s Lassie now has radio show

Alec Guinness stars in Old Vic's *Richard II*

Albert Schweitzer tends pet at his hospital in Africa

FOREIGN NEWS

INDIA

Competitive Massacre

While the orchestra at Lahore's Falett's Hotel played quietly for dancing, European guests drank cocktails on the moonlit terrace. Beyond earshot of the music, whole blocks of buildings lay gutted. Streets were bare and silent. Over the deserted railroad station the smell of corpses hung.

One-seventh of Lahore, capital of the Punjab, had been destroyed. Scores of nearby towns and villages had been razed. War—or rather, competitive massacre—between Moslems and Sikhs had reached a pitch of horror that made the Indian Mutiny of 1857 look like a mere street brawl. In two weeks, between 40,000 and 150,000 people had been killed in the Punjab. Most of the bodies were too hacked and charred to be recognized. At least a million were homeless.

"Never during two wars have I seen such sights as I have seen these last two days," said a middle-aged British colonel.

For months the Punjab's communal hatred had been boiling up into slaughter. A climax came last spring when hundreds were killed in riots. In August the partition of the Punjab between India and Pakistan left 1.6 million of the 3.8 million Sikhs in the province under Moslem rule; at least twice as many Moslems remained on the Indian side of the border in a new East Punjab state.

TIME's Robert Neville cabled:

"Just flying over the Punjab today gives a feeling that terrible things have happened below. The number of smoking villages that can be counted from Ambala up to Lahore must be at least 150.

"In hitherto peaceful districts like Montgomery and Lyallpur there is not one town which has not been a battlefield. There is no bazaar which has not been burned out. Streams of refugees can be seen approaching all bridges, virtual convoys miles long. On a ten-mile stretch of road leading to the big bridge over the Sutlej River into Pakistan, there must have been 100,000 people, most of them walking beside bullock carts piled high with their sole possessions.

"At Lahore's Central Station, Sikh and Hindu refugees from North or West Punjab were mobbed on the platform, often stabbed to death and their few belongings looted. A major incident involved a big convoy carrying perhaps 1,000 from Sialkot to Amritsar. The convoy was stopped and attacked at the Ravi River bridge. Hundreds were stabbed to death and other hundreds wounded.

"Refugees from Lyallpur in West Punjab say that so many Sikhs and Hindus were murdered and their bodies thrown into the canal that the canal actually had a pinkish color for a day after. Moslem refugees told how Sikhs stripped and paraded Moslem women through the streets, raped them and then killed them."

GREAT BRITAIN

Dearly Beloved

A million watched; millions listened to the warm young voices, the sonorous old voices. Billions of words about it were printed, and closely read. In Accra, where the equatorial sun beats down on the white church steeples (relics of a vanished Danish empire), parties were held in celebration. Paris noted it, and Panama. In heedless Manhattan thousands got out of bed at 6 a.m. to hang over radios. Shanghai and Hankow had never seen so many weddings; Chinese brides deemed it lucky to be married on the day that Elizabeth, heiress to Britain's throne, became the wife of Philip Mountbatten.

This wedding, on a dark day of a troubled, distracted and most uncertain time, carried over six continents and seven seas a brightness so simple it was hard to understand. Its appeal was too nearly universal to be explained by such words as "glamor," "publicity," "sentimentality," or even by harsher and more present words, such as "power" or "wealth."

The great social victory of order, out of which freedom issues, had its source in marriage, whether in Westminster Abbey or in a country church. Thus, what would otherwise have been merely a flash of gems, a blare of horns and a hash of gossip took on a meaning by a fascinating interplay of dignity and earthiness, of humor, pomp and prayer.

THE THEATER

Alec's Way

Whenever Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson, the two leading men of London's Old Vic, took time off to make a movie (and a few quid), the players felt deserted. There was nothing for it, the company decided, but to produce an outstanding young actor to fill in. So they did.

He was 33-year-old Alec Guinness, a balding skinnybones with the wide, dashed look of a boy who has just blown his lines in the Sunday-school pageant. In the last six months mild-voiced young Alec has provoked the Old Vic's stage into varied and resonant life. As the Fool in *King Lear, Time & Tide* found him near "perfection."

Last week, after his first postwar leading part (as Shakespeare's penn'orth king, Richard II), Alec had London's dour critics giddily tapping their umbrellas. The *Daily Herald:* "This is Shakespeare done in a way that gives luster to the English theater." The *Daily Telegraph:* "Admirable economy ... not a touch nor a tone seems wrong." The consensus: Alec Guinness is the most versatile new actor to appear on the British stage since the war.

SCIENCE

Radar at Last

Airlines have been slow to go for radar. The sets are expensive and cut payload. But this week the Peruvian International Airways started the first regularly scheduled passenger service (between New York and Santiago, Chile) completely safeguarded by radar. P.I.A.'s radars (made by General Electric) weigh 150 lbs. in all, but show a clear map of the country below. The pilot knows where he is—and where the obstacles are—in all weathers.

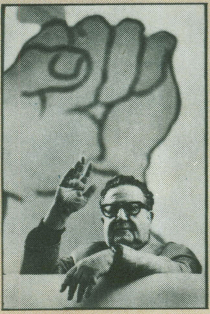
1973

TIME
THE PUSH TO IMPEACH

■ The fourth Arab-Israeli war takes a new twist: an Arab oil boycott and skyrocketing energy prices. ■ Viet Nam peace agreement signed. ■ The year-old Watergate crisis boils over; White House Aides Haldeman and Ehrlichman dismissed; Vice President Agnew forced to resign; Ford named to replace him; disclosure of Nixon tapes leads to threat of his impeachment. ■ (Cover: Nixon on the brink.)

Despite Watergate woes, Nixon plays host to Soviet Chief Brezhnev

Kissinger, Le Duc Tho shake on Viet Nam agreement in Paris


Chile's Allende slain in coup

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

Black October: Old Enemies at War Again

The sirens began to wail while all Israel was observing Yom Kippur, the holiest and also the quietest day of the Jewish year. By tradition, tens of thousands of servicemen were home on leave; Israeli Broadcasting had shut down for the day. As crowds of worshipers emerged from synagogues at the end of the five-hour-long morning services of atonement, they found the streets filled with speeding trucks, buses and Jeeps. By late afternoon, virtually every Israeli—and much of the rest of the world as well—knew that what Defense Minister Moshe Dayan defiantly called "all-out war" had begun again.

The fighting erupted when Egyptian troops surged across the Suez Canal and Syrian soldiers struck in the north on the Golan Heights. Both forces swept through Israel's front lines and punched their way into Israeli-held territory under the glare of an afternoon sun.

The Political Weapon

After long muttering vaguely about using their abundant oil as a "political weapon," the newly unified Arab leaders finally unsheathed it last week. They vowed to cut the oil production on which the fuel-short West depends and to raise prices sharply. That oil squeeze could easily lead to cold homes, hospitals and schools, shuttered factories, slower travel, brownouts, consumer rationing, aggravated inflation and even worsened air pollution in the U.S., Europe and Japan.

The Arabs took three steps:

1) Ten Arab countries meeting in Kuwait decided that each month from now on they will reduce oil output at least 5% below the preceding month. The cutbacks will continue, they said, "until an Israeli withdrawal is completed, and until the restoration of the legal rights of the Palestinian people."

2) King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, the biggest Mideast producer, at first decreed a 10% cut in output. But by week's end, as the war seemed to be going against the Arabs, he announced a total ban on oil shipments to the U.S. Presently, 3.4% of the crude oil consumed daily by the U.S. comes from Saudi Arabia. Libya, Algeria and Abu Dhabi also announced new embargos.

3) Six Persian Gulf oil countries lifted the posted price of crude oil (a theoretical figure on which royalties and taxes are based) by a stunning 70% to $5.11 per bbl. It will keep Arab oil revenues rising—helping to pay for the war against Israel—even as fewer barrels are shipped out.

44 9/10
NO GAS

EDDIE ADAMS

GASLESS SUNDAY ARRIVES IN NEW JERSEY
And schools are closing down to save oil.

Dimouts and Slowdowns

Rushing to work last week, John Doe, American, swung his car onto the freeway—only to discover that the posted speed limit had been reduced from 60 m.p.h. to 50 m.p.h. When he stopped at a gas station for a refill, he learned that overnight the price had gone up 2¢ per gal. At his office he felt unusually cool because the thermostats had been pushed down a couple of degrees, to a brisk 68°.

As the voracious demand for oil increasingly outstripped new sources of supply in recent years, an energy crisis crept up on the world with fateful inevitability. Yet, despite spreading signs of scarcity, most government leaders in the U.S., Europe and Japan paid little heed to calls from oilmen for urgent measures to expand energy resources and curb waste. Instead, they chose to believe that there was time to formulate some painless strategy to avert a genuine global emergency.

Now time has abruptly run out. The Arabs, who control nearly 60% of the world's proven deposits, are slowing down the flow. Through this strategy of squeeze, they hope to pressure the industrial nations into forcing Israel to make peace on terms favorable to the Arabs. Moreover, they are steadily intensifying their oil shakedown. Originally they planned to reduce production by at least 5% each month. Later they embargoed all oil shipments to the U.S. and The Netherlands, in punishment for their support of Israel. Last week, showing new unity and clout, ten Arab countries announced that production for November will be slashed a minimum of 25% below the September total of 20.5 million bbl. per day.

The implications of the oil warfare reach far beyond the Arab-Israeli dispute. Not since World War II has any event carried more potential for global change. Even if the Arabs were to reopen their taps tomorrow, the world would never again be the same. The sudden shortage of fuel has finally jolted governments into a realization that the era of cheap and ample energy is dead and that people will have to learn to live permanently with less heating, lighting and transport and pay more for each of them.

Time changes all things. *Except* Jack Daniel's. This ad first appeared in a 1957 edition of *Time.*

A TRADITION LIVES HERE. In this homespun office…from decades back to just five short years ago…was carried on the dedicated business of making a most unusual whiskey…Jack Daniel's. Idle now, we've kept it standing to inspire our patience in this hurried world…as a reminder that our whiskey must *always* be "Charcoal Mellowed" (that's the slow, old Tennessee process that touches Jack Daniel's with a sippin' smoothness no other whiskey has). Many friends have asked us never to change. We won't. We do hope you'll bear with us if you occasionally find Jack Daniel's out of stock these days. Will you please try again?

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No.7
BRAND
QUALITY
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY
90 PROOF
JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY

"CHARCOAL MELLOWED"
DROP
BY DROP
BEFORE AGING

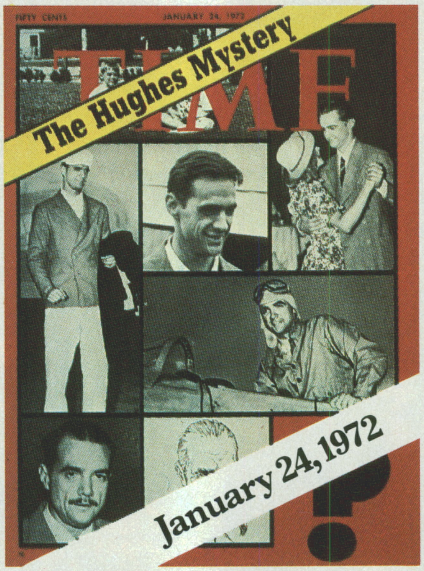
90 PROOF BY CHOICE • TENNESSEE WHISKEY
Distilled and bottled by JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY
LYNCHBURG (Pop. 399), TENN.

© 1957, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

With Hewlett-Packard computers, the past is prologue.

TIME
March 15, 1968

HP introduces desk-top computing. With the HP 9100, data can now be processed right where a person works.


TIME
The Hughes Mystery
January 24, 1972

HP introduces personal computing. The HP 35 makes it portable—and affordable.

TIME
MODERN ROYALTY
The Allure Endures
May 3, 1976

HP introduces distributed computing. The HP 3000 Series II computer system adds new dimensions to business data processing.

TIME
AMERICA'S MESSAGE
Keep on Course—
But Trim The Sails
November 15, 1982

HP introduces a new order in computing: individual workstations with the power of mainframe computers. With the HP 9000, engineers and scientists can improve their productivity by commanding this power

If the past is indeed prologue, then Hewlett-Packard is surely a company to watch in the future.

Innovations and technical advances notwithstanding, we are committed to one *unchanging* objective: to provide our customers with the quality of service and support they need to achieve the results our technology makes possible. Worldwide.

HEWLETT PACKARD

Former White House Counsel John Dean testifies before Senate committee that President Nixon knew of aides' attempt to cover up ties to Watergate break-in

Watergate cast: Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Defendant Hunt, Judge Sirica and Senator Ervin

INDOCHINA

The Fighting Finally Stops

Its fighters and bombers grounded, its guns silenced, and its soldiers withdrawn from battlefields, America last week ceased waging war in Indochina for the first time in nearly a decade. At midnight on Tuesday (Washington, D.C., time) all U.S. combat activity ended. It was one of the great anticlimaxes in the nation's history. There were no speeches, no celebrations, not even among the professional pilots who had been finally the only ones left to carry on the war.

THE NATION

The Fall of Spiro Agnew

After the long weeks of buildup, of insisting upon his innocence, of accusing Government officials of plotting his downfall, of vowing that he would fight to the end, the denouement of the Spiro Agnew debacle came with stunning swiftness. His hands trembling slightly and his Palm Springs tan bleached white with tension, Agnew walked into a Baltimore courtroom last week and admitted that he had falsified his income tax in 1967. When he emerged half an hour later, Agnew had been transformed from Vice President of the United States into a convicted felon.

Why had Spiro Agnew so dramatically and abruptly decided to quit? "Because everything he tried flopped," one high-ranking Justice official declares flatly. Indeed, Agnew had tried a lot of things. He had asked the House of Representatives to investigate the charges against him, only to have Speaker Carl Albert send him back to the courts for justice. He had tried to kill the grand jury investigation into his misdeeds by arguing that a sitting Vice President could not be indicted.

He had taken his case to the country, hoping to arouse popular support with a televised speech that claimed he was being framed by the Justice Department and, by implication, Nixon himself. The Republican women in his Los Angeles audience cheered him to the rafters, but no nationwide ground swell of public opinion developed to lift him high. "Everything was downhill after L.A.," says Marsh Thomson, Agnew's press aide. "The point was driven home to him that he was 'dead.' The limb had been sawed off."

THE LAW

An Approval for Abortion

Soon after her illegitimate son was born two years ago, "Jane Roe," a divorced Dallas bar waitress, put him up for adoption. At almost the same time, "Mary Doe," an Atlanta housewife, bore a child who was also promptly adopted. Both women had asked for abortions and, like thousands of others, they had been turned down. Unlike most of the others, though, Roe and Doe went to court to attack the state statutes that frustrated them. The resulting legal fights took too long for either woman to get any practical benefit. But last week they had the satisfaction of hearing the Supreme Court read their pseudonyms into the annals of constitutional law. By a surprising majority of 7 to 2, the court ruled that Roe and Doe had won one of the nation's most fiercely fought legal battles. Thanks to the Texas waitress and the poverty-stricken Georgia housewife, every woman in the U.S. now has the same right to an abortion during the first six months of pregnancy as she has to any other minor surgery.

SPORT

One, Two, Three!

Not since Citation turned the trick in 1948 has a thoroughbred been so heavily favored to win racing's Triple Crown. The wonder horse called Secretariat had won impressive victories in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Still, going into the $150,200 Belmont Stakes, the last and longest (1½ miles) of the three classics, the strapping chestnut colt was bucking the very formidable odds of history.

As expected, Secretariat and Sham staged an early head-to-head duel. Then, with his long, beautifully rhythmic strides, Secretariat began to pull away. First it was by one length, then five, then ten. Coming into the stretch, Jockey Ron Turcotte did not bother to go to the whip as Secretariat poured it on. When he crossed the finish line, he had won by an incredible 31 lengths, the largest winning margin in the history of the Belmont.

SHOW BUSINESS

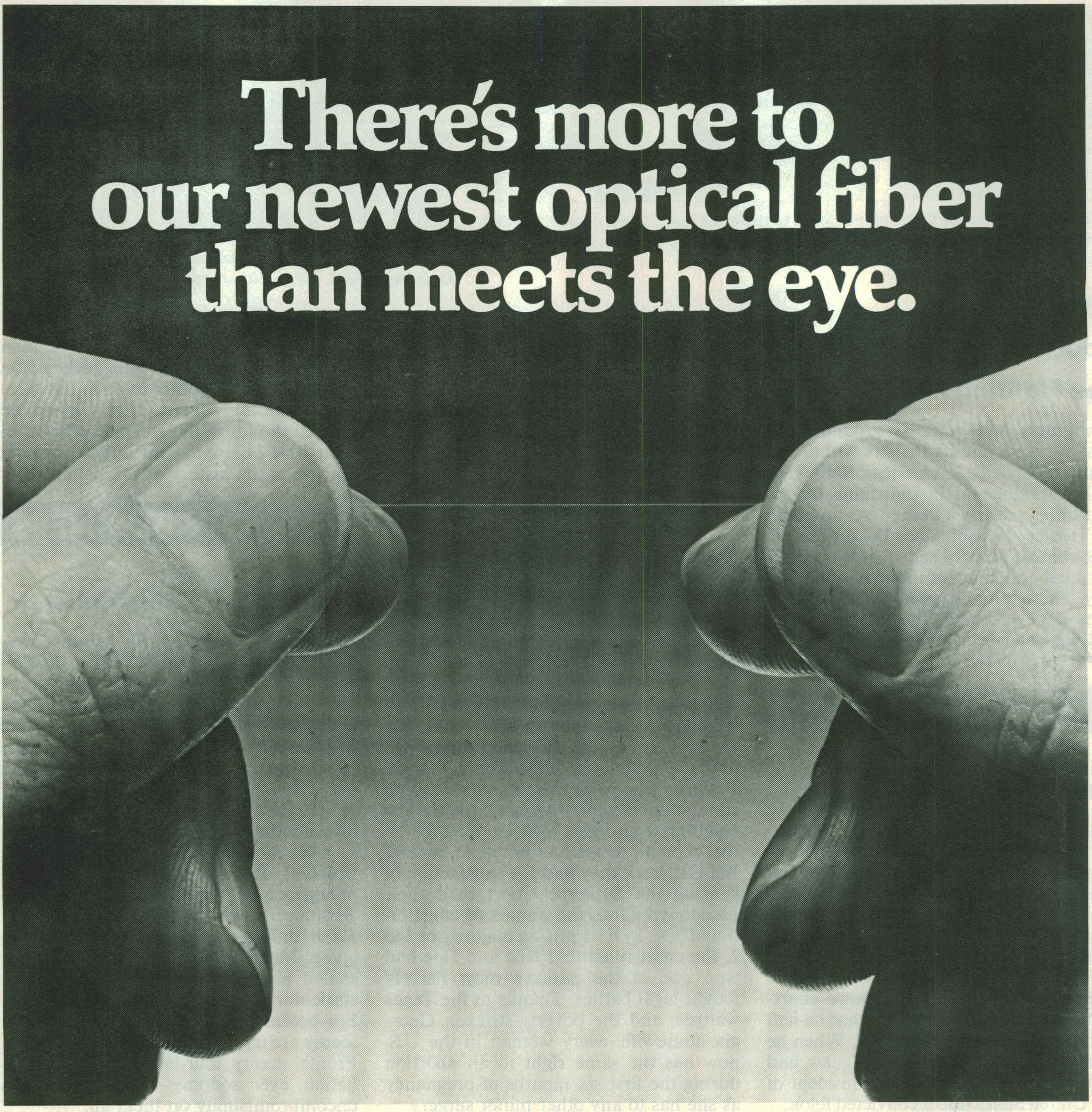
Portrait of a Sensualist

The man is middle-aged, leonine, ravaged. The girl is young, foxlike, insouciant. Total strangers to each other, they are inspecting an unfurnished Paris apartment that is for rent. Suddenly, the man scoops the girl up in his arms, carries her to the side of the room, then embraces and kisses her hungrily. He tears off her panties and has sex with her while still dressed and standing.

Any moviegoers who are not shocked, titillated, disgusted, fascinated, delighted or angered by this early scene in Bernardo Bertolucci's new movie, *Last Tango in Paris,* should be patient. There is more to come. Much more. Bertolucci has marshaled his opulent visual style to tell a stark story of sex as a be-all and end-all. For boldness and brutality, the intimate scenes are unprecedented in feature films. Frontal nudity, four-letter words, masturbation, even sodomy—Bertolucci dwells uncompromisingly on them all.

The movie, which will open in New York City on Feb. 1, is already a sensation and a scandal in Europe. It has been called a work of "constant beauty"; a piece of "talented debauchery that often makes you want to vomit" as well as an "authentic moral and psychological Apocalypse." It will affirm the resurgence of one of the great talents of the age, one who had seemed, through the 1960s, to be erratically and sometimes disastrously in decline: Marlon Brando. Brando is already being touted as an Academy Award contender for his role in last year's *The Godfather*. Now his emotionally wrenching, coruscating performance as the protagonist of *Tango* fulfills all the promise he gave in the earlier film of regaining his old dominance, not only as an actor but also as a star and a legend.

There's more to our newest optical fiber than meets the eye.



In this picture, it's what you can't see that counts.

These hands are holding an optical fiber—an incredibly pure strand of glass that transmits both voice and data as pulses of light.

But as extraordinary as any optical fiber is, this one is even more so.

This is a new kind of optical fiber, with a core only 1/6th as thick as a human hair (or any conventional optical fiber).

You see, the thicker a fiber's core is, the more dispersed—or "fuzzy"—the light signal gets as it passes through.

In our new optical fiber (technically, a "single mode") the core is so fine that it virtually eliminates this "fuzziness."

This allows billions of pulses per second to be sent through the fiber over longer distances. A lot more information can be transmitted in a given time.

So, a telephone line made of "single mode" fibers can carry more information than any telephone line could before.

Considering the continuing explosion of voice and data traffic, this new kind of optical fiber will be vitally important.

And that's something that's easy to see.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. **ITT**

Art and Its Rewards

Some creators who made news that stayed news

One of TIME's most notable innovations was to treat all forms of art and thought as news, to be reported and judged every week. But no battlefield, no fen of murky political intrigue resisted the newsweekly formula so stubbornly as that variety of activities categorized by some of the magazine's early section titles: Music, Art, Radio. While the editors did not expect artistic milestones to appear every seven days, on deadline, they did hope to recognize them when they saw them. It was rarely that simple.

First, most major cultural achievements cannot be singled out from the long careers of their makers. News stories proclaim the dramatic, the striking, the unprecedented. Creative acts usually build subtly on what has gone before toward something perhaps yet to be imagined. They trace a curve of achievement, not a jagged series of breathtaking strokes. One week is hardly long enough to sense and report a pattern that may take decades to emerge. Sixty years ago, for example, William Faulkner was loitering about his home town of Oxford, Miss., being called "Count-no-count" by derisive neighbors for his aloof artiness. During the late '20s and early '30s he produced a series of novels that amounted, one by one, to an epic saga of the fictional Yoknapatawpha County, a sum greater than the number of its parts. Though TIME published a cover story on Faulkner in 1939, several years had passed since his greatest books were written and several years more were to pass before his total work could be accurately reckoned.

Cultural change is subject to other time lags. A few performances make vivid headlines, but for reasons that often turn out to be transitory, wrong or both. Other events remain hidden for long periods, news postponed. Franz Kafka (1883-1924) now stands, along with Joyce and Proust, as an indispensable guide to the modern temperament. Yet readers during the '20s learned nothing of Kafka, for the bulk of his work was published posthumously, and English translations began appearing only in the '30s.

JACK VARTOOGIAN

A 1980 version of Isadora Duncan's *Valse Brillante*

While it can take many decades for artistic judgments to solidify, to demonstrate that a Mozart will outlast a Salieri, art forms themselves now change rapidly. Readers in 1923 had never heard a movie actor talk, never imagined a television screen. Technology kept bringing new transformations: long-playing records, high-speed cameras, videotape equipment. Not only arts changed but audiences as well. Local orchestras, opera, ballet and theater companies proliferated. So did the electronic babel (sitcom disc-jockey disco-rock singing commercial) that now seems an inescapable fact of life. In the age of the mass audience, more people could watch a Shakespeare play on TV than had ever seen it in all previous performances; more still watch network fare like *Three's Company*.

The following selections illustrate a far-reaching coverage, but there have been one or two practical restrictions. A few towering names that could have been included here are not, either because they are mentioned elsewhere in this issue or because their appearances occurred in particularly news-heavy years. (TIME's cover story on Stravinsky, for example, came out in 1948, the year that also brought the Berlin airlift and the creation of Israel.) In addition, only one representative has been chosen for each of half a dozen different arts. The names that survived these tests all made news that stayed news.

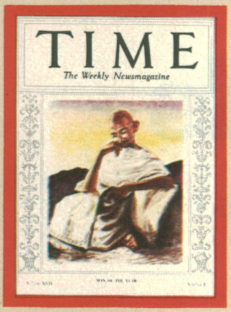
Charlie Chaplin did not invent the movies, but he might as well have. Coming out of the British music-hall tradition, he quickly taught everyone how comedy on film should be performed. His on-screen character, the Tramp, became an indelible image of the little guy enduring and prevailing in the face of every tyranny.

Ernest Hemingway has been in and out of fashion, and there are now signs of a revival. At his height he imbued a whole generation with his own passionate sense of courage and art, of what it meant to be a man, and of how the good life should be lived. Though his later years turned that sense to bloated self-caricature, his early works expressed it in a spare prose that has influenced younger writers ever since.

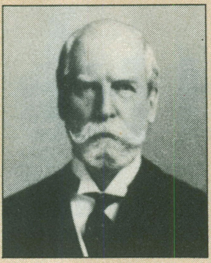
Frank Lloyd Wright could be called the first New World architect. Unlike his distinguished American predecessors, he did not look toward classical or European models for inspiration. He advocated and used indigenous materials designed to harmonize with natural settings.

The Beatles announced the imperial triumph of pop culture. Thanks to technology, these Liverpool lads won a worldwide constituency of delirious fans. When they retreated from concert stages to a London recording studio, they mixed eerie sounds that captivated highbrows and teeny-boppers alike.

Picasso. The last name alone is enough to sum up 20th century art. The Spanish-born painter went through several stages of development, each of which outstripped the lifetime output of other artists. His creative force was fierce and incomparable. The final assessment of him came only when an enormous retrospective exhibition in Manhattan in 1980 made it possible for the first time to see the myriad elements of his work all together and in perspective. He had been dead seven years, but the Museum of Modern Art's splendid show was, as much as any battlefront communiqué, news. —***By Paul Gray***



■ The Great Depression keeps getting worse—breadlines, jobless men selling apples—but one cheering piece of news is a splendid new movie, *City Lights*, by Charlie Chaplin. ■ Gangster Boss Al Capone is sent to jail for tax evasion. ■ World's highest structure opens: Empire State Building. ■ Japan invades Manchuria. ■ Britain, many others go off gold standard. ■ (Cover: Gandhi, imprisoned Man of the Year.)


High Court Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes

Charles Lindbergh and Wife Anne Morrow

Will Rogers in Twain's *Connecticut Yankee*

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

City Lights (United Artists). It is almost a law in publicity-loving Southern California that the two greatest personalities there present shall hobnob while the press & public loudly cheer or jeer. Usually this means William Randolph Hearst and whatever foreign personage happens to be visiting Hollywood. But last week it meant Charles Spencer Chaplin and Albert Einstein. All of Hollywood's police reserves turned out one evening to make tunnels through the populace so that Mr. Chaplin could escort Dr. Einstein and a party of scientists to see the first new Chaplin film in two years.

Hollywood is volatile, jealous and perhaps sinful. But it is intensely loyal to the little man whom it used to call Charlie before the wide world called him Charlot, Carlos, Cha-pu-rin and as many more variations as there are languages. Had *City Lights* been a failure, Hollywood would have been personally and bitterly depressed. But Hollywood was not depressed. Neither was it frightened. For though *City Lights* is a successful silent challenge to the talkies, its success derives solely from the little man with the battered hat, bamboo cane and black mustache. Critics agree that he, whose posterior would probably be recognized by more people throughout the world than would recognize any other man's face, will be doing business after talkies have been traded in for television.

City Lights is not silent in the strictest sense. Synchronized sound effects and music are used beginning with the very first sequence, where the talkies are burlesqued by horn sounds that make the actors seem to be talking with their mouths full of mush. Also there is an episode where Mr. Chaplin swallows a whistle. Each time he coughs he whistles and he cannot stop coughing. Taxis hurry up and stop, dogs overwhelm him. Hollywood also grew hysterical during a prizefight in which Charlie survives two rounds by dodging so briskly that the referee is always between him and his murderous opponent.

To thread together these and kindred quaint inventions the picture tells the story of a blind flower girl (Virginia Cherrill). He falls in love with her, encouraging her to believe he is a millionaire. His difficulties in getting funds to maintain this reputation in her unseeing eyes supply most of the complications. He finally acquires $1,000 for which he is promptly and unjustly jailed. When he emerges she has regained her sight by the aid of the thousand. As the film fades she recognizes in the ragged helpless vagrant the wealthy prince she dreamed about in darkness.

A "running gag"* much admired by Hollywood experts is built up in a millionaire who, when drunk, is Chaplin's dearest friend; when sober, has him thrown out of the house. A new gag: Chaplin trying to light his cigar but succeeding only in lighting the cigar which another character is waving airily before his face. As in all Chaplin films there are touches of smut: Chaplin as a busy street cleaner seeing an endless troop of mules, hurrying in the opposite direction, only to meet an elephant; Chaplin acting girlish toward a prize fighter stripping for battle.

CHAPLIN IN *CITY LIGHTS*
Even his posterior is famous.

• • •

Cinema is primarily an industry, secondarily an art. Squat, tasteful red brick buildings in the heart of Hollywood are the physical evidences of Chaplin's supremacy as industrialist as well as artist. Chaplin finances his own pictures and shrewdly supervises their sale and distribution. He writes them, casts them, directs them. He works by mood. He shoots thousands upon thousands of feet of film, saving perhaps 50 feet that he feels is right. When things go wrong he stops work and plays tennis. Sometimes he works all night. He listens to a great lot of advice, disregards most of it. Sometimes his spasmodic working habits bewilder his subordinates. To ease their minds he has instructed a special studio watchman to keep a lookout for his car and swiftly warn the workers of its approach. Thus laggards will not lose their self-respect by having the boss catch them in a poker game.

Chaplin does not reject the sound device because he does not think his voice will register. His objection is that cinema is essentially a pantomimic art. Says he: "Action is more generally understood than words. Like the Chinese symbolism it will mean different things according to its scenic connotation. Listen to a description of some unfamiliar object—an African wart hog, for example. Then look at a picture of the animal and see how surprised you are."

City Lights cost $1,500,000 to produce. Before release it had sold to a guaranteed booking of more than $4,000,000. Chaplin worked frantically to make it his greatest, to justify his faith in pantomime. Chance guests would be hauled into his projection room to see rushes of the film. They were asked to describe what they had seen. If they missed a point that was intended to be clear Chaplin—feeling that his story must be understood by everyone, even the stupid or the distracted—would have the scene refilmed. In rest intervals he would play "Violetera" on his harmonium and sing an imitation of Spanish words to it in the manner of Raquel Meller. One afternoon he nearly lost his mustache. He has had the same one for 15 years. A Manhattan theatrical barber picked it out for him. He says that if he ever loses it he will play smooth shaven. On this day he came in just in time to see a guest about to throw the mustache away, mistaking it for hair combings on Chaplin's make-up table.

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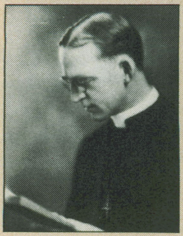
*A piece of business or dialogue often repeated.

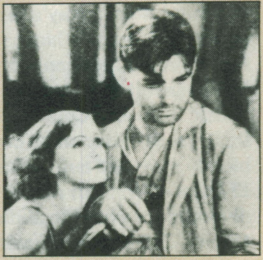
Senator-elect Huey Long of Louisiana



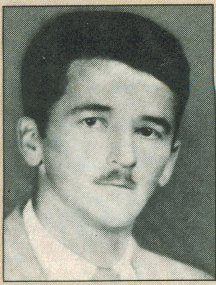
Father Flanagan, head of Boys Town, pleads for jailed youth

The Marx Brothers' latest piece of monkey business is, aptly, *Monkey Business*

Howard Hughes



Garbo is paired with Gable in *Susan Lenox*



Faulkner writes *Sanctuary*

National Affairs

LABOR

Third Winter

"One good old word—work" was President Hoover's first prescription for meeting the Depression which crashed down upon the country in the fall of 1929. On his orders a potent army of industrialists, railmen, motormen, bankers, manufacturers, public utilitarians and labor leaders marched to the White House where they pledged "business-as-usual." More public works were planned to absorb unemployment. Private companies were urged to go in heavily for new construction. Income taxes were cut 1% to spur economic recovery.

In spite of the President's best efforts, the conservative American Federation of Labor counted 3,700,000 workers out of jobs that first winter of the Depression.

Late last October when business did not bulge as expected, President Hoover started to prepare for a second winter of Unemployment and distress. His relief formula: Each community must rely on local charity and help itself, with not a penny from the Federal Treasury. Though nothing was to come from Washington but advice, sympathy and co-operation, President Hoover held another round of conferences. The public buildings program was pressed harder. Announced the President: "As a nation we must prevent hunger and cold to our citizens who are in honest difficulties."

In a special January count the Census Bureau estimated that the unemployed of the nation had increased to 6,050,000 the second winter (1930–31) of the Depression.

This year President Hoover did not wait until late autumn before preparing for a hard winter. In June he inaugurated his moratorium plan as a world business stimulant. This he followed up by requesting all Community Chests, through their national organization, to survey joblessness, determine well in advance the "load of distress" they would have to meet. As before, he summoned Big Business to the White House for advice and comfort. Said he reassuringly, "The problem of Unemployment and Relief, whatever it may be, will be met." Before him loomed the A. F. of L.'s prediction for the third winter of the Depression: 7,000,000 jobless.

TRIALS

Long Journey

Sucking a coughdrop, Alphonse Capone faced Judge James Herbert Wilkerson in Chicago's Federal Court last week. Snorkey was nervous. Fortnight ago a jury had found him guilty of failing to pay an income tax during the years 1924–28, had decided he feloniously "attempted to evade & defeat" payment during three of those years. Now he was to be sentenced. As a concession to the solemnity of the occasion he had left off his jewelry, was wearing a comparatively sober pinchback suit of blue. He fondled a bandaged right fore-(trigger)-finger, sucked and sucked on his coughdrop.

Judge Wilkerson was nervous too. In a low voice he ordered Snorkey to stand up. Snorkey clambered to his feet, gulped, swallowed his coughdrop. Slowly, Judge Wilkerson sentenced him to the limit—17 years in prison, $50,000 in fines. Snorkey hiccuped, regurgitated his coughdrop.

Snorkey's 235-lb. body seemed to lose weight as he stood before the bar. Finally he got down his coughdrop, smiled weakly at his attorneys, Michael Ahern & Albert Fink. Up stepped Messrs. Ahern & Fink, pleaded for leniency. Said the Judge: "I think I will adhere to my ruling." Then he ordered Capone to jail. Sighed Snorkey: "Well, pal, I'm going on a long journey."

Thus ended the greatest courtroom victory in many a year. Three years ago soft-spoken, wild-haired U. S. District Attorney George Emmerson Q (for nothing) Johnson began his campaign to dispose of gangsters by jailing them for non-payment of taxes. Said Mr. Johnson: "This is the beginning of the end of Chicago's gangs."

MEDICINE

Connubial Hygiene

The U. S. is now sufficiently adult to study a book on connubial hygiene, Federal Judge John Munro Woolsey of Manhattan decided last month. Thereupon Putnam's rushed the printing and, last week, published Marie Carmichael Stopes's *Married Love,* the first of her eight monographs on sex activity. Professionally she is a palaeobotanist and an authority on coal. In 1918 she married Humphrey Verdon Roe, who with his brother Sir Alliott Verdon Roe developed the Avro biplane. They live in Surrey with their two sons and co-operate on birth control campaigns. She first published *Married Love* in 1918. Since then she has sold 700,000 copies in England alone. Copies heretofore in the U. S. were smuggled or pirated (with inexact text). Its thesis is that procreation is but one function of marriage, that love activity benefits husband and wife mentally and physically, that wives should be as forward in the play as husbands.

THE THEATRE

Greece in New England

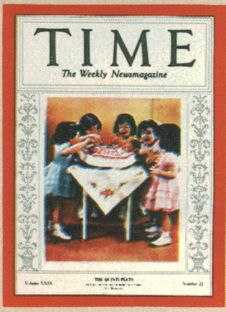
At four p.m. one afternoon last week, a crowd of people who were not quite sure how to dress for the occasion bustled into the neo-Andalusian splendor of Manhattan's Guild Theatre. They were going to see a Eugene O'Neill play—an important one. The play, *Mourning Becomes Electra,* would run continuously with an hour's intermission for dinner, would last five hours.

When coats were stowed under seats, house lights extinguished, the audience was shown the exterior of a large New England home, a portico of deathly paleness only partially masking the building's sepulchral grey face. Here dwell the Mannons. With swift, sure strokes a long story is told.

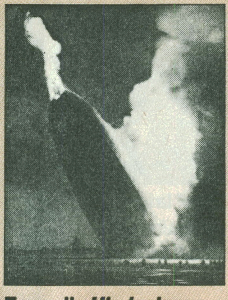
Even before they went out to dinner, it was fairly obvious to first-afternooners that Playwright O'Neill has moved Greece to New England. Those who knew their Euripides were quick to detect a parallel between *Mourning Becomes Electra* and the classic tragedy, recalled how Agamemnon, returning from the Trojan War, was killed by his wife (Clytemnestra), how the long-lost son Orestes finally killed his mother's lover and his mother at the instigation of Elektra.

Significant is the O'Neill treatment of the theme: simple, straightforward. Prime point of criticism of *Mourning Becomes Electra* is its bareness. Six hours is a long time to have to watch a family obliterate itself.

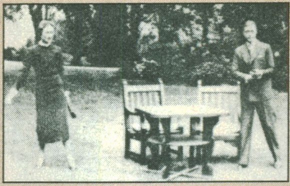
Playwright O'Neill, an experimenter at heart, seldom uses exactly the same method twice. He is voracious. Life, and life as portrayed in the theatre, is a business that must be attacked on many fronts. The record of Playwright O'Neill easily establishes him as the nation's greatest.



■ Ernest Hemingway's first novel in eight years propels him back into the forefront of American writers. ■ Roosevelt defeated in effort to "pack" Supreme Court with New Dealers. ■ Bitter union conflicts bloody steel and auto industries. ■ Duke of Windsor marries the divorcee for whom he abdicated throne. ■ Disney produces his first full-length film, *Snow White.* ■ (Cover: Dionne quintuplets at 3.)



Zeppelin *Hindenburg* destroyed by fire



Edward and Wallis Warfield after coronation of Edward's younger brother, George VI

Chicago police battle strikers at Republic Steel's factory

BOOKS

"All Stories End . . ."

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Ernest Hemingway—*Scribners* ($2.50)

In the eyes of the polite world, Ernest Hemingway has much to answer for. Armed with the hardest-hitting prose of the century, he has used his skill and power to smash rose-colored spectacles right & left, to knock many a genteel pretence into a sprawling grotesque. Detractors have called him a bullying bravo, have pointed out that smashing spectacles and pushing over a pushover are not brave things to do. As the "lost generation" he named* have grown greyer and more garrulous, so his own invariably disillusioned but Spartan books have begun to seem a little dated; until it began to be bruited that Hemingway was just another case of veteran with arrested development and total recall.

Hemingway himself did little to encourage any other attitude. With *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *Men Without Women* (1927) and *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), he had found himself in the unique position of being not only a best-seller but also a writer whom first-line critics intensely admired and respected. Younger writers all imitated him. Wielder of a style of unmatched clarity and precision, master of the art of conveying emotions, particularly violent ones, with an effect almost of first-hand experience, he seemed to have established himself as the most powerful direct influence on contemporary literature. After these three books, however, came the slump. Apart from *Winner Take Nothing* (1933), a volume of short stories, the eight succeeding years saw only two books, both failures. To most readers *Death in the Afternoon* (1932) was a verbose testimonial to the author's enthusiasm for bull-fighting. *Green Hills of Africa* (1935) was an exhaustive and exhausting account of a month's big-game shooting.

Overlooked, however, was the fact that Hemingway is far from being a run-of-the-mine writer. Disregarded also were certain further clues. *Death in the Afternoon* contains much information on its author's basic philosophy. "All stories," he remarked there, "end in death, and he is no true-story teller who would keep that from you. . . ."

Death forms the background of Hemingway's tenth and latest book, his only novel with a U. S. background. But readers of previous love & death stories by Hemingway will find in *To Have and Have Not* a maturity which reflects the more serious turn his personal life has taken in the last year. For the queasy, it should be added that many of the killings (twelve) in *To Have and Have Not* are perpetrated with much goriness; for the strait-laced, that the book brings to naked print practically all the four-letter words extant, contains scenes in which copulation and masturbation are impressionistically but vividly presented.

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HEMINGWAY & AFRICAN KUDU
"A man alone ain't got no . . . chance."

The scene of the book is Key West and Cuba. The story is a sort of saga, disconnected and episodic, of one Harry Morgan, burly, surly, hard-natured "conch" (as Key West natives call themselves), whose life has been spent in the single-minded effort to keep himself and his family on the upper fringes of the "have-nots." Owner of a fast motor boat, he charters it to big-game fishermen, also uses it for running contraband.

No picker and chooser of ways and means, he turns a neat trick on a bunch of Chinese by arranging to ferry them over from Cuba to the Keys, accepts their money, then kills their leader and abandons the rest. Then his luck turns bad. A flier at rum-running results in the confiscation of his boat, the loss of an arm. So the way is paved to the last, most desperate venture of all—an attempt to provide a getaway, in a borrowed boat, for a quartet of bank robbers fleeing from a hold-up at Key West. Morgan knows that unless he kills them first the four will most certainly kill him, as soon as his usefulness to them is ended. He kills them, but not before he has received his own death-wound. In the Coast Guard cutter that has picked him up, half-delirious, dying, he tries to voice the dictum that is the book's real motto: "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody -----* chance."

Tall, heavily-built, dark-skinned and square-featured, Hemingway is still a bullfight *aficionado* (fan), likes also big-game fishing, hunting, plays tennis regularly to keep his weight down. Divorced (1926) from his first wife, he was remarried a year later to Pauline Pfeiffer, then a Paris fashion writer for *Vogue,* has had by her two sons, Patrick and Gregory Hancock. Since 1930, he has made his home at Key West, living there in a thick-walled, Spanish-built house, its garden somewhat incongruously inhabited by peacocks. His 30-ft. launch *El Pilar* he uses for casual pleasure jaunts, trips to Cuba (90 miles away)—and fishing. A Roman Catholic, he is also very superstitious: he never travels on Friday, touches wood constantly, is upset if a black cat crosses his path. Writing (in longhand), he works regular hours, revises conscientiously.

Such, at least, was his pleasant routine till a year ago, when the outbreak of the Spanish War touched off a hitherto well-hidden social consciousness, enlisted him violently on the Loyalist side. No longer big-incomed, he managed to raise $40,000 on his personal notes and dispatched the sum to buy ambulances for Madrid, followed soon after to film *The Spanish Earth.*

Death, as it must to all Hemingway stories, has not yet come to finish Ernest Hemingway's. At 39, in life's prime, he has chosen to be in the midst of death. Madrid, whence last fortnight he cabled a first dispatch to the N. Y. *Times,* was what he described as quiet; but a shell hit the hotel where he was shaving one morning. Whether his remaining chapters are to reach a further climax, are to be torn off unfinished or peter out in a dull decline, time alone can tell. But no matter what is to happen to Hemingway, U. S. readers last week could reassure themselves that U. S. writers still have a front rank and that he is still in it.

---

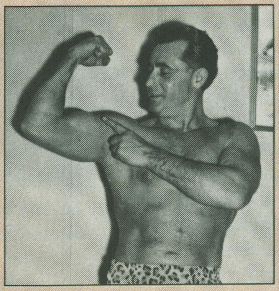
*Gertrude Stein's remark to him ("You are all a lost generation") he used as motto for *The Sun Also Rises,* whence it took its wide currency.

*Obscenity deleted.

LaGuardia starts airport enlargement in New York

G.W. Carver

John D. Rockefeller, who wore special golf gear, dies at 97


Charles Atlas, no more a 97-lb. weakling

Montessori

Georgia O'Keeffe shows paintings in Manhattan

National Affairs

LABOR

Strikes of the Week

Five months ago began the onslaught of insurgent Labor upon Motors and Steel. Corporation by corporation John L. Lewis' organizing drive captured positions in these two great open-shop industries. By last week it had gained about two-thirds of Motors, better than half of Steel. Last week the United Automobile Workers were storming at the gates of Motors' inner citadel, Ford Motor Co. The Steel Workers Organizing Committee, having captured biggest U. S. Steel and most of the small fry, was pounding at three big steel independents: Republic, Youngstown, Inland. On both fronts there was blood and brutality.

Men with queasy stomachs had no place one afternoon last week on the overpass—across the street to street car tracks—at the No. 4 gate of Henry Ford's great River Rouge plant. The union had opened its Ford campaign by hiring two vacant bank buildings near the plant, as headquarters. Next step was to print handbills calling for "Unionism not Fordism," demanding a basic $8, six-hour day for workers, better not only than Ford's present $6, eight-hour day, but better than the terms obtained from any other motor company. Third step was to distribute the handbills to the 9,000 River Rouge workmen.

By announcing the event to the press an ample attendance of newshawks and cameramen as well as a batch of clergymen and investigators of Senator La Follette's civil liberties committee was insured. At the appointed time, Organizer Richard Truman Frankensteen, head of the U.A.W. Ford drive, accompanied by his lieutenant, Walter Reuther, appeared. Leader Frankensteen, a husky 30 and onetime football player (University of Dayton), led the way up a long flight of stairs to the overpass to supervise the handbills' issuance. He was smiling for photographers as a group of Ford men approached. Someone shouted, "You're on Ford property. Get the hell off here!" Frankensteen started to obey, was struck from behind, turned around to fight. Four or five men closed in on him. He was knocked down and his coat pulled over his head. He got to his feet and grabbed one of his attackers by the ear. Others slugged him fore & aft. Cameramen snapped these early stages of the battle, then fled before their plates were seized. Said Frankensteen: "It was the worst licking I've ever taken."

TRANSPORT

"Oh, the Humanity!"

"Toward us, like a great feather . . . is the *Hindenburg*. The members of the crew are looking down on the field ahead of them getting their glimpses of the mooring mast. . . ."

Radio Commentator Herbert Morrison was chattering thus idly into his microphone at the Naval airbase in Lakehurst, N. J. The *Hindenburg* had made ten round trips to the U. S. in 1936 and this arrival was being "covered" by radio only because it was her first of 1937, nothing sensational.

"It is starting to rain again. The back motors of the ship are holding it just enough to keep it—terrific crash, ladies and gentlemen. It is in smoke and flames now. Oh, the humanity! Those passengers! I can't talk, ladies and gentlemen! Honest, it is a mass of smoking wreckage. Lady, I am sorry. Honestly. I can hardly—"

Few seconds later Morrison recovered his voice, went on with his transcription. But by that time the worst and most completely witnessed disaster in the history of commercial aviation was over, the 803-ft. *Hindenburg* was gone, destroyed in precisely 32 sec. before 1,000 appalled spectators.

Foreign News

SPAIN

Terrible Crime

Guernica, a village of 10,000 souls, has a small munitions factory and barracks on its outskirts. Guernica is also the traditional capital of the Basques. To this town Spanish sovereigns, including Ferdinand & Isabella, went to swear by the stump of an ancient oak tree to protect the ancient privileges of the Basque people.

Last week the German planes came over in waves, blasting the houses from their foundations with heavy bombs, loosing showers of glittering two-pound aluminum incendiary bombs to turn the "Holy City" to a furnace. Skimming the roof tops, fighting planes followed with all machine guns popping, harrying terrified peasants through the fields, sending them sprawling in their own blood. Over 800 men, women and children were killed. The munitions factory and barracks, untouched, were later seized by advancing Rightist infantry. Said Catholic Canon Alberto Onoindia of Valladolid Cathedral: "I saw the bombing and burning of Guernica, one of the terrible crimes of this age."

GREAT BRITAIN

Benediction

In the music room an altar had been hastily improvised on an old oak chest on which stood a gold cross and two yellow tapers. By it in a clean white surplice stood the Rev. R. Anderson Jardine awaiting the greatest moment in his life. Hollow-eyed, the Duke of Windsor stepped in a moment later, accompanied by his elegantly groomed best man, Major Edward Dudley ("Fruity") Metcalfe. While Organist Marcel Dupré played the march from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus,* entered (Bessie) Wallis Warfield (Spencer) (Simpson) on the arm of the faithful Herman Rogers. She wore a dress that most U. S. department stores were soon to feature: soft blue crepe with a tight, buttoned bodice, a halo-shaped hat of the same color. At her throat was a tremendous diamond-&-sapphire brooch. Mrs. Warfield carried a prayer book, wore a large lavender orchid at her waist.

Only two incidents disturbed the ceremony. When Vicar Jardine asked, "Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her?" overwrought Edward cried "I will!" in a shrill voice that was almost a scream. When he put on her finger the plain wedding ring of Welsh-mined gold, the trembling of his hands was noticeable even to the farthest watchers.

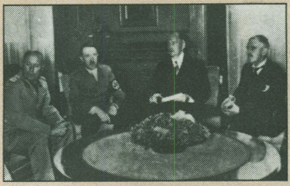
MEDICINE

Pep-Pill Poisoning

The use by college students of a new, powerful but poisonous brain stimulant called Benzedrine last week kept college directors of health in dithers of worry. Cases of over-dosage have been uncovered at the Universities of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Chicago. Elsewhere students who, while cramming for final examinations, collapse, faint, develop insomnia, or show a slowed pulse rate are under suspicion of using the substance. They call it "pep pills."

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

■ War threatens Europe. Hitler swallows Austria and moves on Czechoslovakia. Munich conference brings false promise of "peace in our time." ■ War jitters help cause a nationwide panic over Orson Welles's *The War of the Worlds.* ■ Premier U.S. Architect Frank Lloyd Wright recovers from setbacks, again creates radically handsome buildings. ■ (Cover: Britain's Chamberlain en route to Munich.)



Selling out Czechoslovakia: Mussolini and Hitler, with Chamberlain and Daladier, during Munich conference

Eleanor Roosevelt on 54th birthday

Franco advances

ART

Usonian Architect

About four miles from Spring Green, Wis., the hills splay into two soft ranges to let a fast stream flow toward the Wisconsin River. Facing southwest over this valley a big, long house folds around the summit of one hill, its roof lines parallel to the line of ridges, its masonry the same red-yellow sandstone that crops out in ledges along the stream. Its name is Taliesin, a Welsh word meaning "shining brow." Its history is one of tragic irony. Its character is one of extraordinary repose. It is the home of Frank Lloyd Wright, the greatest architect of the 20th Century.

For the past five years Taliesin has been a workshop, farm and studio for more than a score of apprentices. During its first winter the Taliesin Fellowship spent most of its time cutting wood in two shifts to keep the fires going. Since then, its life has been less defensive. After nearly a decade, the master of Taliesin has again had work in hand. In California, Texas, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pennsylvania superb new buildings have grown from his plans.

A decade ago, when the brand-new International Style in architecture was seriously taken up by U. S. architects, many of them were surprised to discover that Wright had been its forerunner 30 years before, that by great European architects such as Miës van der Rohe he was regarded as a master spirit. In 1932 Wright published his *Autobiography,* a book which combined magnificent self-revelation with the most stimulating discussion of architecture ever heard in the U. S.

The valley in which Architect Wright lives was settled by his Welsh grandfather when it was wild. Wright was born there and grew up on the farm of one of his uncles. His first adventurous piece of architecture was a windmill. He felt and has developed a stronger sense of the earth's reality than most poets. "Man takes a positive hand in creation," he has said, "whenever he puts a building upon the earth beneath the sun."

An erect, impudent youngster of 18, Frank Lloyd Wright arrived in Chicago in the spring of 1887 with three years of engineering school behind him. No. 1 U. S. architect was an immaculate, brown-eyed little French-Irishman of haughty brilliance named Louis Henry Sullivan. Sullivan fathered the skyscraper.

While Louis Sullivan was working on public buildings, what few commissions Adler & Sullivan were given for private houses fell to Frank Lloyd Wright. In the next twenty years he designed and built, for clients scattered throughout the Midwest, nearly 100 houses for which no precedent existed anywhere. In leafy suburbs of Chicago these houses still look strangely civilized and sheltered, with low vistas and wide-spreading eaves. "Taking a human being for my 'scale,' " Wright has said, "I brought the whole house down in height to fit a normal one—ergo, 5'8" tall, say. . . ."

Hedrich

WRIGHT AND APPRENTICES
A house is more than a home.

But though Wright had freed domestic architecture he did not feel himself free. Making what provision he could for his wife and six children, he went to Italy with a woman named Mamah Borthwick Cheney. They were never married. On their return in 1911, he put all he knew of architecture into the building of Taliesin as a new home for them both. Changes of this kind are ill-fated by ancient superstition, but few have met such a fate as Frank Lloyd Wright's. In 1913, a Barbados Negro servant had run amok at Taliesin, murdered its mistress, her two children, an apprentice and three others, burned the living quarters to the ground. Wright buried his mistress alone, and lived there alone for months. Then he began to rebuild Taliesin.

After 1915, Wright's rebirth in architecture took the form of creative audacity on a grand scale. Commissioned in 1916 to build the new Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, he produced one of the marvels of modern construction. A vast, low building on a symmetrical plan, it was Wright's first ambitious use of the cantilever principle, which allowed him to rest each concrete floor slab on a central support, like a tray on a waiter's fingers. He roofed the building with light copper sheathing, made the centre of gravity low as a ship's. And like a ship, the Imperial was made to float. Instead of sinking deep piers to bedrock, the architect rested his building on hundreds of slender, pointed 8-ft. piles, distributing the weight evenly on a 60-ft. pad of mud.

Wright finished his work in 1920. He was in Los Angeles when the big quake hit Tokyo three years later. After ten days of anxious waiting, Wright learned by cable that the building had ridden out the quake unharmed while other modern buildings were shaking their masonry into the streets.

He had not been back at Taliesin long before the house again burned down, this time destroying hundreds of valuable things Wright had brought from Japan. Again he rebuilt Taliesin. Then his second wife, Miriam Noel, left him. Before he was able to marry Olgivanna, the soft-voiced, Montenegrin woman who is his present wife, they and their baby were incredibly harried by the newspapers, the Noel lawyers and the police, who jailed them in Milwaukee. Wright could get no work, could earn no money. Taliesin fell into the hands of a bank. Wright got it back only when a group of old clients and friends incorporated him in 1929.

Since then, bobbing up for the third time, Frank Lloyd Wright has done perhaps his most amazing work. In Racine, Wis., Contractor Ben Wiltscheck is now finishing a business building for S. C. Johnson & Son which is unlike any other in the world. A few miles from Racine, President Herbert Johnson has let Wright build him a house which lies along the prairie in four slim wings. At Bear Run, Pa., Wright has just finished his most beautiful job, "Fallingwater," a house cantilevered over a waterfall.

Usonia is Frank Lloyd Wright's name for the U. S. A. He found it in Samuel Butler and, eclectic for once, appropriated it because he liked it. It is one of the tricks of speech and thought by which Wright links a curiously old-fashioned Americanism to an Americanism which is still ahead of his time. He thinks of himself as in the "centre line" of Usonian independence that runs through Thoreau and Whitman. Whether or not that line is still central in U. S. culture, there can be little doubt that Frank Lloyd Wright is their worthy peer.

The Spirit of America

Mabry Mill, Virginia by Clyde H. Smith

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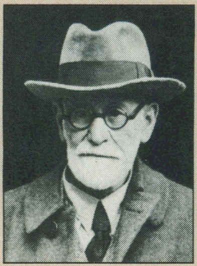
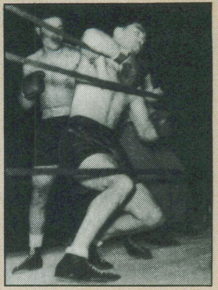
Boyer and Lamarr in Casbah of *Algiers*


Freud's new *Basic Writings* is a hit

The Trapp Family Singers on a U.S. tour before their flight from Austria

Ambassador Joe Kennedy


Schmeling sags to a 124-second defeat

Gershwin honored on the first anniversary of his death at age 38

National Affairs

Floors & Ceilings

After ten laborious days and nights, conferees of the House and Senate brought out at last week's end a compromise on the Wages-&-Hours Bill to put a floor under Labor's pay, a ceiling over its working week.

The arithmetical formula of the bill:

	Wages	*Hours*
1st year	25¢	44
2nd year	30¢	42
3rd year	30¢	40
After the 7th year	40¢	40

Foreign News

Four Chiefs, One Peace

At one of the most dangerous moments of the Czechoslovak crisis last week, when Britain and France were mobilizing for war and Adolf Hitler was adamant in repeating that the German Army would "march" unless Prague yielded to all his demands, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain addressed the Empire and the U. S. by radio, declared Führer Hitler's demands "unreasonable." The next day, at a time of even greater tension he appealed to the Italian Premier Benito Mussolini to use his good offices with the Führer.

At five minutes before noon on the fatal day, with German troops actually in motion toward the Czech border which they were to cross at 2 p.m., Il Duce in Rome rang up Chancellor Hitler at Berlin and they talked for 45 minutes. The Führer had received that morning a second appeal for peace from President Roosevelt.

In the House of Commons, Neville Chamberlain seemed to be trending toward a declaration of war, when suddenly the Prime Minister began to tell how he had sent a letter to Il Duce urging him to contact the Führer.

Precisely at this moment, Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir John Simon handed the Prime Minister a message just received from the Führer, and Neville Chamberlain, after reading it, went on with emotion in his voice:

"I have now been informed by Herr Hitler that he invites me to meet him in Munich tomorrow morning. The House will not need to ask me what my answer will be!"

Perhaps never before have statesmen of great powers negotiated so expeditiously. As fast as the Big Four agreed upon a basic point, their secretaries took this to an adjoining room, where it was dealt with by staff officers and legal experts, ironing out all details. "I am not going to quibble about a village!" was one of Hitler's cracks.

The Big Four decided that Germany is to get about 10,000 square miles of Czechoslovakia without plebiscite. The triumph of Germany was enormous, but not without limits, which were set as firmly as limits can be set in the Europe of 1938. If the crisis proved anything with finality, it proved that modern communication and enlightenment of the peoples reduce the chances of an outbreak of war. For the first time in history, a major conflict had been settled by talking instead of shooting first.

SPORT

Fireworks

It looked like the finale of an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration in The Bronx's Yankee Stadium one night last week. The murky sky was suddenly illuminated with scores & scores of blinding flashes of light as photographers frantically tried to get a whole evening's work into a few fleeting seconds. In the centre of the field, in a little canvas ring, German Boxer Max Schmeling, who was challenging Negro Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world, was collapsing physically and professionally like a sky rocket.

It was all over in 124 seconds. Most of the 70,000 spectators, some of whom paid as much as $125 for a seat, were as bewildered as the challenger. Men who were lighting their pipes missed the whole thing. By the time those in the rear rows had jumped onto their chairs to see over the heads of those who had jumped onto their chairs in front, the match looked like a crap game. In the ring everyone seemed to be crouched on the canvas. Referee Arthur Donovan was counting—three, four, five—over the dazed challenger. The referee threw it out of the ring, stopped the fight—a victory on a technical knockout for Champion Louis.

BUSINESS

TEXTILES

No. 2,130,948

There are only a few major raw materials of which the U. S. does not have its own supplies. Such are rubber and tin. Such also is silk. Last week, however, the U. S. awarded Patent No. 2,130,948 to the late W. H. Carothers, former chemist for E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. The apparel trade, which had for some time heard rumors of the new Du Pont product under the name of Fibre 66, believed it might prove the first practical process for manufacturing synthetic silk entirely from chemicals.

RADIO

"Boo!"

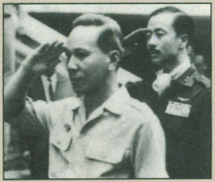
In Newark more than 20 families wrapped their faces in wet towels to save themselves from the gas raid, tied up traffic with their calls for gas masks and ambulances. In Harlem the godly gathered in prayer. Eight hundred and seventy-five panic-stricken people phoned the New York *Times* alone. St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, treated 15 people for shock. A man called the Dixie Bus Terminal, shouting "The World is coming to an end and I've got a lot to do!" In Providence frightened townsfolk demanded that the electric company black out the city to save it from the enemy.

The cause of this amazing nationwide panic last Sunday night was a broadcast by Orson Welles's CBS Mercury Theatre of the Air of *The War of the Worlds* by H. G. Wells (no relative). Author Wells's classic pseudo-scientific thriller about how the men from Mars invade earth in a flying cylinder was first published in 1898. That its broadcast on Halloween Eve 1938 caused something pretty close to national hysteria was not entirely due to the timelessness of the Wells story, the persuasive microphone technique of Orson ("The Shadow") Welles or the stupidity of the U. S. radio audience. Recent concern over a possible European Armageddon has badly spooked the U. S. public.

TIME
THE BEATLES / Their New Incarnation

■ A new record from the Beatles provides one bright spot in a time of fierce racial conflict. Newark explodes, then Detroit; so do scores of smaller cities. ■ In the Middle East, Israel seizes Sinai and the Gaza Strip and regains the holy city of Jerusalem in the whirlwind Six-Day War. ■ Protests over Viet Nam reach a climax when 35,000 demonstrate outside the Pentagon. ■ (Cover: The Beatles triumphant.)

Astronauts Chaffee, White and Grissom die in accidental fire


Thieu and Ky seeking Viet Nam presidency

Israel's Dayan, Rabin at the Western Wall

MUSIC

POP MUSIC

The Messengers

The cover on a new LP album called *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* is a photomontage of a crowd gathered round a grave. And a curious crowd it is: Marilyn Monroe is there, so are Karl Marx, Edgar Allan Poe, Albert Einstein, Lawrence of Arabia, Mae West, Sonny Liston and eight Beatles.

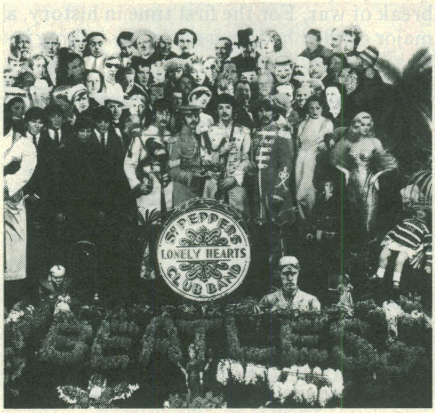
Eight? Well, four of them, standing around looking like wax dummies, are indeed wax models of the Beatles as most people remember them: nicely brushed long hair, dark suits, faces like sassy choirboys. The other four Beatles are very much alive: thin, hippie-looking, mustachioed, bedecked in bright, bizarre uniforms. Though their expressions seem subdued, their eyes glint with a new awareness tinged with a little of the old mischief. As for the grave in the foreground: it has THE BEATLES spelled out in flowers trimmed with marijuana plants.

With characteristic self-mockery, the Beatles are proclaiming that they have snuffed out their old selves to make room for the new Beatles incarnate. And there is some truth to it. Without having lost any of the genial anarchism with which they helped revolutionize the life style of young people in Britain, Europe and the U.S., they have moved on to a higher artistic plateau.

Rich and secure enough to go on repeating themselves—or to do nothing at all—they have exercised a compulsion for growth, change and experimentation. Messengers from beyond rock 'n' roll, they are creating the most original, expressive and musically interesting sounds being heard in pop music. They are leading an evolution in which the best of current post-rock sounds are becoming something that pop music has never been before: an art form. "Serious musicians" are listening to them and marking their work as a historic departure in the progress of music—any music.

Ned Rorem, composer of some of the best of today's art songs, says: "They are colleagues of mine, speaking the same language with different accents." In fact, he adds, the Beatles' haunting composition, *She's Leaving Home*—one of twelve songs in the *Sgt. Pepper* album—"is equal to any song that Schubert ever wrote." Conductor Leonard Bernstein's appreciation is just as high; he cites Schumann. As Musicologist Henry Pleasants says: "The Beatles are where music is right now."

Like all good popular artists, the Beatles have a talent for distilling the moods of their time. Gilbert and Sullivan's frolics limned the pomposities of the Victorian British Empah; Cole Porter's urbanities were wonderful tonics for the hung-over '30s; Rodgers and Hammerstein's ballads reflected the sentiment and seriousness of the World War II era. Today the Beatles' cunning collages piece together scraps of tension between the generations, the loneliness of the dislocated '60s, and the bitter sweets of young love in any age. At the same time, their sensitivity to the absurd is sharper than ever.


CAPITOL RECORDS

"SGT. PEPPER" COVER
"I'd love to turn you on."

By contrast, their early music had exuberance and an occasional oasis of unexpected harmony, but otherwise blended monotonously into the parched badlands of rock. *I Want to Hold Your Hand,* the Beatles' biggest hit single—it has sold 5,000,000 copies since 1963—was a cliché boy-girl lyric and a simple tune hammered onto the regulation *aaba* pop-song structure. But the boys found their conventional sound and juvenile verses stultifying. Says Paul McCartney: "We didn't like the idea of people going onstage and being very unreal and doing sickly songs. We felt that people would like it more, and we would like it more, if there was some—reality."

Thus it was that the group's chief lyricist, John Lennon, began tuning in on U.S. Folk Singer Bob Dylan (*The Times They Are A-Changin'*); it wasn't Dylan's sullen anger about life that Lennon found appealing so much as the striving to "tell it like it is." Gradually, the Beatles' work began to tell it too. Their 1965 song, *Nowhere Man* ("Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to") asked: "Isn't he a bit like you and me?"

Fantasy took flight in their songs, from *Yellow Submarine's* childlike picture of a carefree existence beneath the waves to the vastly more complex and ominous vision in *Strawberry Fields Forever* of a retreat from uncertainty into a psychedelic cop-out. Its four separate meters, freewheeling modulations and titillating tonal trappings, showed that the Beatles had flowered as musicians. They learned to bend and stretch the pop-song mold, enriched their harmonic palette with modal colors, mixed in cross-rhythms, and pinched the classical devices of composers from Bach to Stockhausen. They supplemented their guitar sound with strings, baroque trumpets, even a calliope. With the help of their engineer, arranger and record producer, George Martin, they plugged into a galaxy of space-age electronic effects, achieved partly through a mixture of tapes run backward and at various speeds.

All the successes of the past two years were a foreshadowing of *Sgt. Pepper,* which more than anything else dramatizes, note for note, word for word, the brilliance of the new Beatles. In three months, it has sold a staggering 2,500,000 copies—each a guaranteed package of psychic shivers. Loosely strung together on a scheme that plays the younger and older generations off against each other, it sizzles with musical montage, tricky electronics and sleight-of-hand lyrics that range between 1920s ricky-tick and 1960s raga. *A Day in the Life* is by all odds the most disturbingly beautiful song the group has ever produced. At the end, the refrain, "I'd love to turn you on," leads to a hair-raising chromatic crescendo by a full orchestra and a final blurred chord that is sustained for 40 seconds, like a trance of escape, or perhaps resignation.

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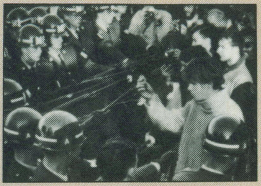
Riot victim in Newark

New star model: Twiggy, age 17


Hippies offer flowers to soldiers during protest outside the Pentagon

Oldenburg and fan

Christiaan Barnard, who performed first heart transplant

Svetlana Stalin defects to West

THE NATION

CITIES

The Fire This Time

At midnight, Hubert G. Locke, a Negro who is administrative assistant to the police commissioner, left his desk at headquarters and climbed to the roof for a look at Detroit. When he saw it, he wept. Beneath him, whole sections of the nation's fifth largest city lay in charred, smoking ruins. From Grand River Avenue to Gratiot Avenue six miles to the east, tongues of flame licked at the night sky, illuminating the angular skeletons of gutted homes, shops, supermarkets. Looters danced in the eerie shadows, stripping a store clean, then setting it to the torch.

In the violent summer of 1967, Detroit became the scene of the bloodiest uprising in half a century and the costliest in terms of property damage in U.S. history. At week's end, there were 41 known dead, 347 injured, 3,800 arrested. Some 5,000 people were homeless (the vast majority Negro), while 1,300 buildings had been reduced to mounds of ashes and bricks and 2,700 businesses sacked. Damage estimates reached $500 million. The riot surpassed those that had preceded it in the summers of 1964 and 1965 and 1966 in a more fundamental way. For here was the most sensational expression of an ugly mood of nihilism and anarchy that has ever gripped a small but significant segment of America's Negro minority.

Typically enough, Detroit's upheaval started with a routine police action. Seven weeks ago, in the Virginia Park section of the West Side, a "blind pig" (afterhours club) opened for business on Twelfth Street, styling itself the "United Community League for Civic Action." Along with the booze that it offered to minors, the "League" served up black-power harangues against Whitey's exploitation.

At 1:45 a.m. Sunday, an informant, a wino and ex-convict, passed the word (and was paid 50¢ for it): "It's getting ready to blow." Two hours later, 10th Precinct Sergeant Arthur Howison led a raid on the League, arresting 73 Negro customers and the bartender. A crowd gathered, taunting the fuzz. "Just as we were pulling away," Howison said, "a bottle smashed a squad-car window."

Rocks and bottles flew. Looting, at first dared by only a few, became a mob delirium as big crowds now gathered. Arsonists lobbed Molotov cocktails at newly pillaged stores. Fires started in the shops, spread swiftly to homes and apartments. Snipers took up posts in windows and on rooftops. For four days and into the fifth, mobs stole, burned and killed as some 15,000 police, National Guardsmen and federal troops fought to smother the fire. The city was paralyzed.

END OF A PILGRIMAGE

Henry R. Luce: 1898—1967

"As a journalist," he once said, "I am in command of a small sector in the very front trenches of this battle for freedom." For Henry Robinson Luce, the battle ended last week. On the 44th anniversary of TIME's first issue, America's greatest maker of magazines died in Phoenix of a coronary occlusion. He was 68.

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

The Quickest War

No amount of warning, however shrill, ever quite prepares a people for the air-raid siren's scream. The first wail is always difficult to believe. In Cairo, last week, it scarcely disturbed the morning bustle of the bazaar. This was no drill. In stunning pre-dawn air strikes across the Arab world, Israeli jets all but eliminated Arab airpower—and with it any chance of an Arab victory. By Monday night, the end of the first day's fighting, some 400 warplanes of four Arab nations had been obliterated. Egypt alone lost 300, Syria 60, Jordan 35, Iran 15. The cost to Israel's 400-fighter air force: 19 planes.

In the Sinai Peninsula, as in the air, the Israeli tactics were based on surprise and speed. From Kerem Shalom in the north to El Kuntilla in the south, Israeli Centurion tanks, halftracks and field guns, plus convoys of infantrymen in sand-colored fatigues, pounded across from the Negev into Sinai in the blazing morning sunlight. Within two days, the Israelis had knocked out or captured 200 of Nasser's tanks, and were deep in Sinai.

At 11 a.m. on the first day of battle in response to a plea from Nasser, Jordan opened a second front. Mortar and artillery shells rumbled down from the heights of Arab Jerusalem to splatter the Israeli sector. No part of the city was spared. Shells hit near Premier Eshkol's home and in the garden of The King David Hotel.

As darkness descended, the Israelis moved to the attack. Two armored columns snaked out and around the Old City of Jerusalem. Within its ancient walls are nestled the holy sites of three world religions. By 10 a.m. the conquerors stood before the great boulders of the Wailing Wall, the only remnant of the Second Temple, that for 1,897 years has been the symbol of Jewish national hope—and despair. Said the tough commando leader who took the Wall: "None of us alive has ever seen or done anything so great as he has done today." And there by the Wall, he broke down and wept.

MEDICINE

SURGERY

The Ultimate Operation

For weeks, and months, and even years, surgical teams at more than 20 medical centers around the world have been standing ready to make the first transplant of a heart from one human being to another. What they have been waiting for is the simultaneous arrival of two patients with compatible blood types—one doomed to die of some disease that has not involved his heart, and a second doomed to die of incurable, irreversible heart disease.

Last week, in two hospitals separated by almost 8,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean, the historic juxtaposition happened and the heart transplants were performed.

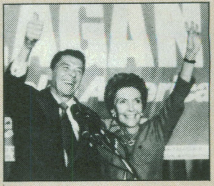
The team at Brooklyn's Maimonides Medical Center, headed by Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz, admitted "unequivocal failure." Their patient, a 19-day-old boy, died 6½ hours after he received a new heart. But the team of Dr. Christiaan Neethling Barnard, 44, which acted first at Cape Town, South Africa, had a more enduring success. Their patient, a 55-year-old man, was feeding himself and making small talk a week after his epochal surgery.

1980

TIME
The Big Blowup

■ President Carter fails in a daring plan to rescue 53 American hostages by a helicopter raid on Tehran. ■ A U.S. boycott of the Moscow Olympics has no effect on Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. ■ Ronald Reagan captures the White House. ■ Poland on the verge of revolt. ■ A giant Picasso show sums up the master's prodigious lifetime work. ■ TV hype of the year: Who shot J.R.? ■ (Cover: Mount St. Helens erupts.)

Blindfolded hostages are paraded through captured U.S. embassy in Tehran



Reagan and Nancy after primary win in New Hampshire

Strikers in Gdansk

Art

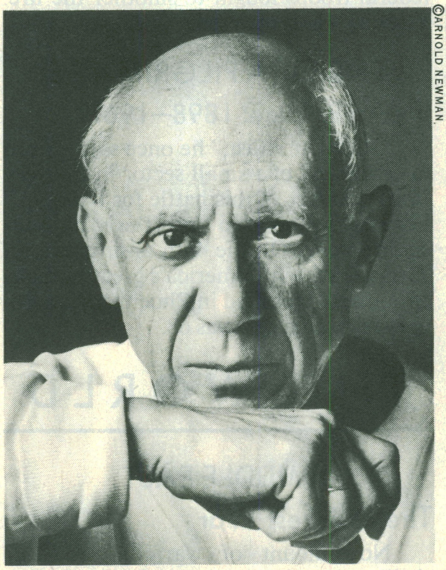
The Show of Shows

Picasso, modernism's father, comes home to MOMA

In imaginative force and outright *terribilità,* it is quite possibly the most crushing and exhilarating exhibition of work by a 20th century artist ever held in the U.S. Beginning this week, over the next four months nearly a million people will queue outside New York City's Museum of Modern Art to get a glimpse of it. Pablo Picasso, who died in 1973, is being honored in a show of nearly 1,000 of his works, some never exhibited before, drawn from collections the world over.

What gives the exhibit its overwhelming character is the range and fecundity of Picasso's talent—the flashes of demonic restlessness, the heights of confidence and depths of insecurity, the relationships (alternately loving and cannibalistic) to the art of the past, but above all the sustained intensity of feeling. "Pablo Picasso: A Retrospective" contains good paintings and bad, some so weak that they look like forgeries (but are not), as well as a great many works of art for which the word masterpiece—exiled for the crime of elitism over the past decade—must now be reinstated. It is the largest exhibition of one artist's work that MOMA has ever held, or probably ever will. It contains pieces ranging in size from *Guernica,* Picasso's 26-ft.-wide mural of protest against the fascist bombing of a Basque town during the Spanish Civil War, to a cluster of peg dolls he painted for his daughter Paloma. Paintings, drawings, collages, prints of every kind, sculpture in bronze, wood, wire, tin, paper and clay; there was virtually no medium the Spaniard did not use.

Picasso never painted an abstract picture in his life. His instinct for the real world was so strong that he probably would have produced something woman-shaped every time he took brush in hand. Nevertheless, some of his cubist still lifes of 1911 run close to total abstraction. Objects were sunk in a twinkling field of vectors and shadows, solid lapping into transparency, things penetrating and turning away, leaving behind the merest signs for themselves—a letter or two, the bowl of a pipe, the sound hole of a guitar. This sense of multiple relationships was the core of cubism's modernity. It declared that all visual experience could be set forth as a shifting field that included the onlooker. It was painting's unconscious answer to the theory of relativity.



©ARNOLD NEWMAN.

Pablo Picasso in 1954

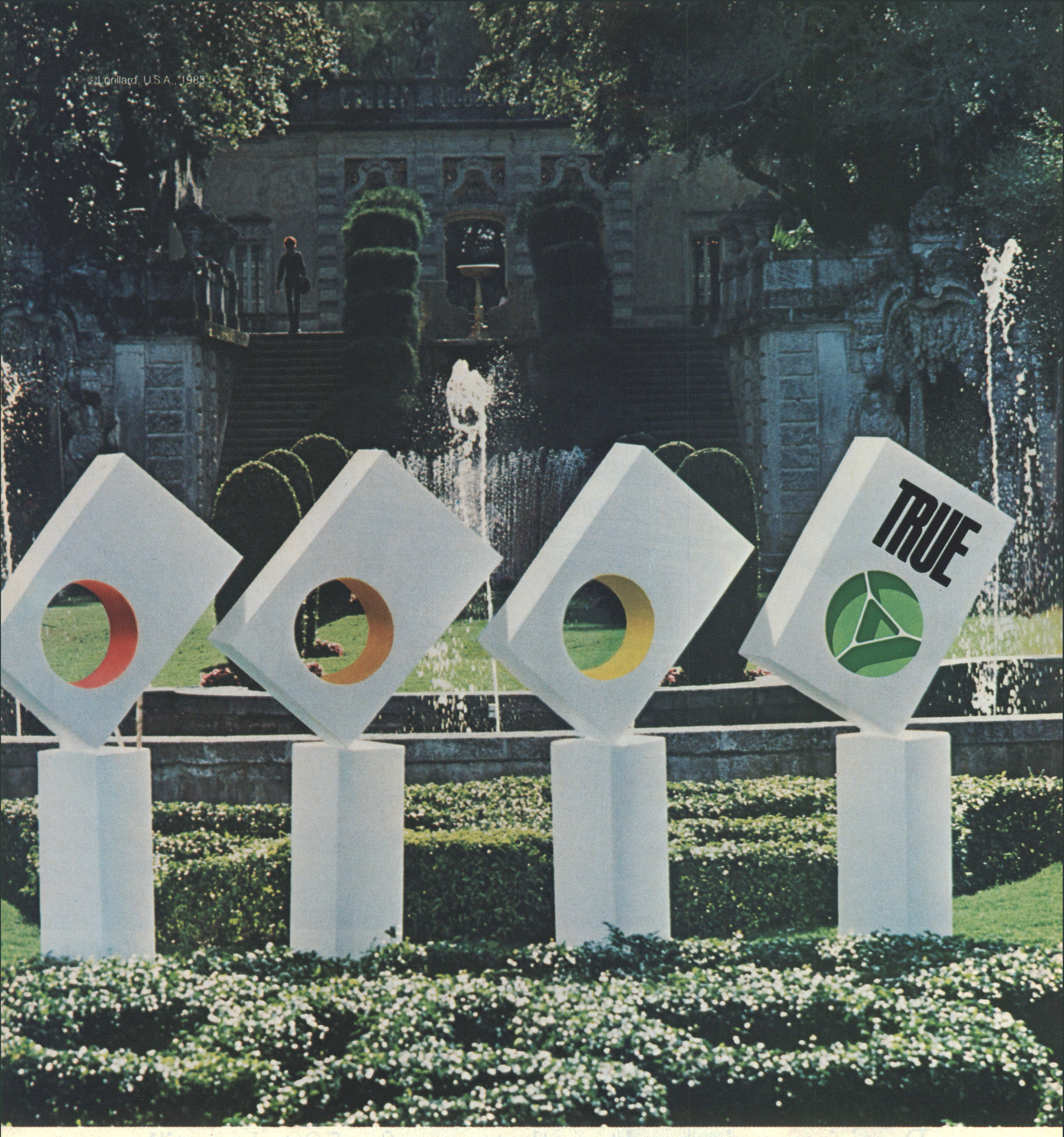
He tried to embody child and savage.

After World War I, Picasso would depend wholly on himself and his feelings. The corollary was that Picasso gave feeling itself an extraordinary, self-regarding intensity, so that the most vivid images of braggadocio and rage, castration fear and sexual appetite in modern art still belong to the Spaniard. This frankness—allied with Picasso's power of metamorphosis, which linked every image together in a ravenous, animistic vitality—is without parallel among other artists.

Basically, Picasso cared nothing about civilization or its discontents. He admired, and tried to embody, the child and the savage, both prodigies of appetite. To feel, to seize, to penetrate, to abandon: these were the verbs of his art, as they were of his cruelly narcissistic relationships with the "goddesses or doormats," as he categorized the women in his life. Hence, the energy of *The Embrace,* 1925, its lovers grappling on a sofa in their orifice-laden knot of apoplectic randiness. Hence, too, the fear (amounting sometimes to holy terror, but more often to a witch-killing misogyny) that emanates from creatures like the bony mantis woman of *Seated Bather,* 1930. Such images are cathartic. One needs colossal self-confidence to expose such insecurities.

Picasso's climactic work of the '30s was *Guernica,* 1937. In its way it is a classicizing painting, not only in its friezelike effect, but also in its details. The only modern image in it is a light bulb; but for its presence, the mural would scarcely seem to belong in the world of Heinkel bombers and incendiary bombs. Yet its black, white and gray palette also suggests the documentary photo, while the texture of strokes on the horse's body is more like collaged newsprint than hair.

Picasso was the most influential artist of his own time; for many lesser figures a catastrophic influence, and for those who could deal with him—from Braque, through Giacometti, to de Kooning and Arshile Gorky—an almost indescribably fruitful one. Today such a career seems inconceivable. No one even shows signs of assuming the empty mantle. If ever a man created his own historical role and was not the pawn of circumstances, it was that Nietzschean monster from Málaga. ■



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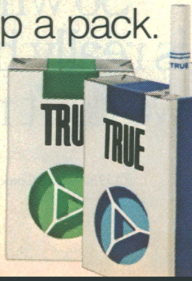

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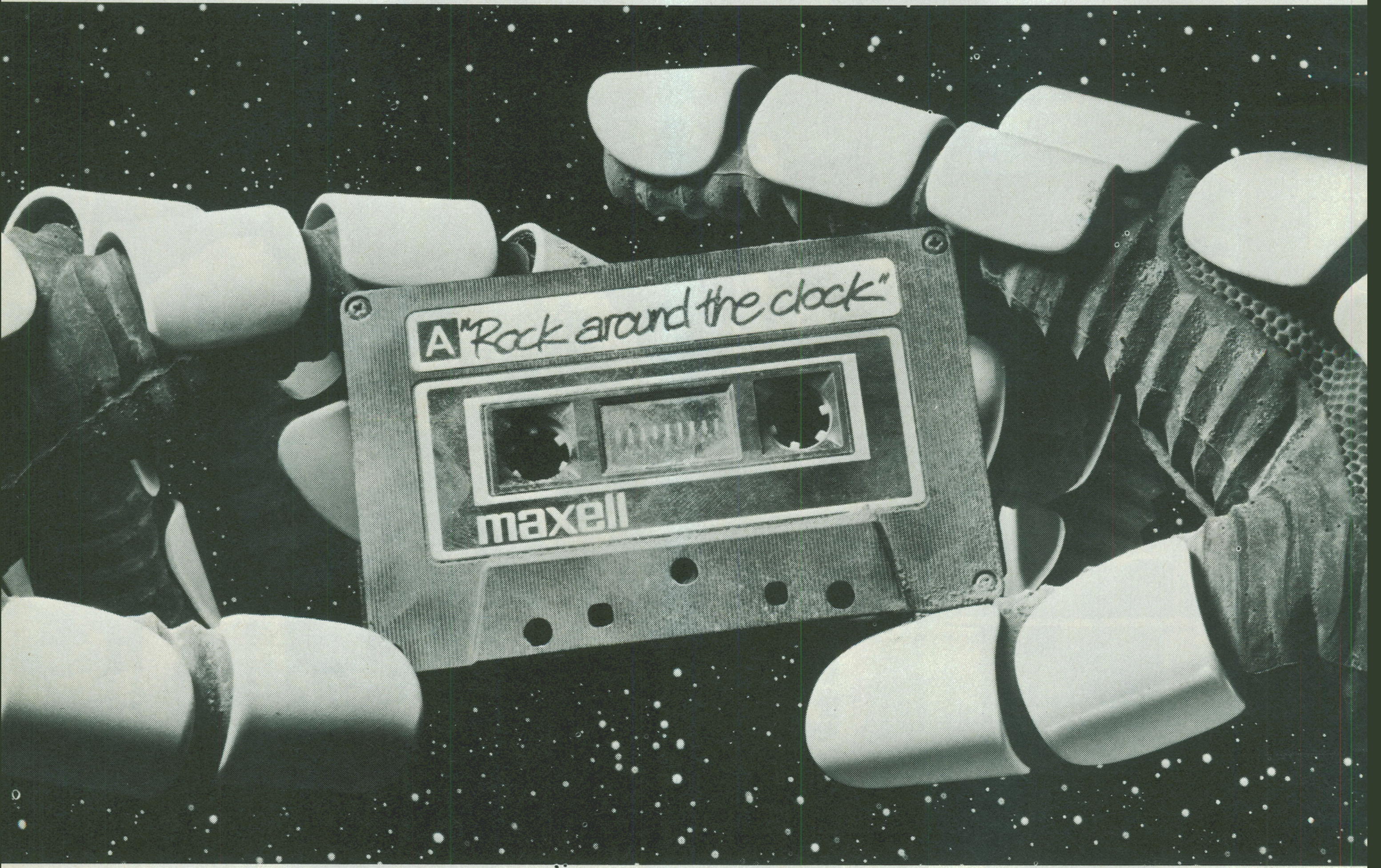

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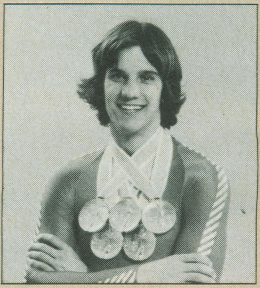
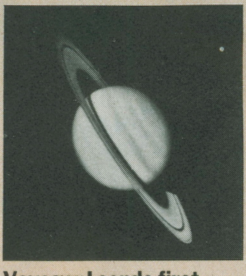


Olympic Skater Heiden

John Lennon signs record for fan who later shot him outside his apartment



Voyager I sends first close-ups of Saturn

Yoda the teacher

P.L.O. Chief Arafat

Nation

Reagan Sweeps

And many new Republican faces win office too

Landslide. Yes, landslide—stunning, startling, astounding, beyond the wildest dreams and nightmares of the contending camps, beyond the furthest ken of the armies of pollsters, pundits and political professionals. After all the thousands of miles, the millions of words and dollars, the campaign that in newspapers across the land on the very morning of Election Day was still headlined TOO CLOSE TO CALL turned out to be a landslide. Half the election-watching parties in the nation were over before the guests arrived. The ponderous apparatus of the television networks' Election Night coverage had scarcely got on the air before it was over. NBC called the winner at 8:15 p.m. E.S.T., and the loser conceded while Americans were still standing in line at polling booths in much of the country. In a savage repudiation of a sitting President not seen since F.D.R. swept away Herbert Hoover in the midst of the Depression, Americans chose Ronald Wilson Reagan, at 69 the oldest man ever to be elected President, to replace Jimmy Carter.

It was shortly after midnight when Dixville Notch, N.H., became the first community to cast its ballots and set a trend that never varied: 17 to 3 for the challenger. Once the big count began, all the shibboleths of the election—that Americans were confused, apathetic and wished a plague on all the candidates and, above all, that they were closely divided—were swept away by a tide of votes, some hopeful, many angry, that carried Reagan to victory. ■

Desert Debacle

Carter fails to rescue the hostages in Iran

Two lines of blue lights etched the outlines of the remote landing strip. Suddenly flames illuminated the night sky, then gradually flickered out. On the powdery sands of Dasht-e-Kavir, Iran's Great Salt Desert, lay the burned-out hulk of a lumbering U.S. Air Force C-130 Hercules aircraft. Nearby rested the scorched skeleton of a U.S. Navy RH-53 Sea Stallion helicopter. And in the wreckage were the burned bodies of eight American military air crewmen.

A few hours later, the Iranian air force dispatched American-made F-4 Phantom fighter-bombers to blast the ruins. The fire and the fury represented a new American tragedy—the inability of the U.S. to extricate 53 American hostages held by Iranian militants and the unstable, faction-torn government of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini. In a startlingly bold but tragic gamble, President Jimmy Carter had ordered a courageous, specially trained team of American military commandos to try to pluck the hostages out of the heavily guarded U.S. embassy in Tehran. The supersecret operation failed dismally. It ended in the desert staging site, some 250 miles short of its target in the capital city. And for the world's most technologically sophisticated nation, the reason for aborting the rescue effort was particularly painful: three of the eight helicopters assigned to the mission developed electrical or hydraulic malfunctions that rendered them useless.

For Carter in particular, and for the U.S. in general, the desert debacle was a military and political fiasco. A once dominant military machine, first humbled in its agonizing standoff in Viet Nam, now looked incapable of keeping its aircraft aloft even when no enemy knew they were there, and even incapable of keeping them from crashing into each other despite four months of practice for their mission. ■

The Last Day In the Life

John Lennon is shot to death

Just a voice out of the American night. "Mr. Lennon." He started to turn around. There is no knowing whether John Lennon saw, for what would have been the second time that day, the young man in the black raincoat stepping out of the shadows. The first shot hit him that fast, through the chest. There were at least three others. Not that night, or the next day, but a little later, after the terror ebbed and the grief could be managed, Lennon's wife, Yoko Ono, took their five-year-old son Sean to the spot in the apartment courtyard where she had seen his father murdered. She had already shown Sean a newspaper with his father's picture on the front page. She tried to do what everyone else has done since that Monday night. She tried to explain.

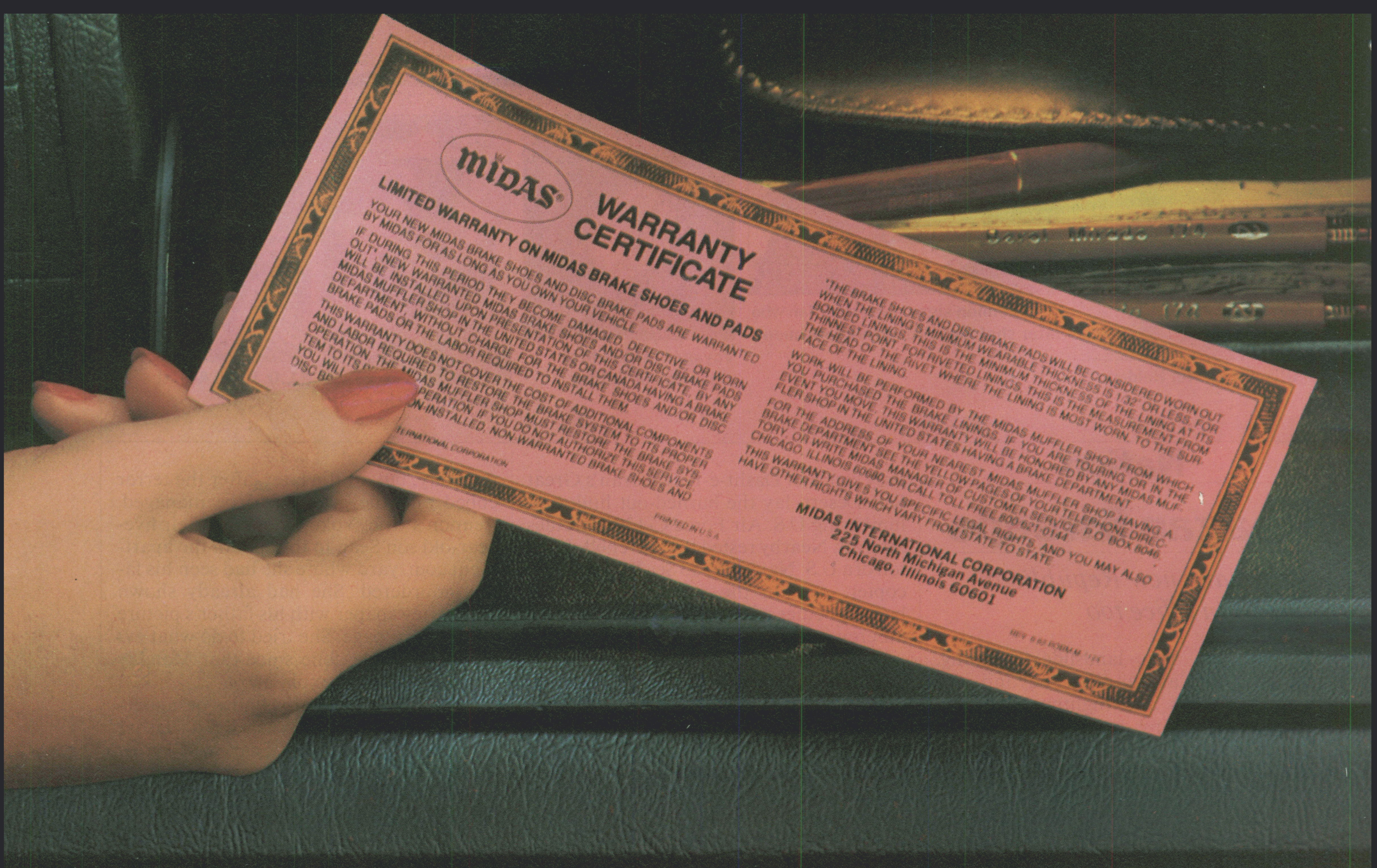
Sean did not really know or understand about the Beatles, or what his father was to the world. But Sean will surely know, soon enough, that his father did not have to die to become part of everything. Given the special burden and grace of his great gift, he already was. Not just for his wife or son but for more people than anyone could ever begin to number, the killing of John Lennon was a death in the family. ■

"This Is It"

Mount St. Helens explodes

"Vancouver, Vancouver, this is it!" The frantic warning was radioed at precisely 8:31 a.m. on that fateful Sunday by Volcano Expert David Johnston, 30, who had climbed to a monitoring site five miles from Washington State's Mount St. Helens in the snow-capped Cascade Range, 40 miles northeast of Portland, Ore. He wanted to peer through binoculars at an ominous bulge building up below the crater, which had been rumbling and steaming for eight weeks, and report his observations to the U.S. Geological Survey center in Vancouver, Wash.

Seconds after his shouted message, a stupendous explosion of trapped gases, generating about 500 times the force of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, blew the entire top off Mount St. Helens. In a single burst St. Helens was transformed from a postcard-symmetrical cone 9,677 ft. high to an ugly flattop 1,300 ft. lower. Clouds of hot ash made up of pulverized rock were belched twelve miles into the sky. Giant mud slides, composed of melted snow mixed with ash, rumbled down the slopes and crashed through valleys, leaving millions of trees knocked down in rows, as though a giant had been playing pick-up sticks. ■



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Frontiers of Science

A whole series of giant leaps for mankind

Perhaps the most dramatic revolution in the way people live was wrought by technology. In 1923 private telephones were still largely playthings of the rich. Many rural areas had no electricity. The automobile was beginning to appear in large quantities. Radio's early enthusiasts tinkered with crystal sets in their living rooms just as today's home-computer buffs hunch over their machines.

If that era's technology seems crude now, science was then, at least in some areas, in a similar state. Learned astronomers argued vociferously over whether our galaxy, the Milky Way, was alone or only one of many islands of stars. In medicine, the first sulfa drugs were unheard of. Physicists, having recently discovered that gravity could warp space and time, were now catching glimpses of an even wilder idea: that at its fundamental level, of atomic particles, the universe was governed entirely by chance. There was not a hint of the powerful forces these ideas would eventually unleash.

Newspaper coverage on science was also primitive. When an imaginative physicist named Robert H. Goddard talked of some day reaching the moon with a new breed of multistage rockets powered by liquid fuel, an editorial in the New York *Times* noted sarcastically that Goddard didn't know that a rocket had "to have something better than a vacuum against which to react."

RALPH MORSE

1982 space shuttle launching from Cape Canaveral

Science reporting was a relatively rare journalistic pursuit. Whatever attention scientific matters received in the press was permeated with either an excess of awe or an abundance of naiveté, or both. Even so, TIME decided to take science seriously, and its very first issue carried seven stories on the subject. One concerned the proposal of an inventor named Hudson Maxim, who suggested that for pest control, boll weevil males might be lured into traps with the scent of females of the species. Years were to pass before sex-lure pheromones were taken seriously by entomologists.

Science coverage is not always so perspicacious. Though penicillin was discovered in the late '20s, it did not make big news until World War II. The discovery of DNA, too, took some years to become widely known. Some stories, however, were news from the start.

Within only half a year of its birth, TIME featured the first scientist on its cover: Frederick G. Banting, the Canadian physician who, with Charles H. Best, extracted the hormone insulin from the pancreas and finally provided a successful treatment of *diabetes mellitus,* until then almost always a killer. Two months later the spotlight focused on the naturalist Roy Chapman Andrews, whose hunt for dinosaur and other ancient fossil remains in the Gobi Desert had fascinated the nation. In its second year, long before the id and the superego had become the chatter of the cocktail hour, TIME devoted a cover story to the controversial theories of Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis.

The greatest public interest has always involved science's practical side: how it might improve humanity's lot. Thus worldwide fame struck Jonas Salk (1955), who created the first widely adopted polio vaccine, and Heart Surgeon Christiaan Barnard (1967), who first successfully transplanted a human heart. But there are also the less celebrated lab workers and experimenters who make such derring-do possible. One such figure whom TIME helped bring into the limelight was Harvard Virologist John Enders (1961), co-inventor of the technique for growing the polio viruses later perfected by the better-known Salk for making his lifesaving vaccine.

Often, however, scientific achievements transcend particular personalities. To mark the invention of oral contraceptives, which probably did as much to revolutionize sexual behavior as the temptation of Eve, TIME simply showed Pills (1967) on its cover. Subject, rather than any individuals, dominated the treatment of such topics as the advent of genetic engineering, the concern over nutrition and coronary disease, the search for a cancer cure, and perhaps the most exciting breakthrough of all: the creation of test-tube babies.

New technologies, of course, have not always been used so benevolently. Still, the overriding message has been upbeat. Five years before the Soviets jolted the world with the launch in 1957 of Sputnik I, the first man-made earth satellite, a TIME cover discussed the future of space exploration. Since then, space flight has been the subject of more than a score of covers. Even 14 years after man's first moon landing, the description of Neil Armstrong's initial step on the moon from his fragile lunar module ("That's one small step for a man . . .") has the power to quicken the pulse.

In response to contemporary concerns, TIME has steadily enlarged its scientific coverage with the addition of several new sections. The Environment section was launched in 1969. The Behavior section first appeared that same year with the growing interest in psychology and well-being. Sexes followed four years later to explore the new complexities of the male-female relationship. The magazine reported the computer's impact on society as long ago as 1965; last year, with a flood of small, personal machines appearing all across the nation, it began a regular section on computers and designated the silicon marvel as its Machine of the Year. ***—By Frederic Golden***

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
EISENHOWER

■ D-day. The Western Allies invade Nazi-occupied France. Paris is liberated. The Germans fight back by raining rockets on London and by mounting a desperate counter-offensive, the Battle of the Bulge. ■ In Poland, a horrible discovery: Maidenek, the first of the Nazi extermination camps to be freed by the Allies. ■ Penicillin reaches the civilian market. ■ (Cover: Eisenhower as Allied Commander.)

U.S. infantrymen storm ashore on Omaha Beach in Normandy as the great invasion gets underway

Patton commands armored forces

MEDICINE

20th Century Seer

Medical news last week vied with news of the days before an invasion. Under the aspect of eternity, the medical news might even be more important than the military. The War Production Board announced that the wonder drug penicillin, for three years practically a monopoly of the Army & Navy, was now being manufactured in such quantity that it can be issued to civilians. Some 1,000 hospitals will be allowed to buy generous monthly quotas for distribution to patients and other hospitals.*

For impatient sufferers (many of them dying), the good news came none too soon. Penicillin (sometimes rhymes with villain, sometimes with whistle in) is the best treatment for all staphylococcic infections, all hemolytic streptococcic infections, pneumococcic infections (of the lining of skull, spinal cord, lung and heart surfaces), pneumococcic pneumonia that sulfa drugs will not cure, all gonococcic infections (including all gonorrhea that sulfa drugs will not cure). Diseases against which penicillin is effective but not fully tested: syphilis, actinomycosis, bacterial endocarditis.

The man who made possible this incalculable alleviation of human suffering is Dr. Alexander Fleming, discoverer of the antibacterial effect of the mold from which penicillin is made. He is a short (5 ft. 7 in.), gentle, retiring Scot with somewhat dreamy blue eyes, fierce white hair and a mulling mind, which, when it moves, moves with the thrust of a cobra. Until time's solvent has dissolved the human slag, it will be hard to say who the great men of the 20th Century are. But Dr. Alexander Fleming is almost certainly one of them.

For he belongs in the tradition of the scientific seers, which includes Galileo watching the swing of a lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa and deducing from it the law of the pendulum, and Isaac Newton watching the fall of an apple and deducing from it the law of gravity. For thousands of years men looked at the cryptogamic mold called *Penicillium notatum,* but Dr. Fleming was the first to see its meaning. His discernment, restoring to science the creative vision which it has sometimes been held to lack, restored health to millions of men living and unborn.

The story of his discovery is legendary. Back in 1928 Alexander Fleming taught bacteriology at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, University of London. In his small, old-fashioned laboratory, he grew staphylococci in petri plates (flat glass culture dishes). One day he found that mold had spoiled one of his cultures. Staphylococci grew on only half of the plate. A blue-green mold spotted, but did not cover, the other half. He noticed that the mold had cleared a wide, bacteria-free area between itself and the staphylococci—perhaps had killed them.

FRITZ GORO—LIFE

PENICILLIN IN THE MAKING
Like Galileo watching the lamp.

Next year what Dr. Fleming knew about the mold's bacteria-baiting by-product appeared in the British *Journal of Experimental Pathology.* He had found out that the mold was some kind of Penicillium (from the Latin for pencil—the shape of the magnified mold). He named its by-product penicillin. Having made his great discovery, Dr. Fleming went on to other work. He was engaged in many other experiments—no scientist knows just which of his bottles contains the Nobel Prize.

By 1938 when World War II loomed, a good internal and external antiseptic was still to seek. But at Oxford's Sir William Dunn School of Pathology, the man who was to make Dr. Fleming's discovery save human lives was already at work on the problem. He was Dr. Howard Walter Florey, 45, an Australian-born professor of pathology.

At first, Dr. Florey's researchers got only about a gram of reddish-brown powder (the sodium salt of penicillin) from 100 liters of the mold liquid. But at last, after heroic chemical cookery, they accumulated enough penicillin to test the drug on living creatures.

Eight mice were inoculated with a deadly strain of streptococci. Says Dr. Florey: "We sat up through the night injecting penicillin every three hours into the treated group [four mice]. I must confess that it was one of the more exciting moments when we found in the morning that all the untreated mice were dead and all the penicillin-treated ones alive." The first human guinea pig was a policeman dying of staphylococcus septicemia (blood infection). After five days on penicillin, he "felt much improved."

Last year penicillin patients were still rare enough to be front-page news. First such case was two-year-old Patricia Malone of Jackson Heights, Queens. The New York *Journal-American,* which begged enough penicillin to save her life from staphylococcic septicemia, last week won the Pulitzer Prize for the story. After that, the nation watched one "hopeless" case after another get well.

Penicillin is already big business, yet Dr. Fleming (who discovered it) and Dr. Florey (who made it tick) have got nothing out of it but praise—doctors generally do not patent drugs. To Dr. Fleming, whose pioneer mind has reverted to watching and waiting, penicillin is not an end, but a beginning. There are at least 100,000 molds and fungi, any one of which may one day yield a drug with which to cure the many plagues penicillin leaves untouched. "It would be strange indeed," says Dr. Fleming, who is hard at work on other antibiotics, "if the first one described remained the best."

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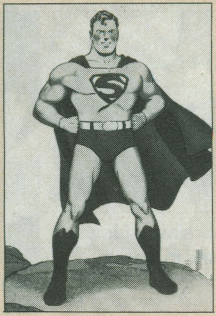
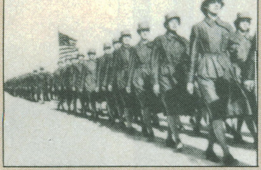
*They will get the drug from 21 manufacturers (two Canadian, the rest U.S.) now or soon to be in production. Manufacturers will make about 100 billion units in May, about 200 billion units by the end of the year. Prices now vary from $2.85 to $10 for 100,000 units (last year's price: $20).

De Gaulle claims control of France


Popular hero


Army hopes to recruit 150,000 WACs; more than 1,000 are already in European theater

Brazilian Dancer Carmen Miranda

Dali publishes a novel

Fields breaks nose

FOREIGN NEWS

THE DAY

June 6, 1944

The commander of a U. S. base in England said to his airmen: "May I have your attention, please? This is what we have been waiting for. This is invasion morning." His young men went out to their planes, and up into the Channel dawn.

Near midnight the first C-47 transport planes reached their objective near Cherbourg. Men snapped their rip cords over static lines, waited, crouching. The command came, and they leaped. White, yellow and red parachutes blossomed in the night. Men by the thousands floated down upon captive France.

Battleships, cruisers, destroyers stood off the coast, wrapped themselves in smoke screens and hurled steel from 640 guns. Never before had a target been subjected to such overwhelming bombardment from air and sea.

Fifteen minutes after a rosy sun lifted over the pastures of Normandy, khaki-clad U.S. and British troops began to pour ashore—the British on the left near Havre, the Americans on the right near Cherbourg.

Beachmasters established their stations, directing the mounting traffic. By 10:30 bulldozers were carving out airstrips. England was tied to the invasion coast at last. The Crusade was on.

MURDER, INC.

Fortnight ago a Soviet correspondent described the Nazi murder camp near Lublin. Last week TIME's Moscow Correspondent Richard Lauterbach visited Maidenek. His report:

Our car halted before a well-guarded gate. "This is Maidenek," Dmitri Kudriavtsev said. I saw a huge, not unattractive, temporary city. There were about 200 trim, grey green barracks, systematically spaced for maximum light, air and sunshine. There were winding roads and patches of vegetables and flowers. I had to blink twice to take in the jarring realities: the 14 machine-gun turrets jutting into the so-blue sky; the 12-ft.-high double rows of electrically charged barbed wire; the kennels which once housed hundreds of gaunt, man-eating dogs.

We rode a little distance to some cabbage patches. The big, leafy cabbages were covered with a sooty, grey dust and next to them were high mounds of grey brown stuff. "This," said Kudriavtsev, "is fertilizer. A layer of human bones, a layer of human ashes, a layer of manure. This is German food production. Kill people; fertilize cabbages."

The crematorium might have been a big bakeshop or a very small blast furnace. Here the Nazis carted the bodies, straight from the gas chambers. They cut them up scientifically. They could disintegrate 1,900 people a day.

FRANCE

Paris Is Free!

The news that made the whole free world catch its breath last week was the news that Paris was free. It was one of the great days of all time. For Paris is the city of all free mankind, and its liberation last week was one of the great events of all time.

The first U.S. newsman to enter Paris, TIME's Chief War Correspondent Charles Christian Wertenbaker, entered the city through the Porte d'Orleans at 9:40 a.m., Friday, Aug. 25. His report:

I have seen the faces of young people in love and the faces of old people at peace with their God. I have never seen in any face such joy as radiated from the faces of the people of Paris this morning. This is no day for restraint, and I could not write with restraint if I wanted to. Your correspondent and your photographer Bob Capa drove into Paris with eyes that would not stay dry, and we were no more ashamed of it than were the people who wept as they embraced us.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

National Velvet (M.G.M.). Throughout her childhood, horses so deeply excited Velvet Brown (Elizabeth Taylor) that merely to look at them was ecstasy. She lost her heart to one at twelve, when she first saw a neighbor's fierce new gelding running majestically through a meadow. Without quite realizing it, she also lost her heart to her companion that memorable day, a hard little tramp of 17 (Mickey Rooney). He stayed on in the village to work in her father's butcher shop.

National Velvet is not merely sure to delight children and the child in most adults; it is also an interesting psychological study of hysterical obsession, conversion mania, pre-adolescent sexuality. Twelve-year-old Elizabeth Taylor, a beautiful little girl who has hitherto had minor roles in *Lassie Come Home, Jane Eyre,* etc., is probably the only person in Hollywood who could bring to this curious role its unusual combination of earthiness and ecstasy.

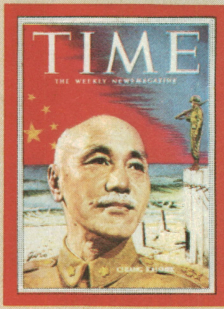
SPORT

End of a Perfect Year

The build-up was terrific. Sport pages groaned with the burden of adjectives striving to describe the forthcoming supercolossus. And when Army and Navy finally did get down to the business of beating each other's brains out, it certainly was a game of games.

Through the first quarter, the Middies battled Army's powerhouse on even terms. Then West Point's T began to explode. Quarterback Doug Kenna found a soft spot in the center of Navy's line, sent Plebe-Fullback Felix ("Doc") Blanchard bulling through. When the Midshipmen closed up to plug the gap, Army blockers shook Speedster Glenn Davis loose on the flanks. As they had done all year, Army's swivel-hipped backs went for distance once they got in the clear.

Davis breaking loose, Blanchard bulling through (and knocking down, punting, kicking off into the end zone, tackling for keeps, intercepting Navy passes) these were the stars of the year's best backfield, and they lived up to every pre-game adjective. The score—Army 23, Navy 7—fairly measured the edge of the whole Army team. It was West Point's first unbeaten, untied season in 28 years.



■ Dr. Jonas Salk announces that his vaccine will prevent crippling polio. ■ The Supreme Court decrees that schools must be desegregated "with all deliberate speed." ■ Marshal Bulganin replaces Malenkov as Soviet Premier. ■ Churchill retires, replaced by Eden. ■ Princess Margaret renounces the divorced Peter Townsend. ■ (Cover: Chiang fortifies Quemoy and Matsu.)

Eisenhower delivers State of Union speech

U.S. combats brainwashing of prisoners held in Korea

Neutralists Nasser, U Nu and Nehru note New Year

MEDICINE

It Works

The big news came in three words: "The vaccine works."

That was how the University of Michigan started off its terse summary of the verdict on the Salk polio vaccine. The reading of the report itself took longer, and the setting in the university's Rickham auditorium was elaborate. Under the klieg lights set up for TV and newsreel cameras, surrounded by microphones and 150 reporters, sat the unquestioned hero of the occasion: Dr. Jonas Edward Salk, 40, the determined, youthful-looking virologist who for five years had battled in his University of Pittsburgh laboratory to lick polio. Next to him sat the University of Michigan's Dr. Thomas Francis Jr., 54, one of the U.S.'s most eminent epidemiologists, who had been chosen by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to evaluate last year's nationwide tests of the Salk vaccine. For an hour and a half, Dr. Francis read his report in an even, matter-of-fact tone. The gist:

¶ The vaccine is up to 90% effective.

¶ The vaccine causes a minimum of undesirable side effects—all, apparently, minor.

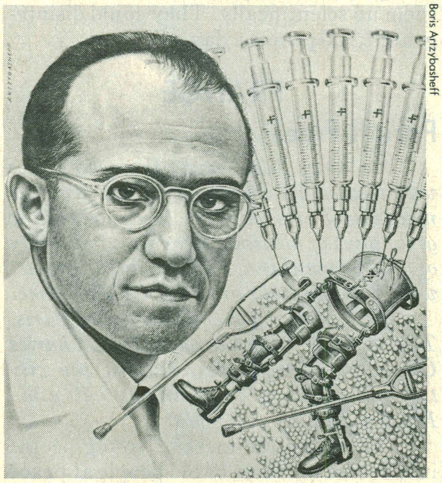
¶ Results were most favorable from the areas where conditions were best for accurate appraisal.

Dr. Francis stopped when he finished telling what had been done. Dr. Salk, who rose to a standing ovation from 500 usually undemonstrative scientists, took a peek into the future: the vaccine, he suggested, might be made almost 100% effective. This does not mean that polio will be suddenly abolished. But it could mean that as vaccination becomes universal for children, whole generations will grow up free of the paralysis that has condemned so many to enfeebled limbs or iron lungs. Eventually, polio can become as rare as smallpox—which U.S. doctors now rarely get a chance to identify.

The test vaccine was given in 127 areas, deliberately picked because they had had a high polio-attack rate for several years. This was to make sure that there would be enough cases for the epidemiologists and their statistical machines. No fewer than 1,830,000 children were studied in the trials (440,000 were inoculated with the vaccine, 210,000 got a dummy substance, 1,180,000 were merely observed as "controls").

Among these children, there were only 1,013 cases reported as polio (in the U.S. as a whole there were 38,000 cases in 1954).

Six big U.S. pharmaceutical firms* are now producing Salk vaccine or hurrying to get into production. The vaccine works on a principle that has already provided protection against such traditional plagues as smallpox and yellow fever. When they attack human beings or other mammals, most viruses stimulate the invaded system to manufacture tiny protein particles called antibodies. If the system under assault does not have enough of these antibodies or cannot manufacture them fast enough, the victim may die or, with polio, suffer permanent crippling.



Boris Artzybasheff

POLIO FIGHTER SALK
Generations will grow up free.

Polio virus is unusual in that there are three main types. All can cause paralysis, but one type causes more than the others combined. Within each type there are many different strains. The Salk vaccine is made by taking a representative strain of each type and growing it—till it reaches many times its original strength—in a broth made with snips of monkey kidney. (To keep production going, 4,000 monkeys a month are flown in from India and the Philippines.) Then the virus in each deadly brew is killed with formaldehyde. Strangely, although the virus particles now lose their power to multiply or to cause disease, they keep their power to stimulate a higher animal to produce antibodies. Because in the Salk formula the virus types are mixed, the Salk vaccine is really three vaccines in one, effective against all known polio strains.

Never before *in history* had a medical development been big, instantaneous news over a large part of the world. Ironically, poliomyelitis has always been a relatively uncommon disease with a comparatively low death rate.* Polio is actually less of a public-health problem than rheumatic fever and some forms of cancer which single out the young. But, largely because of its long-term crippling effects, no disease except cancer has been so widely feared in the last three decades. With polio's dramatic defeat, as the Detroit *Free Press* wrote, "The prayers and hopes of millions . . . in all parts of the world were answered."

President Dwight Eisenhower ordered the State Department to transmit information on the Salk vaccine and its effectiveness to 75 nations through U.S. Ambassadors, and the World Health Organization planned to duplicate this effort. Actually, relatively few countries have facilities to make the vaccine; only a few areas in the world have a serious polio problem, for clinical polio is a disease that goes with high standards of hygiene and sanitation. Highest recent incidence abroad: Canada, New Zealand, Scandinavia. The six firms making the vaccine are selling it at cost to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, but will otherwise sell for normal profit, an average $1.50 per shot.

And what of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation itself, with its 250 headquarters personnel and 3,100 chapters spread all across the U.S.? Dr. Salk suggested that medical science should turn its biggest guns next on mental illness. To help science do this, an organization like the foundation would come in handy.

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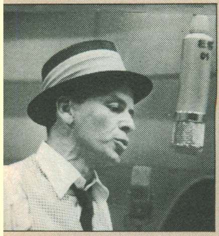
*Cutter Laboratories, Berkeley, Calif.; Eli Lilly Co. and Pitman-Moore, Indianapolis; Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit; Sharp & Dohme and Wyeth Laboratories, Inc., Philadelphia.

*Polio death rate is 1 per 100,000; rheumatic heart disease, 13; leukemia, 6.1.



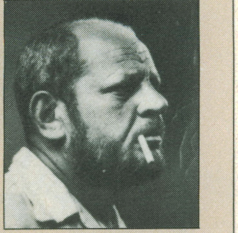
rank Sinatra cuts *oung at Heart*

Krupp reports high profits

James Baldwin

Ewell admires Monroe in film *The Seven Year Itch*

Yankee Killers Campanella, Newcombe, Alston, Snider



Jackson Pollock stages 15-year retrospective of his paintings

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE SUPREME COURT

The Powerful Tide

This time there was no simple sentence that meant "guilty" or "innocent," no terse phrase that decreed a statute "unconstitutional" or "constitutional." Yet the 1,000 words that Chief Justice Earl Warren read off to the crowded Supreme Court chamber one day last week released a powerful tide of law that will change the social face of the South before it has rolled to its farthest reach. A year ago the court decreed Negro segregation unconstitutional in public schools of the U.S. Now, after long consideration of pleas by Negro and Southern white lawyers, of advisory briefs from the Department of Justice and eleven Southern states, the court was outlining its unanimous ruling on how the historic transition was to come about.

As Chief Justice Warren read slowly from his sheaf of papers, both the Southern and Negro lawyers mentally underscored the key points that they would have to live with for years to come:

- "All provisions of federal, state or local law requiring or permitting [racial discrimination in public education] must yield" to the principle that discrimination is unconstitutional.
- The process of desegregation shall be supervised by federal district courts "because of their proximity to local conditions." These courts will be guided by "equitable principles" and "the public interest" in making the big transition.

Justice Warren ended his reading with the traditional closing words, "It is so ordered," and put down his papers. The court had set no deadline for the desegregation, but said it should be carried out "with all deliberate speed."

It was the great virtue of the court's decision that it clearly and unequivocally demanded desegregation, and then left the time and latitude for each community to find its own way to the goal set. No one could forecast precisely how the great new tide of law would feel its way around obstacles. But with the court's new mandate, it was clear that the tide was running, and, as long as the U.S. remained a government of law, the ultimate conquest of segregation was inevitable.

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

Proof of Weakness

In Communism's 37 years in power in Russia, leaders have fallen from power in dramatically diverse ways. Some cringingly confessed to being jackals, venal hirelings in the pay of the capitalist enemy. Some went silently to the cellar. Some, like Molotov in his days as premier, stepped uncomplainingly aside and lived on, even rising to high power again. But nobody before had ever fallen as Georgy Malenkov, once the presumed heir to Stalin's dictatorship, fell last week.

He sat before the Supreme Soviet while his startling admission of incompetency was read out: "I . . . request to be relieved." There was a reason for Malenkov's whimper: the regime could not afford a bang. So came his odd confession and the clumsy charade that followed: 1,300 hands raised unquestioningly to accept their premier's resignation.

Immediately, there was a buzz of conversation in the hall. Foreign newsmen leaped out of their seats and headed for the Central Telegraph office in Gorky Street, where they broke the news to the world. The predictable had happened: the struggle for power among the Soviet Communist leaders had broken out.

Around 4 o'clock that afternoon, the Supreme Soviet Deputies trailed back to the Great Hall. This time, stubby Nikita Khrushchev stepped to the rostrum, his bald head gleaming.

"Comrade Deputies, on instructions from the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union I submit the proposal to appoint as Chairman of the Council of Ministers . . . Comrade Nikolai Alexandrovich Bulganin. We all know Nikolai Alexandrovich . . ."

Khrushchev stepped back. The parliament that never says *Nyet* obediently raised an assenting arm.

BUSINESS

AVIATION

The Jet Age

With a splash of purple-worded publicity ("breakfast in London . . . predinner swim at Waikiki"), U.S. commercial aviation last week made its long-awaited move to jet-propelled aircraft. Pan American World Airways signed contracts for 25 Douglas DC-8s and 20 Boeing 707 four-jet airliners. It was the first deal to buy U.S. commercial jets. Total price: $269 million, the biggest in airline history. The deal is certain to be followed by purchase orders from other carriers. National Airlines is expected to sign for six DC-8s on which it took a verbal option last August. For the traveler, the jets will bring a new age.

UTILITIES

Private Atomic Power

The building of the nation's first privately owned atomic power plant was announced last week. Consolidated Edison Co. of New York will construct a 100,000 to 200,000-kw. plant 30 miles from Manhattan on the Hudson River at Indian Point (site of an amusement park). The plant will produce about 4% of the company's present capacity, cost $30 million to $40 million. Says President Hudson R. Searing: "It represents a real contribution to the advancement of the art."

RADIO & TV

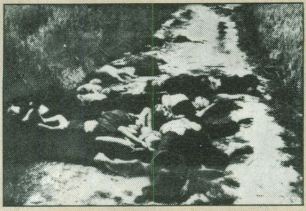
The Week in Review

For TV, summer is a time of hard-boiled stocktaking, half-baked promises and raw replacements. The most promising and engaging personality on the summer replacement circuit is Johnny Carson, 29-year-old comic of CBS's *The Johnny Carson Show* (Thurs. 10 p.m., E.D.T.). With a droll sense of humor, Carson never raises his voice, but has an effective way of raising an eyebrow, and he combines a slow double-take with a quick smile. Given good material, he could be irresistibly funny.

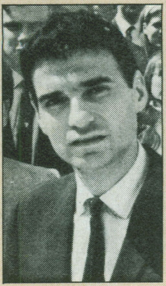
1969

TIME
MAN ON THE MOON

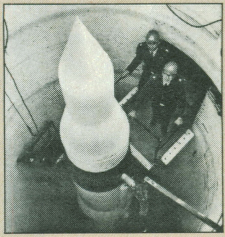
■ Millions watch on TV as Neil Armstrong becomes the first man to walk on the moon. ■ Anti–Viet Nam War protests grow. One million march on Moratorium Day. Shock over massacre at My Lai. ■ Ted Kennedy involved in woman's drowning. His political future jeopardized. ■ Crowds of young at Woodstock Festival sum up the styles of a generation. ■ (Cover: Armstrong reaches new world.)



More than 100 Vietnamese, killed by U.S. soldiers, lie in road at the village of My Lai



Nader fights for the consumer



Minuteman missile

THE MOON

A GIANT LEAP FOR MANKIND

THE ghostly, white-clad figure slowly descended the ladder. Having reached the bottom rung, he lowered himself into the bowl-shaped footpad of *Eagle,* the spindly lunar module of Apollo 11. Then he extended his left foot, cautiously, tentatively, as if testing water in a pool. That groping foot, encased in a heavy multilayered boot (size 9½B), would remain indelible in the minds of millions who watched it on TV, and a symbol of man's determination to step—and forever keep stepping—toward the unknown.

After a few short but interminable seconds, U.S. Astronaut Neil Armstrong placed his foot firmly on the fine-grained surface of the moon. The time was 10:56 p.m., E.D.T., July 20, 1969. Pausing briefly, the first man on the moon spoke the first words on lunar soil:

"That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind."

With a cautious, almost shuffling gait, the astronaut began moving about in the harsh light of the lunar morning. "The surface is fine and powdery, it adheres in fine layers, like powdered charcoal, to the soles and sides of my foot," he said. "I can see the footprints of my boots and the treads in the fine, sandy particles." Minutes later, Armstrong was joined by Edwin Aldrin. Then, gaining confidence with every step, the two jumped and loped across the barren landscape for 2 hrs. 14 min., while the TV camera they had set up some 50 ft. from *Eagle* transmitted their movements with remarkable clarity to enthralled audiences on earth, a quarter of a million miles away. Sometimes moving in surrealistic slow motion, sometimes bounding around in the weak lunar gravity like exuberant kangaroos, they set up experiments and scooped up rocks, snapped pictures and probed the soil, apparently enjoying every moment of their stay in the moon's alien environment.

After centuries of dreams and prophecies, the moment had come. Man had broken his terrestrial shackles and set foot on another world. Standing on the lifeless, rock-studded surface he could see the earth, a lovely blue and white hemisphere suspended in the velvety black sky. The spectacular view might well help him place his problems, as well as his world, in a new perspective.

Although the Apollo 11 astronauts planted an American flag on the moon, their feat was far more than a national triumph. It was a stunning scientific and intellectual accomplishment for a creature who, in the space of a few million years—an instant in evolutionary chronology—emerged from primeval forests to hurl himself at the stars. Its eventual effect on human civilization is a matter of conjecture. But it was in any event a shining reaffirmation of the premise that whatever man imagines he can bring to pass.

NASA

NEIL ARMSTRONG BEFORE TAKEOFF

For those who watched, the whole period that began with *Eagle's* undocking from *Columbia,* the command module, and its descent to the moon seemed difficult to believe.

As the orbiting command module and the lunar module emerged from behind the moon, having undocked while they were out of radio communication, an anxious capsule commentator in Houston inquired: "How does it look?" Replied Armstrong: "The *Eagle* has wings." The lunar module was on its own, ready for its landing on the moon.

Its twelve-minute burn was scheduled to end only when the craft was within two yards of the lunar surface. One of the most dangerous parts of Apollo 11's long journey had begun. Just 160 ft. from the surface Aldrin reported: "Quantity light." The light signaled that only 114 seconds of fuel remained. Armstrong and Aldrin had 40 seconds to decide if they could land within the next 20 seconds. If they could not, they would have to abort.

At that critical point, Armstrong, a 39-year-old civilian with 23 years of experience at flying everything from Ford trimotors to experimental X-15 rocket planes, took decisive action. The automatic landing system was taking *Eagle* down into a football-field-size crater littered with rocks and boulders. Armstrong explained: "It required a manual takeover to find a reasonably good area." Had *Eagle* continued on its computer-guided course, it might well have crashed.

Now the craft was close to the surface. "Forty feet," called Aldrin, rattling off altitudes and rates of descent with crackling precision. "Things look good. Picking up some dust. O.K. Engine stop." Armstrong quickly recited a ten-second check list of switches to turn off. Then came the word that the world had been waiting for.

"Houston," Armstrong called. "Tranquillity Base here. The *Eagle* has landed." The time: 4:17:41 p.m., E.D.T., just about 1½ minutes earlier than the landing time scheduled months before. There were cheers, tears and frantic applause at Mission Control in Houston. "You got a lot of guys around here about to turn blue," the NASA communicator radioed to *Eagle.* "We're breathing again."

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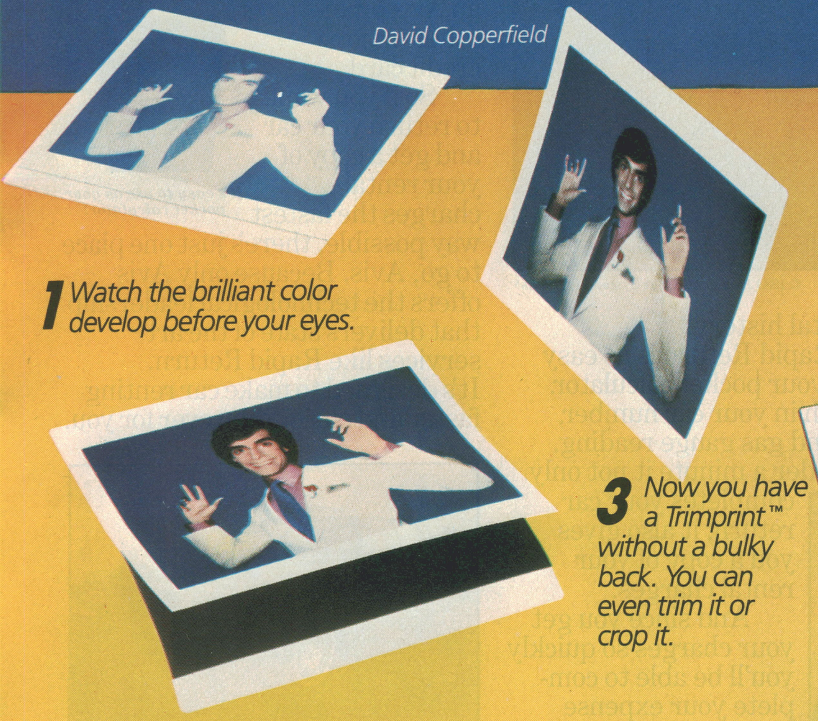
David Copperfield

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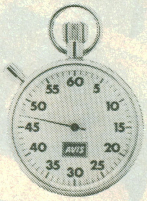

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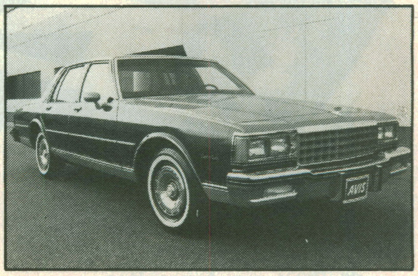

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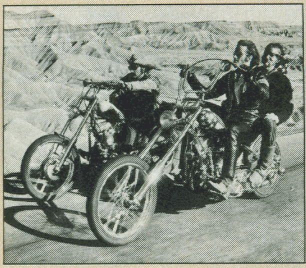
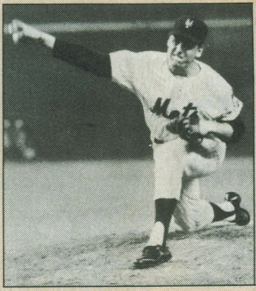
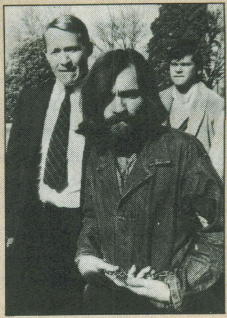

Hopper and Fonda in *Easy Rider*

Angela Davis, a black militant and admitted Communist, is fired as a teacher at U.C.L.A.


Seaver leads Mets to World Series victory


Manson jailed for California murders

Beverly Sills premieres in N.Y. City Opera's *Lucia*

THE NATION

THE KENNEDYS

Wrong Turn at the Bridge

Driving down a deserted beach road at midnight on the island resort of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., Senator Edward Kennedy lost control of his car. The black 1967 Oldsmobile 88 careened off a 10-ft.-wide wooden bridge leading to the dunes, and overturned in a salt pond. Somehow, Ted Kennedy escaped. His passenger, Mary Jo Kopechne, 28, a pretty, witty blonde who had worked as a secretary for Robert Kennedy, was not so fortunate. Trapped in the car, she drowned.

According to Teddy's statement, he left the Dike Bridge in shock and on foot, wet and minus his passenger. Why Teddy told no one about the accident and did not seek help for the girl, why no one called a doctor or even asked Kennedy what had happened—and indeed how he got back to his hotel—are questions that must puzzle not only the police, but also Ted Kennedy and his nationwide constituency.

THE WORLD

My Lai Massacre

It passed without notice when it occurred in mid-March 1968, at a time when the war news was still dominated by the siege of Khe Sanh. Yet the brief action at My Lai, a hamlet in Viet Cong-infested territory 335 miles northeast of Saigon, may yet have an impact on the war. According to accounts that suddenly appeared on TV and in the world press last week, a company of 60 or 70 U.S. infantrymen had entered My Lai early one morning and destroyed its houses, its livestock and all the inhabitants that they could find in a brutal operation that took less than 20 minutes. When it was over, the Vietnamese dead totaled at least 100 men, women and children, and perhaps many more. Only 25 or so escaped, because they lay hidden under the fallen bodies of their neighbors.

So far, the tale of My Lai has only been told by a few Vietnamese survivors—all of them pro-V.C.—and half a dozen American veterans of the incident. Yet military men privately concede that stories of what happened at My Lai are essentially correct. If so, the incident ranks as the most serious atrocity yet attributed to American troops in a war already known for its savagery.

MODERN LIVING

LIFE STYLES

Missal for Mammals

We are as gods and might as well get good at it.

That peremptory statement is the introduction to one of the year's most intriguing books, a $4 quarto-sized paperback that, mainly by word of mouth, has become an underground bestseller.

Gods do not make bricks, or build sun domes, or scramble for sassafras in the shrubbery of Central Park. But for people who do, or want to, the *Whole Earth Catalog* is an almost inexhaustible compendium. It is a sort of Sears, Roebuck-*Consumer Report* for the minorities of the cybernetic age—from activists who want to improve the environment to abdicants who simply want to write bad poetry in the woods.

FASHION

Problems in Pants

Sure, deck your lower limbs in pants;
Yours are the limbs, my sweeting.
You look divine as you advance—
Have you seen yourself retreating?

Ogden Nash wrote those lines in the 1930s, when people still looked up every time an airplane flew over, and a woman who wore pants was either an actress or an athlete. He could hardly have foreseen the day when, at high noon, two out of every five women passing the entrance of Henri Bendel's in Manhattan would be dressed in trousers. The fact that women's pants are a fact of life (45 million pairs will be sold in the U.S. this year) is a source of solid comfort to fabric manufacturers. But it is also a source of problems for the women who wear them. As any man knows, pants get caught in bicycle chains. They bag at the knees, wrinkle in the rain and flap in the wind. Their cuffs collect water, dirt and lint. Their zippers fail. Pants also excite dogs.

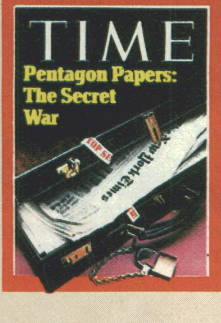
TIME ESSAY

The Biggest Happening

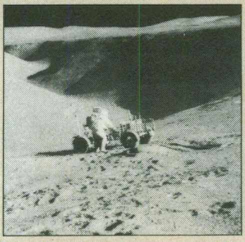
The baffling history of mankind is full of obvious turning points: battles won, treaties signed, rulers elected or deposed, and now, seemingly, planets conquered. Equally important are the great groundswells of popular movements that affect the minds and values of a generation or more. Looking back upon the America of the '60s, future historians may well search for the meaning of one such movement, on Aug. 15 through 17, 1969, on the 600-acre farm of Max Yasgur in Bethel, N.Y.

What took place at Bethel, ostensibly, was the Woodstock Music and Art Fair, which was billed by its youthful Manhattan promoters as "An Aquarian Exposition" of music and peace. It was that and more—much more. The festival turned out to be history's largest happening. As the moment when the special culture of U.S. youth of the '60s openly displayed its strength, it may well rank as one of the significant events of the age.

More than 400,000 people—the vast majority between the ages of 16 and 30—showed up at Woodstock. Thousands more would have come if police had not blocked off access roads, which had become ribbonlike parking lots choked with stalled cars. The lure of the festival was an all-star cast of top rock artists, including Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and the Jefferson Airplane. But the good vibrations of good groups turned out to be the least of it. What the youth of America—and their observing elders—saw at Bethel was the potential power of a generation that in countless disturbing ways has rejected the traditional values and goals of the U.S. Thousands of young people, who had previously thought of themselves as part of an isolated minority, experienced the euphoric sense of discovering that they are, as the saying goes, what's happening. Adults were made more aware than ever before that the children of the welfare state and the atom bomb do indeed march to the beat of a different drummer, as well as to the tune of an electric guitarist.



■ The Viet Nam quagmire: Pentagon papers filched by former Defense Aide Daniel Ellsberg tell how war escalated. ■ Lieut. William Calley convicted for My Lai massacre. ■ Communist China wins a seat at U.N. ■ Pakistan breaks apart (with India's help), the eastern region becoming Bangladesh. ■ Nixon freezes wages and prices, takes dollar off gold standard. ■ (Cover: the Pentagon's secrets revealed.)


Astronaut Scott and Rover explore moon

Attica prisoners

East Pakistan refugees seek haven in Calcutta

SCIENCE

The Promise of the New Genetics

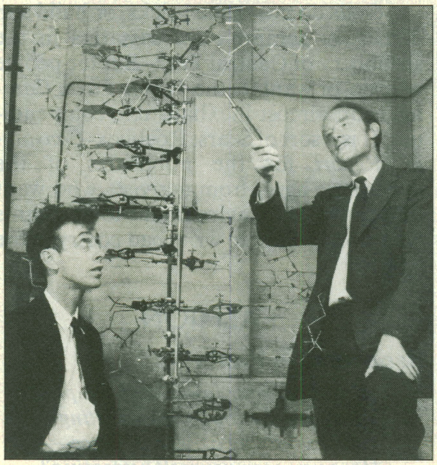
WILDLY excited, two men dashed out of a side door of Cambridge University's Cavendish Laboratory, cut across Free School Lane and ducked into the Eagle, a pub where generations of Cambridge scientists have met to gossip about experiments and celebrate triumphs. Over drinks, James D. Watson, then 24, and Francis Crick, 36, talked excitedly, Crick's booming voice damping out conversations among other Eagle patrons. When friends stopped to ask what the commotion was all about, Crick did not mince words. "We," he announced exultantly, "have discovered the secret of life!"

Brave words—and in a sense, incredibly true. On that late winter day in 1953, the two unknown scientists had finally worked out the double-helical shape of deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA. In DNA's famed spiral-staircase structure are hidden the mysteries of heredity, of growth, of disease and aging—and in higher creatures like man, perhaps intelligence and memory. As the basic ingredient of the genes in the cells of all living organisms, DNA is truly the master molecule of life.

The unraveling of the DNA double helix was one of the great events in science, comparable to the splitting of the atom or the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. It also marked the maturation of a bold new science: molecular biology. Under this probing discipline, man could at last explore—and understand—living things at their most fundamental level: that of their atoms and molecules.

Using laboratory skills that were unheard of a generation ago, scientists have isolated, put together and manipulated genes, and have come close to creating life itself. In 1967 Stanford University's Arthur Kornberg synthesized in a test tube a single strand of DNA that was actually able to make a duplicate of itself. Kornberg's "creation" was only a copy of a virus, a coated bit of genetic material that occupies a twilight zone between the living and inanimate. But many scientists have become convinced that they may eventually be able to create functioning, living cells.

Molecular biology, in part, is rooted in the science of genetics. Ever since Cro-Magnon man, parents have probably wondered why their children resemble them. But not until an obscure Austrian monk named Gregor Mendel began planting peas in his monastery's garden in the mid-19th century were the universal laws of heredity worked out. By tallying up the variations in the offspring peas, Mendel determined that traits are passed from generation to generation with mathematical precision in small, separate packets, which became known as genes (from the Greek word for race).


The Bettmann Archive

WATSON & CRICK EXAMINE DNA MOLECULE

Mendel's ideas were so unorthodox that they were ignored for 35 years. But by the time the Mendelian concept was rediscovered at the turn of the century, scientists were better prepared for it. They already suspected that genetic information was hidden inside pairs of tiny, threadlike strands in cell nuclei called chromosomes, or colored bodies (for their ability to pick up dyes). During cell division they always split lengthwise, giving each daughter cell a full share of what was presumed to be hereditary material.

By the 1940s, the molecular biologists had come on the scene, and they insisted that fundamental life processes could be fully understood only on the molecular level. In their investigations, some used the electron microscope, which revealed details of structure invisible to ordinary optical instruments. Others specialized in X-ray crystallography, a technique for deducing a crystallized molecule's structure by taking X-ray photographs of it from different angles.

Inspired by these experiments, Watson, then a young Ph.D. in biology from Indiana University, decided to take a crack at the complex structure of DNA itself. The same thought struck Crick, a physicist turned biologist who was preparing for his doctorate at Cambridge. Neither man was particularly well equipped to undertake so formidable a task. Watson was deficient in chemistry, crystallography and mathematics. Crick, on the other hand, was almost totally ignorant of genetics. But together, in less than two years of work at Cambridge, these two spirited young scientists showed how it is possible to win a Nobel Prize without really trying.

In 1968 Watson himself produced a highly irreverent, gossipy bestseller, *The Double Helix*, which revealed the human story behind the discovery of DNA's structure: the bickering, the academic rivalries, even the deceits that were practiced to win the great prize. From the X-ray crystallography laboratory at King's College in London, where Biochemist Maurice Wilkins was also investigating the molecule's structure, they quietly obtained unpublished X-ray data on DNA. Relying as much on luck as logic, they constructed Tinkertoy-like molecular models out of wire and other metal parts. To everyone's astonishment, they suddenly produced a DNA model that not only satisfied the crystallographic evidence but also conformed to the chemical rules for fitting its many atoms together.

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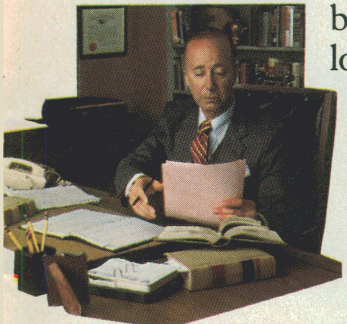

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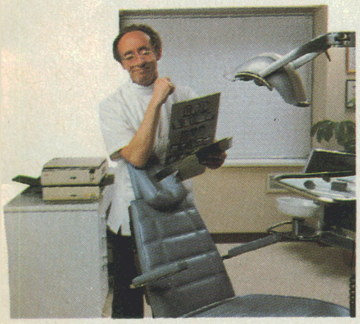

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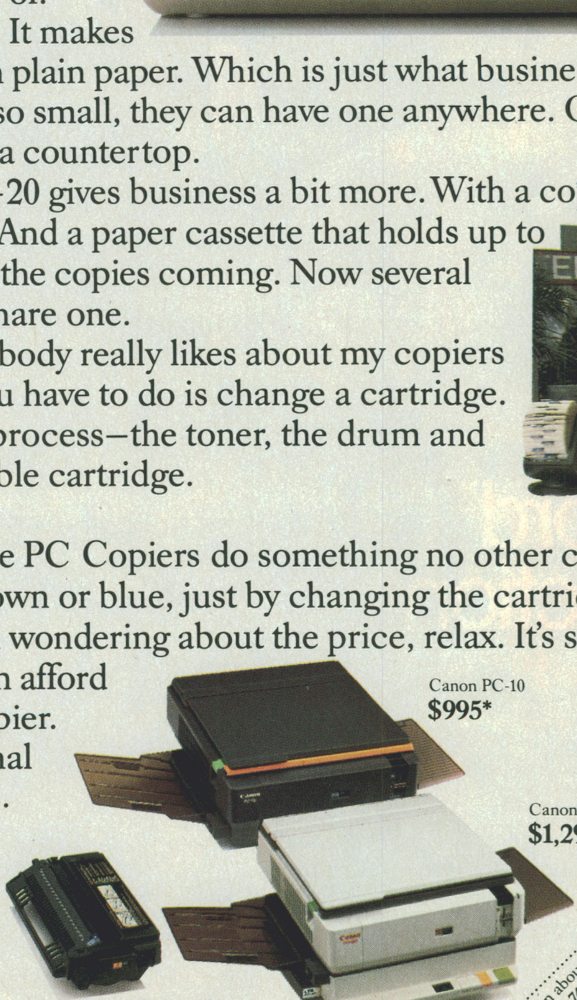

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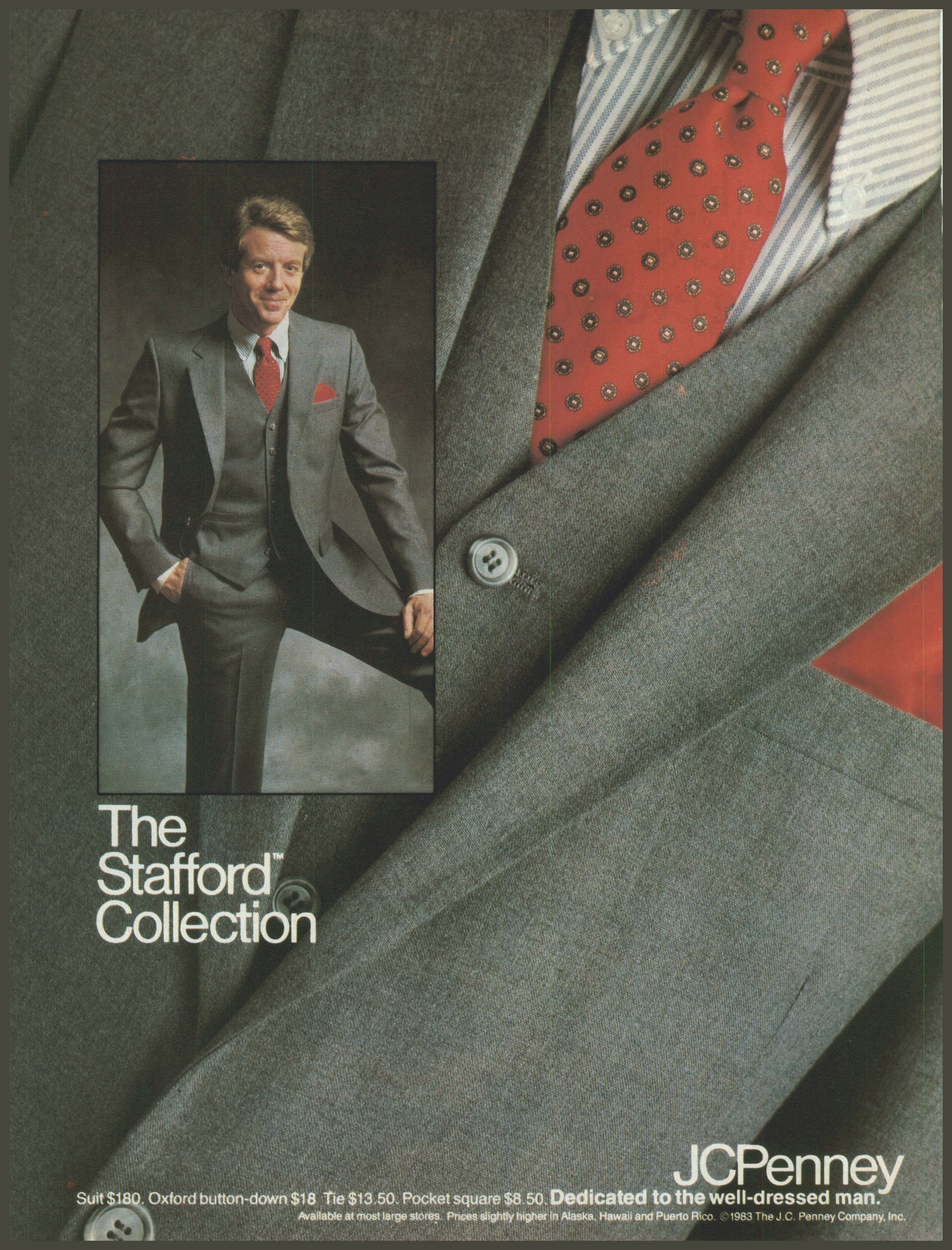

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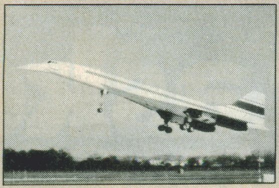
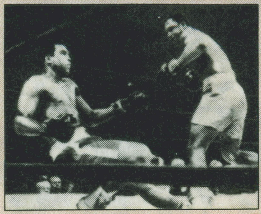
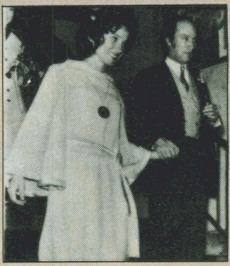
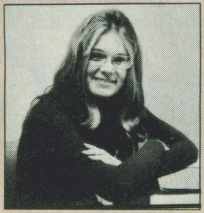
General Idi Amin takes over during a coup in Uganda


Anglo-French Concorde makes its maiden flight


Champion Frazier beats Ali in comeback attempt

Hotpants


Trudeau gets married


Gloria Steinem helps to launch a new feminist magazine, *Ms.*

THE NATION

War at Attica

At 9:44 on a drizzly overcast morning last week, a radio loudspeaker snapped out the order to attack. Through the stinging mist of CS pepper gas dropped by Viet Nam-style helicopters, yellow-clad troopers set off a barrage of rifle fire from atop 30-ft. prison walls. More than 500 officers—armed with shotguns, rifles, pistols and clubs—charged into the crowded compound, shooting as they ran. Sporadic firing continued for nearly an hour. When the one-sided battle was over, lawmen representing the State of New York had killed 26 convicts and nine of 38 hostages that the inmates had seized in the four-day prison riot. At least 83 prisoners were hurt seriously.

That was Attica. For some time to come in the U.S., that word will not be primarily identified with the plain upon which ancient Athens nurtured philosophy and democracy. Nor will it stand for the bucolic little town that gave its name to a turreted prison, mislabeled a "correctional facility." Attica will evoke the bloodiest prison rebellion in U.S. history.

Many of the rebels, of course, were in prison for violent and ugly crimes; many were there for lesser offenses. Yet by and large, at Attica they were treated without distinction, as numbers or niggers or animals to be caged. Most penologists point out that the key to dealing with inmates is to know them—and their leaders—well. In the end, the major failure at Attica may be that the authorities simply did not know what the desperate men behind their walls really wanted, thought or felt.

SHOW BUSINESS

The Gold Rush to Golgotha

Depending on how one looked at them, the happenings in and around Manhattan's Mark Hellinger Theater last week would have confuted the claims of Jesus, or confirmed the dark suspicions of Oswald Spengler, who liked to think that the twilight of Western civilization will be marked not by true religion, but by an upsurge of fervid religiosity. *Jesus Christ Superstar,* the rock opera that is rocking Broadway's new season, is show biz with a twist: Director Tom O'Horgan, who was influenced by Olsen & Johnson, has made it into a sort of *Heavenzapoppin.*

Inside the theater, a white-robed, rock-age Jesus Christ now strides barefoot. He arrives onstage most phallically, rising like a glittering crocus out of a chalice that somewhat resembles those silver bowls in which hotels serve grapefruit. He departs crucified on a Daliesque golden triangle that is slowly projected toward the audience by a hidden cherry-picker lift. In Jesus' company come a sweetly sensuous, cheek-kissing Mary Magdalene, a quintet of Jewish high priests who call for a "final solution" to their Jesus problem, and King Herod—a queen in full drag. There is also the traitor Judas, played by a black whose considerable talent and limitless energy sometimes upstage Jesus. Clad in silver jockey shorts, Judas returns from the dead on a butterfly-winged acrobatic bar to ask the doomed Jesus "Why you let the things you did get so out of hand?"

Outside the Mark Hellinger, police patrolled the sidewalk at curtain time on opening night while pickets marched in protest. Queues of buses continue to disgorge paying customers who have bought seats in blocks: suburban klatsches of all sorts, whole schoolfuls of children, and Protestant, Catholic and Jewish lay groups, many of whom have heard *Jesus Christ Superstar* on records at church or temple. Simultaneously, religious groups, often from the same denominations as those flocking inside, proclaim outrage at the show. YOU'VE GOT YOUR STORY TWISTED! JESUS IS THE LORD.

Such comments, and the attendant controversy, have had the inevitable result. Almost overnight they guaranteed that *Jesus Christ Superstar,* already jingling along three days after its opening with one of the largest ($1.2 million) advance sales in Broadway history, will become the one show of the season that must be seen to be believed—or doubted. *Superstar* tickets cost $60 a pair from your friendly scalper.

A Return to Basics

Close to 1,000,000 copies of Erich Segal's hardcover book are in print. *Love Story* is still number one on the bestseller list—while a 95¢ edition is the top-selling paperback. Now comes the celluloid version, manipulating audiences with contrived bathos. No wonder *Love Story* has enjoyed the largest opening-week grosses in the history of American cinema. No wonder that on Christmas Day, when it opened across the country, the movie broke the house record in 159 of 165 locations. In three days it earned $2,463,916—more than it cost to make.

Ryan O'Neal does an admirable job of acting, but Ali MacGraw may have performed a miracle for Hollywood. She is an echo of a time when Celluloid City really was the dream factory. For Tinsel Town, she represents not only an irretrievable past but a plausible future. To moviemakers, she is the Girl Who Made *Love Story* Happen after six major studios had turned it down—the actress who was moved, she says, by the script's "straight, basic, clean emotion." She is today's closest approximation of the old-style star, with the Beverly Hills mansion, the marriage to the industry and the chance to become very, very rich.

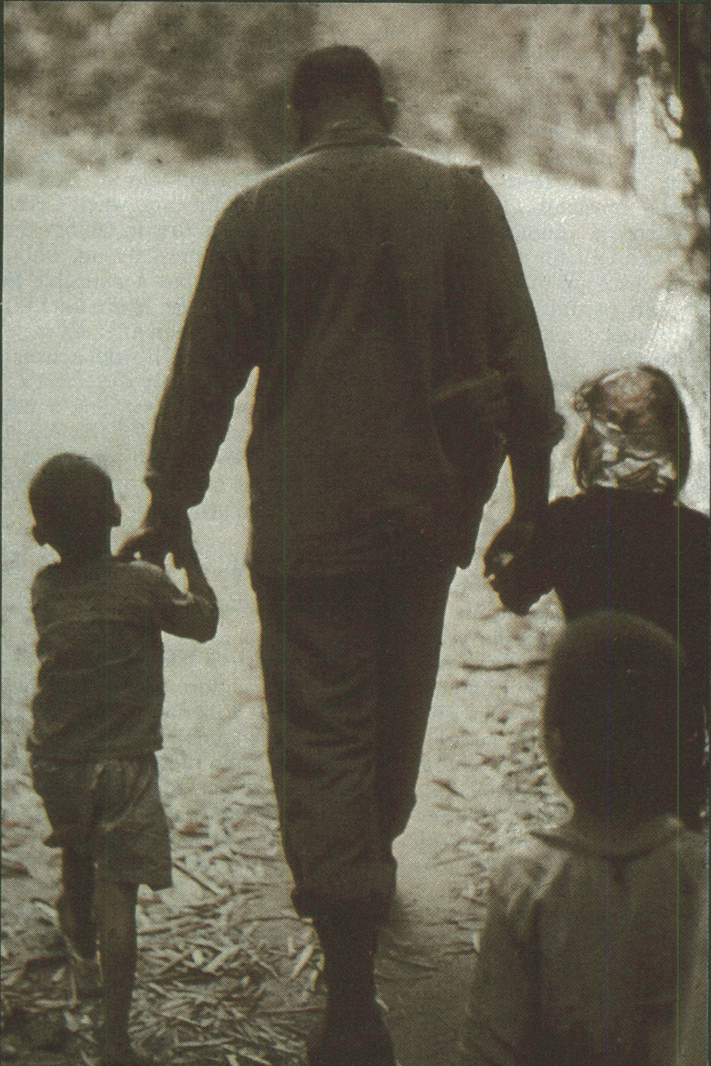
THE PRESS

For the Liberated Female

In an effort to advance the cause of Women's Liberation, the feminist movement has launched a host of publications ranging from radical underground broadsides *(Off Our Backs)* to slick monthlies *(New Woman).* Some of these new journals now appear only sporadically because of money troubles. The latest Lib effort previews this week as a 44-page supplement to the year-end issue of *New York* magazine. It seems far more promising than its predecessors, principally because its editor is feminism's superstar, Gloria Steinem.

Titled *Ms.* after the movement's preferred form of female address (instead of Mrs. or Miss), the magazine seems to have a lot of *New York's* clubby, with-it intensity but not enough of its firecracker prose or provocative flair.

"Nobody ever asked what good I did. They only asked how many people I killed."



A Vietnam Veteran
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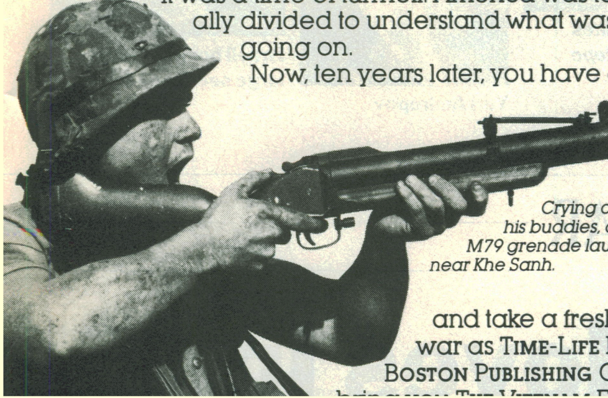
Now, ten years later, you have an opportunity to step back



Crying out a warning to his buddies, a Marine fires his M79 grenade launcher at a hill near Khe Sanh.

and take a fresh look at the war as **Time-Life Books** and **Boston Publishing Company** bring you **The Vietnam Experience**

And the infamous M-16 rifle his enemy.

You begin to understand the soldiers' fear and what it's like to be pointman purposely walking into ambush to draw fire and locate the enemy.

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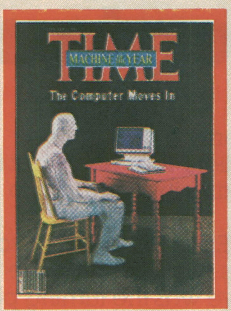
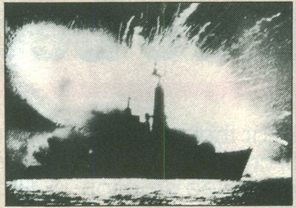
And then the aftermath: special coverage of what happened to the Vietnamese people after we left, and more importantly, to our veterans once they returned.

So if you're ready to take another look, send in the order card attached. **Time-Life Books** will send you the first volume, *America Takes Over*. Examine it for 10 days free. If you aren't satisfied with it, send it back and owe nothing.

1982



■ Brezhnev dies after 18 years as Soviet leader. Yuri Andropov, former KGB chief, takes over. ■ Israel attacks P.L.O. bases inside Lebanon, then pushes north and seizes West Beirut. Lebanese militiamen allied to Israelis massacre more than 700 Palestinians. ■ Argentina invades Falkland Islands, but Britain wrests them back. ■ The computer craze sweeps across America. ■ (Cover: TIME's first Machine of the Year.)



Argentine missile strikes Britain's H.M.S. *Antelope*

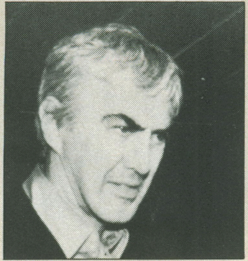
Yuri Andropov

Israeli bombers pound large sections of Beirut

MACHINE OF THE YEAR

The Computer Moves In

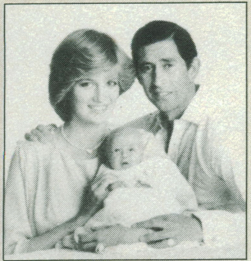
In Rome, Pope John Paul II welcomes Poland's Walesa



Automaker DeLorean is arrested in Los Angeles on coke rap

Director Steven Spielberg and his appealing new star, E.T.

Justice O'Connor



Diana and Charles pose with young Prince William

World

MIDDLE EAST

Lebanon Crisis

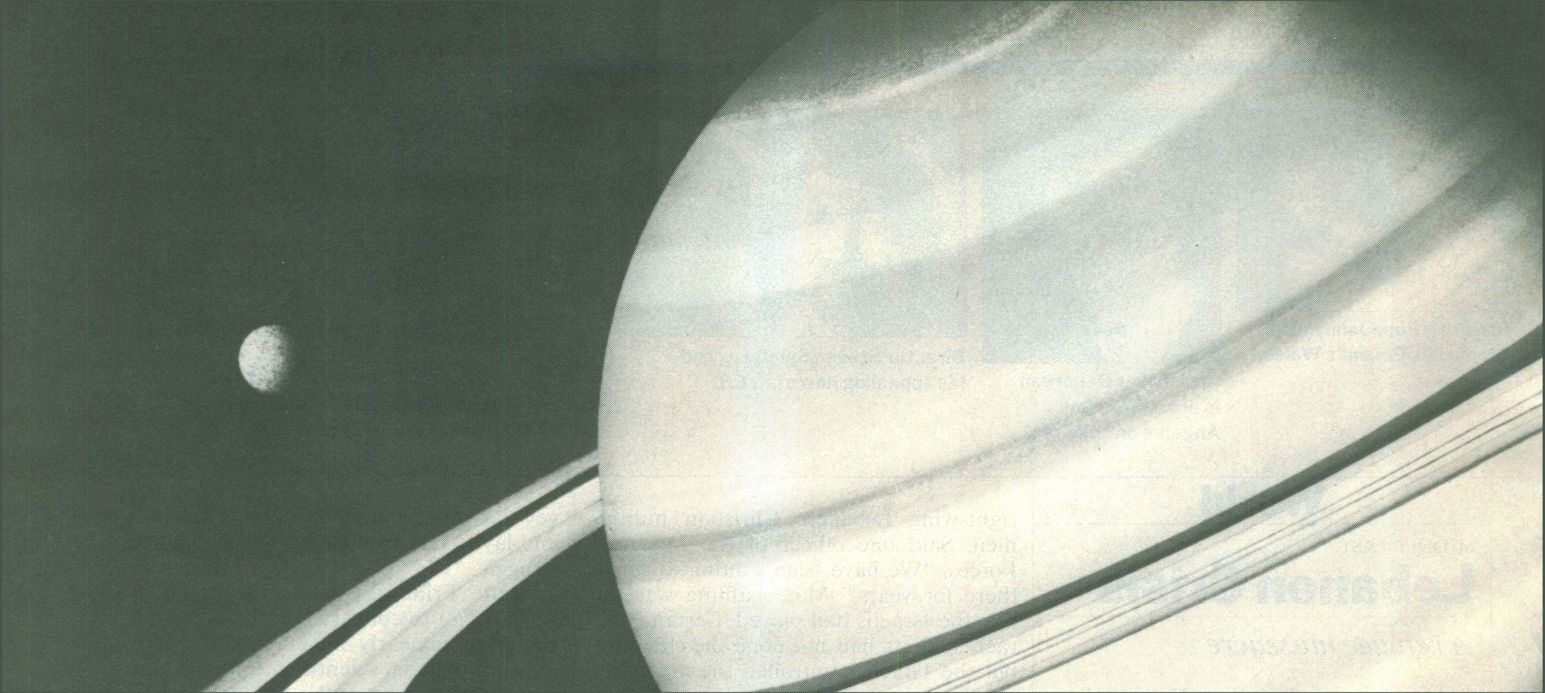
A refugee massacre

"The Israeli Defense Forces have

right-wing Lebanese Christian militiamen. Said one officer of the Lebanese Forces: "We have been waiting to get in there for years." More baffling was the role the Israelis had played. Certainly Israeli soldiers had not done the shooting, but the Israelis controlled the area, had checkpoints near the camps, and were

vey the impression of a smooth transition and lay to rest speculation about a power struggle.

Late Friday morning, black limousines began to converge on the Kremlin, bringing the nearly 300 bureaucrats, generals, diplomats, scientists, academicians and workers who make up the Central



THE TIME EDUCATION PROGRAM

NATIONS IN CONFLICT
THE PRESIDENCY IN PERSPECTIVE
ALMANAC

People

The first issue of TIME *included a section that was called* Imaginary Interviews, *in which celebrities of the day, like Margot Asquith or Princess Yolandà of Italy, were made to provide clever explanations of why they were in the news that week. By 1926, this not entirely successful experiment had acquired the rubric* People, *but it was only in 1927 that the* People *section began reporting what real people really said and did. "Names make news," the section announced, "and last week the following people made the following news." Herewith a sampler from the 56 years since then:*

1927: John Davison Rockefeller Sr. leaned forward from the back seat of his Lincoln limousine, which had been halted in Matawan, N.J., by Policeman Sproul, to answer the police-

strange sound that you make." Delighted, the audience clapped loudly.

1930: Aimee Semple McPherson, soul-saver, returned to the

propped toothpicks against Investigator Dreiser's door. When they came back next morning, they said, the toothpicks were still in place. Investigator Dreiser, 60, and his friend were indicted for adultery. Mr. Dreiser left Kentucky, protested his innocence, backed it with this public announcement: "I am completely and finally impotent."

1932: Heckled in the House of Commons for referring to "the late Mr. Fisher," **Lady Astor** retorted: "When people leave this House they are dead to me!" Cried another female M.P.: "What about **Lord Astor,** your own husband?" Bound to win the argument Lady Astor found

the policy, put in two special clauses: 1) Cinemactress Temple must not take up arms in defense of her country; 2) the policy will be voided if she meets death or accident while intoxicated.

1936: Publisher **William Randolph** ("Buy American") **Hearst** sailed for Europe on the Italian liner *Rex*. With him he took a party of 16, including his son George, his dachshund Helena, Cinemactress Marion Davies. Boomed Publisher Hearst: "Landon will be overwhelmingly elected, and I'll stake my reputation as a prophet on it."

1937: In the Manhattan publishing office of Charles ed by the judge, found her guilty. Miss Rand thereupon stood on her head in payment of a bet.

1939: When Cinemactress **Katharine Hepburn** drove past him near Wilmington, Del., State Trooper Joseph Shannon stopped her "because she looked too young to drive a car." Later he declared: "I soon found out she was not a kid. She was a regular little wildcat. She shrieked . . . and generally acted like a bunch of wildfire."

1940: Playwright **Noel Coward,** visiting the U.S. for the first time since the war began, divulged his formula for enduring during air raids: "When the

side," the comedian packed sleek, sloe-eyed Oona into a car, picked up the certificate and a case of champagne at Santa Barbara, sped to coastal Carpinteria, nervously found the finger for her first and his fourth wedding ring, hid himself and his bride somewhere in Montecito.

Only the week before he had agreed to pay his pre-Oona protégée Joan Berry $2,500 down, legal costs, and support until the blood test which may or may not show that he did not father her unborn child. From the white house in the San Francisco hills where Chaplin's new, recently ailing father-in-law Eugene O'Neill works with his third wife, Carlotta Monterey, on a long

1945: Bernarr ("Body Beautiful") **Macfadden,** still full of beans at 77, hired Manhattan's Carnegie Hall to get a few things off his manly chest. Before a healthy audience of some 2,000, he flailed clerical prudery, and plumped for the healthy life and for good clean sex ("The sexes were never made to be separated"). The white-maned publisher, clad in suit and shoes to match, did push-ups and headstands (calculated to prolong life from ten to 25 years), warned women: "Beauty must be associated with a good digestion."

1946: George Bernard Shaw, the world's greatest living literary figure, turned 90, and had a high old time of it. All day long

"What sort of a woman is Barbara, anyway?" demanded the Prince's mother, Princess Katherine, back home in Nice. She was not optimistic: "I've always been afraid of American women."

1948: After 21 months of marriage (her second, his sixth), brunette Novelist **Kathleen** *(Forever Amber)* **Winsor** told the judge about life with her clarinet-tooting husband, **Artie Shaw.** In 31 pages of searing affidavit, Kathleen swore that Artie had screamed at her, beaten her, come home "drunken, abusive, and belligerent." He had also tried out on her his favorite theory of domestic relations ("The only way to keep a woman in line—

charged with stealing more than $4,000 from her former employer by raising and forging checks. The money was used, cried the defendant's lawyer, to buy things for Miss Bankhead—"Cocaine, marijuana, liquor, booze, whisky, champagne and sex." Retorted outraged lava-voiced Tallulah: "Of course I drink. But nobody has to kite checks to pay for my liquor." As for dope: "Even if I had been getting it—which I certainly wasn't—do you think I'd have been paying for it by *check*?" But what made Actress Bankhead angriest was the mention of sex. Rumbled she: "God knows I never have had to *buy* sex."

1952: A New York *Times* re-

Hotel, where he has lived as a bachelor for 48 years: he would soon marry wraithlike Actress **Julie Haydon,** 44, with whom he has been keeping company for 17 years. Julie last appeared on Broadway nine years ago as a wispy cripple in Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*. "The best woman," Nathan once wrote, "is the inferior of the second-best man . . . To enjoy women at all, one must manufacture an illusion and envelop them with it; otherwise they would not be endurable." Last week Prospective Bridegroom Nathan said: "I found the right girl at last."

1955: In Hollywood's main bout of the week, red-haired, spitfire Cinemactress **Susan**

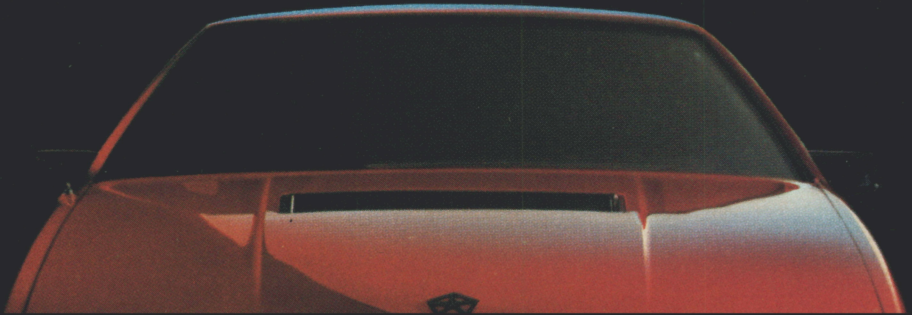
guest-write a column. In carefully fractured English, Sophia (or a waggish ghost) ground out some profound pap. Sophia's advice to American girls: "Everything I've got I got from eating spaghetti. You try it."

1957: In Monaco's pink-walled palace, **Princess Caroline Louise Marguerite,** 8 lbs. 3 oz., uttered her first wail, set off a chain reaction including a radio broadcast by her nervous father, **Prince Rainier III,** 33, a 21-gun salute from two ancient cannon, harbor whistles, bonfires, street dancing and a torrent of free champagne. No longer would Monacans worry that Rainier would die without an heir, a catastrophe that might have eventually subject-

ernment to grant an amnesty," replied the Pope. "But I have some influence in a much higher place."

1960: The ban on **D.H. Lawrence's** four-letter specifics of illicit love was removed fortnight ago by a jury of nine men and three women who found *Lady Chatterley's Lover* not guilty of obscenity. As the titillating tome went on sale for the first time, a Leicester Square book vendor peddled 1,300 copies in an hour after setting out a window placard reading LADY C.—12 SHARP! Among the many objectors to the literary sensation was Major Arthur Neve, secretary of Britain's Gamekeepers Association, who

INTRODUCING A TURBOCHARGED REVOLUTION.



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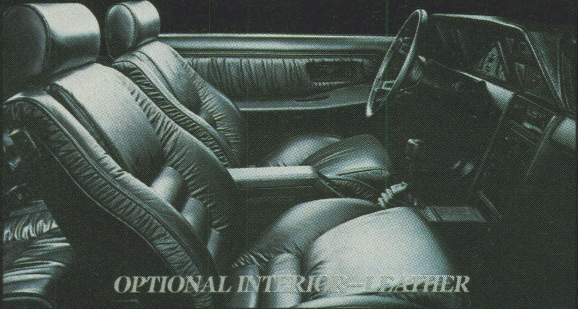
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1963: Sick Comedian **Lenny Bruce,** 37, wasn't laughing. Like he missed the trial. While a Chicago jury was convicting him for an "obscene" nightclub performance, Bruce was being arrested in Los Angeles, charged with possession of narcotics, and released on bail.

1964: At long last, **Elizabeth Rosamond Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher** took on the **Burton**. After 24 months as the world's most famous lovers, the seemingly (or unseemlily) inseparable couple made it legal in Montreal at a Unitarian ceremony attended only by eleven of their dearest employees. That night, said Liz, "we sat and talked and giggled and cried until 7 in the morning."

all, **Charles de Gaulle,** 76, was only 15 years old. The lad wrote the one-act play, entitled *An Unfortunate Encounter,* to win a boys' magazine prize for the best playlet in verse. After *le petit* Charles won the prize, *Encounter* was printed in 50 copies. Last week a columnist for *Le Figaro* learned of a rat-chewed copy, unearthed by a book collector, and brought it to the world's attention.

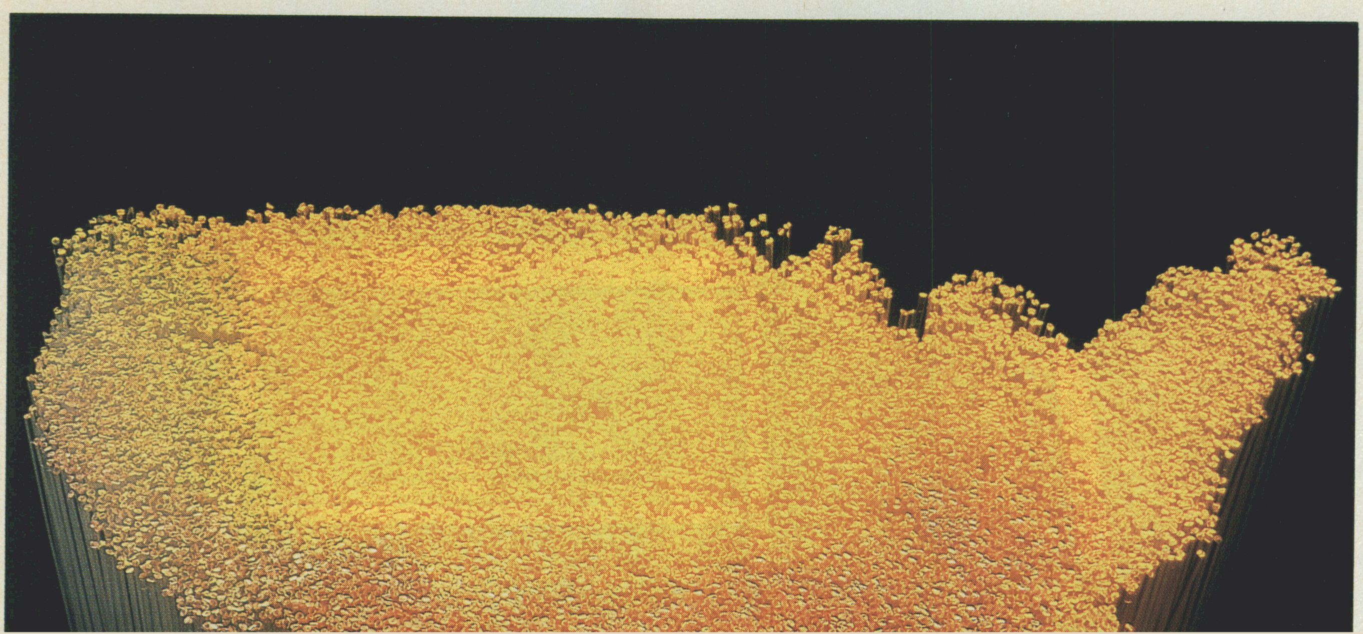
1968: Rain, considered a blessing by the Greeks, had descended like a gray benediction across the island of Skorpiós. In the tiny chapel, **Jacqueline Kennedy** stood quietly—almost in a daze—in her beige chiffon-and-lace dress, **Aristotle Onassis** in his dark

stunned silence: "Mummy, Mummy, Mummy! They're so pretty. You're so pretty." Laughing, Jackie removed the ring to let Caroline play with it. The jewels reportedly cost Onassis $1.2 million.

1969: Since 1907, the Oak Room of Manhattan's venerable Plaza Hotel has been an all-male bastion for three hours every weekday at lunchtime. Last week, 15 members of the National Organization for Women, led by that super feminist **Betty Friedan** *(The Feminine Mystique),* 47, demanded entrance on the ground that their civil rights were being violated. Five of the ladies actually managed to brush by a Plaza assistant

hard work." Though Sutton's own hard work may have netted him as much as $2,000,000, all he had when he left Attica was a prison-earnings check for $169.37.

1971: Marriage? Certainly not, said little **Mick Jagger** of the Rolling Stones, while Bianca just stood there in her see-through and smiled. Yes, St. Laurent's St. Tropez boutique was making a dress for Bianca, and yes, they were both staying up in the Hotel Byblos there, and yes, "Bianca and I have been together for several weeks. But I have no plans to marry." Still, 21-year-old Bianca Perez Morena de Macias of Nicaragua went on smiling, and Mick added: "I'm



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specially for him. Picking up the challenge, **John Wayne,** 66, rode into town on a 55-ton personnel carrier provided by the Army and accompanied by a bizarre platoon of Jeeps, cavorting cowboys and protesting Indians. At the Harvard Square theater, the Duke was introduced as "a foothill of a man." Then he fielded taunts from the floor. "Is it true your horse filed separation papers?" asked one wag. "He was a little upset when we didn't use him in the last picture," explained Wayne. But apparently even he cannot tear down his macho image. In the midst of the debunking, a woman rose and shouted, "I don't care what they say, you're still a man."

the time they lived together (1964-70). Michelle Triola Marvin, as she calls herself, demanded that the actor ante up a solid million—including shares in film rights, a home in Malibu, and an island in the South Pacific. Though Marvin denied that such an agreement was ever made, the California Supreme Court ruled in favor of his 36-year-old ex. The landmark decision, handed down last week, states that cohabitation gives both parties the right to share property if they separate. Said Michelle's lawyer, Marvin Mitchelson: "This decision will open up the courthouse door to everyone living together." The door appears to be revolving. According to surveys in California,

Martin, the terror of the Super Bowl, was stopped at the door. Now that's selectivity. Or a death wish.

1979: What finer homage to Pianist **Arthur Rubinstein** on reaching 92? For 17 hours Radio France broadcast Rubinstein's greatest performances, followed by a live concert at Paris' Théatre des Champs-Elysées programmed by the maestro himself. "Composing a concert is like composing a menu," he announced, explaining his choices of Debussy, Bach, Rachmaninoff, Mozart and Schubert. "I believe in musical digestion. If you start with light pieces and play a 45-minute sonata after the interlude, it's like starting dinner

part boggler with 42.3 quintillion possible combinations known as Rubik's Cube. The latest entry: *You Can Do the Cube* (Penguin; $1.95) by **Patrick Bossert,** 13, a London schoolboy who discovered the cube only this spring during a family ski vacation in Switzerland. Within five days he had mastered the monster, and later began selling his schoolmates a four-page, mimeographed tip sheet for 45¢. An alert editor at Penguin saw a copy and persuaded the prodigy to turn pro. The 112-page result contains three dozen "tricks" for solving the cube (using logic rather than math), as well as a chapter on "Cube Maintenance" (to loosen a stiff cube, "put a blob of Vaseline

And Here Comes 1984

At last, the dreaded year is at hand

The brilliance of George Orwell's decision to invert the last two digits of 1948 (the year he was completing *1984)* is that it gave his readers a point to watch for in their own time. So they have watched, with trepidation and titillation, up to the present when the fatal year is about to make its entrance. For those who trusted Orwell's gloomy vision the results may seem disappointing. Some Soviet bloc countries and several scattered dictatorships may be living close to the "Freedom Is Slavery" of Orwell's imagination, but among

present. Of all the reasons for antiutopianism, perhaps the strongest has been that former utopian visions offered nothing but momentary heart leaps, that in hard-nosed modern terms, utopias did not work.

But what happens now, when it seems equally clear that anti-utopias do not work either? It may be that the world will give up on futuristic visions. That seems unlikely. The mind, inquisitive to the end, seems to leap forward by reflex. Still, after several centuries of

envisioning both the best and the

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Get it together–Buckle up.

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